My BOOK HOUSE

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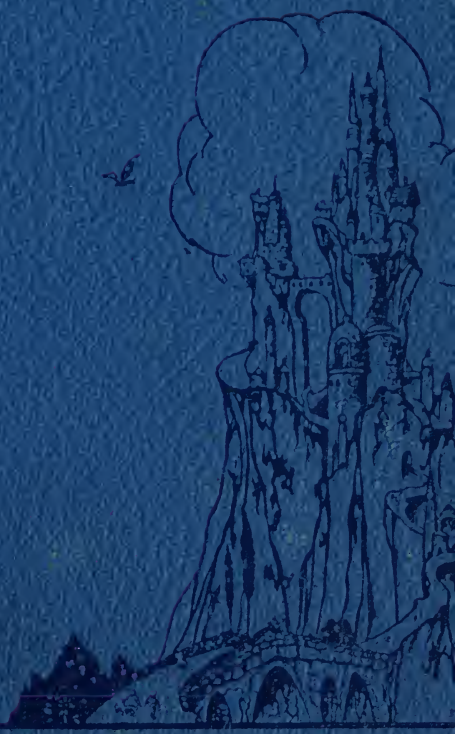
FROM THE TOWER WINDOW



MY BOOK HOUSE
FROM THE TOWER WINDOW

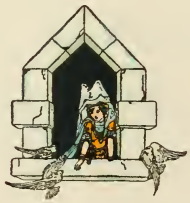
FROM THE TOWER WINDOW

AND now within the old gray tower
We've climbed the winding stair,
And look out over all the earth
From topmost window there.

Far stretches all the world away,
And naught shuts out the sky,
And knights and maids and all of life
Go marching, marching by.

From THE TOWER WINDOW *of* *MY* BOOKHOUSE

EDITED BY
Olive Beaupré Miller



PUBLISHERS
The BOOKHOUSE *for* CHILDREN
CHICAGO TORONTO

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Publishers of

My BOOKHOUSE
Six Volumes

My TRAVELSHIP
Three Volumes

My BOOK *of* HISTORY
Six Volumes

Printed in U.S.A.

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The BUGLE SONG
Alfred Tennyson
The Splendour falls on Castle walls
And snowy Summits old in Story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild Cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
DONN P. CRANE

UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT

Retold from Book I of The Faerie Queene

Edmund Spenser

NOW Glo-ri-an'a was that greatest, most glorious Queen of Faeryland and she did keep her feast for twelve days every year, during which time, as the manner then was, she might not refuse to any man or woman what boon soever he desired of her. On a certain year it happened in the beginning of the feast that there presented himself before the throne of Gloriana a tall, clownish young man, who, falling before the Queen, made request that he might have the achievement of any adventure which during that feast should happen. That being granted, he rested him on the floor, unfit through his rusticity for a better place.

Soon after, entered a fair lady in mourning weeds, riding on a white ass, with a dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed and bearing the arms and spear of a knight. The Lady, falling before the Queen of Faeries, complained that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queen, had been by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brazen castle, who thence suffered them not to issue; and therefore besought the Faery Queen to assign her some one of her knights to take on him the deliverance of these twain. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure; whereat the Queen much wondering, and the Lady much gainsaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him that unless that armor which she brought would serve him, he could not succeed in that enterprise; for that armor was of such a sort as would fit him only who had great courage and faith, great uprightness and truth; which armor being forthwith put upon the youth with due furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company and was well liked of the Lady.

And eftsoons, taking on him knighthood, and mounting on

that strange courser, he went forth with her on that adventure. Right faithful and true he proved, and on his breast and shield he wore a blood-red cross in dear remembrance of his dying Lord and to make known to all the world that he would give battle only in the cause of righteousness and truth.

Beside the Red Cross Knight, upon her snow white ass, Una, the lovely Lady, rode, her face well veiled from sight beneath her wimple, and over all her garments she wore a long black robe, as one who inwardly did mourn for thinking ever on that ancient King and Queen, her father and mother, shut up in prison by so foul a beast. After her, on a line, she led a snow-white lamb. As pure and innocent as that same lamb the Lady Una was and all her heart was full of virtue, loyalty and truth. Far away behind the Lady and the Knight the dwarf did lag, bearing fair Una's bag of needments at his back.

As they passed thus along the road the sky was sudden overcast and down upon the path there poured a hideous storm of rain. Enforced to seek some covert, they espied a grove not far away,

Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad that heaven's light did hide,
Not pierceable with power of any star.
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far;
Fair harbor that them seems, so in they entered are.

Safe enshrouded from the tempest beneath those sheltering boughs they journeyed forward, led on with pleasures, and joying to hear the sweet harmony of birds that sang within that wood as though no tempest raged without. Thus with delight they beguiled the way until the storm was overblown, when they weened to return out of that wood, and once more take the highway they late had quitted. But now when they looked about to find that path down which they had so carelessly strayed, lo! it was nowhere to be seen. So far within the wood they had pursued their way that they knew not how they might come out.

To and fro they wandered, but so many paths there were, so many turnings, that they were ever in doubt which one to take and found their wits grown quite confused. They only wandered round and round and deeper in. At last, resolved to fare straight forward along a certain road until at least it brought them somewhere, they chose the one that seemed beaten most bare by travellers' feet, and journeyed on.

But, though they knew it not, alas! this was the Wandering Wood, wherein many a traveller had lost himself and never found a way out more. For in a hollow cave amid the dismallest density of those dark trees, there lurked a monster vile, who was the sovereign of that whole domain and hated God and man. By wicked spells of that same evil creature, all who entered in that wood were made to take the false for true, the true for false, and so to wander in a circle hopelessly. Ever her joy was to bewilder men, mislead them into sore mistakes and errors grievous to be borne.

At length the Knight, with Una and the dwarf, came sudden on that hideous, darksome cave, which Una had no sooner seen, than she, whose clear vision ever grasped the truth, knew this for the Wandering Wood and that cave for the fearsome dwelling place of that foul breeder of bewilderment. Then, all too late, she would fain have had her Knight draw back and not rush forth to call the monster from its lair; and eke the dwarf, thrilled on a sudden with the weird unspoken horror of the place, quoth shrilly, "Fly! fly! This is no place for living men!"

But the youthful Knight, full of fire and hardihood, could not be stayed for aught. Dismounting from his horse, he hurried to the darksome entrance of that cave and looked within. His glistening armor made a little glooming light, by which he saw the ugly monster plain, half like a serpent, loathsome, filthy, foul. And as she lay upon the dirty ground, her huge tail overspreading all the den and pointed with a deadly sting, a thousand young ones all about her lay, of sundry shapes, each more

ill-favored than the rest. No sooner did the light flash on them from the Knight's bright suit of mail than they in terror crept into their mother's mouth and sudden all were gone. Then that old serpent, hurling her hideous tail about, rushed forth out of her den afraid. There seeing one all armed in mail, she sought to turn back again, for creature, as she was, of foul deceits, deluding all, she ever hated light and lurked in darkness where none might see her plain. But when the valiant Knight perceived what she would do, he leapt fierce as a lion on his foe. With his stout blade he boldly stayed her from returning to the dark, forced her to face him squarely and do battle in the light. Lifting his powerful arm, he struck a stroke that glanced her head and spent its stunning weight upon her shoulder. Much daunted by the blow, she gathered herself around, reared fiercely up and leapt upon his shield, winding her tail all suddenly about his body round and round, till hand and foot she had him so embound he could not move a muscle, even as when, once yielded to her deceits, she wraps a man in endless train of errors and mistakes and holds him altogether in power of her delusions.

The Lady Una, seeing her Knight in so sore strait, cried out:

"Now, now, Sir Knight, show what ye be,
Add faith unto your force and be not faint;
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee!"

In answer to her bidding, the Knight knit all his force together,

got one hand free and seized the monster's throat with grip so strong that soon she was constrained to loose her wicked bands. Therewith she spewed out of her filthy mouth a flood of poison, horrible and black, filled full of frogs and toads and serpents small, her loathly offspring, foul and blind and black as ink. These, swarming all about, climbed up the good Knight's legs and sore encumbered him, but had no power to do him harm. Thus, ill-bestead, he suddenly resolved to win, and struck at the serpent with such force as one would never dream was possible to man, so that he clove her hateful head from off her body. A stream of coal black blood gushed forth, whereon the serpent's scattered brood, finding no more their wonted refuge in her mouth, plunged in that coal black stream and perished all. Thus the good Knight's evil foes did slay themselves.

His lady, seeing from afar all that was come to pass, rode up in haste to greet the victor with rejoicings of his victory. Then he mounted once again upon his steed, and with his lady and the dwarf, chose that path leading from the hateful place which was beaten most plain. Nor would he again let aught tempt him to turn aside into a byway. That one path he followed steadfastly until it brought him well without the Wandering Wood.

Now as they three journeyed forward once more in search of adventure, it chanced at length that they came upon an aged man in long black robes, with bare feet and a beard all hoary gray. Sober he seemed, and simple, wise and good, and ever as he walked he bent his eyes full humbly on the ground, and seemed to pray. The Red Cross Knight saluted him and asked him if he knew of any strange exploit that needed to be done. The old man answered that he knew little of such matters, so far did he live in his quiet cell away from all worldly cares and strife. Yet had he heard of a strange wild man that wasted all the countryside and never had been mastered and he could lead the Knight to him if sobeit he desired. Then did Una in her

simple wisdom show her Knight 'twere wiser that he rest that night after his sore affray and seek new adventure with the morrow. The Hermit bade them pass the night with him and so in his company they rode on to his home.

A little, lowly Hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travel to and fro. A little wide
There was an holy Chapel edified,
Wherein the Hermit duly wont to say
His holy things each morn and eventide.
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain wellèd forth alway.

In this simple, rustic retreat Una and the Knight found no great entertainment, but rest was their feast and the evening passed in fair discourse, for that old man had store of pleasing words as smooth as glass. But when the drooping night came creeping on them fast, and weariness weighed down their lids, the Hermit led his guests each unto his several lodging and bestowed them there to sleep. Then to his study and magic books he went and sudden threw aside the holy Hermit's guise. For this old man, enwrapped in false hypocrisy and well appearing words, was none other than Ar-chi-ma'go, a magician foul, enemy to Gloriana, Queen of Faeryland, and foe of all things good. He knew full well upon what worthy quest the Red Cross Knight was bound, and hating above all things else to see good accomplished in the world, was well resolved to bring that quest to naught by means of wicked spells and foul enchantments that he knew. So long as all true holiness within the heart of that good knight in closest union stood with that sage wisdom and straightforward truth that shone from Una, none could withstand these two. Together they were invincible; apart, each could but wander uselessly without the other, and so Archimago was resolved first in his wicked plan to separate the two.

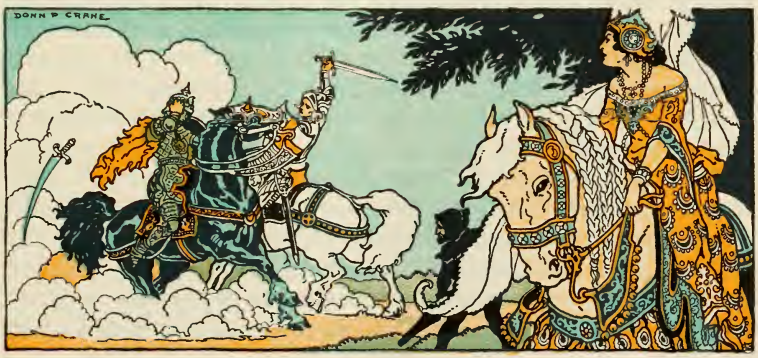
From out his book he chose a few most horrible words, whereof

he framed weird verses dread that spoke reproachful shame of highest God, the Lord of life and light. With these and other devilish spells, like terrible, he called out of the darkness legions of wicked sprites, the which like little flies fluttered about his head, waiting to do what service he should bid. Of these he chose the falsest two, those fittest for to forge true-seeming lies.

One he sent to Mor'pheus, god of sleep, to fetch an evil dream. The other with charms and hidden arts he made into a lady fair, most like to lovely Una. The first wicked sprite returned from the bowels of the earth where Morpheus dwelt and brought the evil dream. Coming where the Knight in slumber lay, he placed the dream upon his hardy head, and straightway the Knight did dream that Una, whom he loved and honored above all maids of earth and whose true love for him he trusted quite, was false to him, left to him the dangers of her quest, yet loved another in secret. Still was the Red Cross Knight too true and brave a man to let himself be troubled by a dream. Again and once again that troublous dream essayed to make him rise and leave the lovely maid. He held his ground and nought could make him disbelieve the pure and loyal faith of Una. When Archimago saw this labor all in vain, he took that same wicked sprite who brought the dream from Morpheus, and made him by his arts appear a knight. To him he brought the sprite whom he had cloaked with Una's form. Then with well feigned faithfulness, he ran and woke his guest and bade him rise and come to see his lady Una holding secret converse in the darkness with another knight. All in amaze the Red Cross Knight sprang up and, sword in hand, went with the aged man. When he beheld those sprites—one so like to Una—in close and hidden com-

munion with a stranger knight, then indeed at last he held her truth for false and held the false for true. Within himself he struggled long until the evening star had spent its lamp in highest sky. Then, sore tormented, he donned his armor to ride away, and that long-faithful dwarf, hearing his tale, deemed also that his mistress must be false, and so these two fled from the Hermitage, and left fair Una deserted and alone.

Now when the rosy fingered morning rose from her saffron bed to spread her purple robe through dewy air, and the rising sun touched the high hills with light, then Una rose from the couch where she had slept and sought her Knight and dwarf. Alas! She found them gone, herself deserted quite, and knew no reason why she should thus have been left in such a woful case. Weeping full sore, she set forth from the Hermitage alone upon her snow-white ass and rode after the Red Cross Knight with all the speed that her slow beast could make. All was in vain. The Knight's light-footed steed, pricked by his master's wrath, had borne him so far away that following him was fruitless. Yet would faithful Una never rest. Every hill and dale, each wood and plain she searched, sore grieved that he whom she loved best had left her so ungently all alone.



Meantime the Red Cross Knight pursued his way, flying before his thoughts and led astray by grief. And so it chanced he met at last a faithless Saracen, all armed, and bearing a great shield whereon in gayest letters was writ his name, *Sansfoy*. He was a man full large of limb and by his bearing it was easy to be seen he had no care for God or man. Beside him a fair companion rode, a goodly lady clad in scarlet cloth embroidered with gold and pearls. Upon her head she wore a splendid headdress and her palfrey was all decked with tinsel, while her bridle rang with little golden bells.

When this lady saw the Red Cross Knight advance, she bade her companion address him to the fray. Forward the faithless Sansfoy sprang. The other couched his spear and rode likewise forward. Soon they two met in furious shock; the horses staggered and gave back a pace. Then both knights seized their swords and fell upon each other furiously so that the flashing fire flew from their stricken shields as from an anvil beat with hammers.

"Curse on that cross," quoth then the Saracen, "that keeps thee from all harm!" Therewith he smote a blow so fearful on his enemy's crest that in the breast of that good Knight the natural courage awoke, and such a blow he struck upon the Saracen's helmet in return, it cut clean through the steel and clove his head.

The lady, seeing her champion fall dead like the old ruins of a broken tower, fled from the place in fright, but the good Red Cross Knight rode after her, bidding the dwarf to come behind and bear the Saracen's shield as sign of victory. When the lady saw the victor-knight close on her heels, she turned and cried as though in great humility, "Mercy! Have mercy, Sir!" The humbleness of one clad in such rich garments did much enmove the stout heroic heart of that good Red Cross Knight. He gently bade the dame put fear away and tell him who she was, and who he was that had been her champion. Melting in tears the wretched woman

told a tale all false, how that she was Fi-des'sa, the faithful maid, much wronged by fortune and fallen by force into the hands of the proud Sans-foy', one of three wicked brothers that were called Sans-foy', the faithless, Sans-loy' the lawless, and Sans-joy', the joyless. The Red Cross Knight, deceived by her beauty and her simple dainty ways, held all her words for true, and bade her rest assured and journey on with him protected by his care. Yet every word she spoke was false. Not Fidessa, the faithful maid, was she, but Du-es'sa, false, a vile enchantress, ever arrayed against all good. She had not been stolen by Sansfoy, for he, the faithless man, was chosen knight of her, the faithless dame. Yet now, that all too easily the Red Cross Knight had believed the evil spoken of his innocent Una and parted from her, fair falsehood stepped into true Una's place to work the Knight much woe.

They two journeyed on together until at last, wearied of the way, they came upon a spot

Where grew two goodly trees, that fair did spread
Their arms abroad with gray moss overcast;
And their green leaves, trembling with every blast,
Made a calm shadow far in compass round.

Yet, beautiful though the spot appeared, there lurked a something sinister in the air about, so that the fearful shepherds never sate beneath those boughs, but shunned the place and never there did sound their merry oaten pipes. The good Knight, howsoever, soon as he spied the trees, thought only of the cool shade they offered, for golden Phoebus had now mounted in the heavens so high that the beams hurled from the fiery wheels of his fair chariot were scorching hot, and the Knight's new dame might not abide them. They therefore alighted from their steeds and sate them down beneath the trees, and the Red Cross Knight, now altogether deceived by this false dame, thought her the fairest he had ever seen. To make a garland for her dainty head, he plucked a bough from one of those two trees, whereon there trickled from the wound small drops of blood, and from the tree a human voice

cried piteously, "O spare to tear my tender side! And fly, Sir Knight! Fly far from hence, lest that befall you here that here befell to me." The good Knight's hair stood up in horror on his head at hearing words like these from out a tree and he made loud demand to know who thus addressed him in so strange a way. Then, groaning deep, the voice cried out that he was once a man, Fradubio, now a tree, and she who was to blame for his sad fate was one Duessa, a false dame. It happened in his youthful days he loved a fair and lovely maid, Fraelissa, yet fell in on his travels by chance with that Duessa, who by her wiles beguiled him so he grew confused and knew not which was fairer, she or his own maid. His own dear dame was fair as fair might be, yet ever false Duessa seemed as fair, till at the last, bewildered quite by her enchantments, he saw his true and faithful dame as foul and ugly and herself, Duessa, alone as fair. Then he in anger cast his true-love off and chose Duessa for his dame and she, Duessa, turned Fraelissa to a tree. With her, the witch, he journeyed on, beguiled by her appearance of fair innocence, until the year turned round to that one day when witches must appear in their true guise. Then did it chance Fradubio came all unexpectedly upon Duessa bathing in a stream and saw her for what she was, a filthy, foul, old hag, misshapen, monstrous and more hideous than man could have believed. Awakened thus to see the truth, he secretly resolved to free himself from her foul snares, but she, perceiving how his thought toward her had changed, through charms and magic

changed him also to a tree to stand there by his true-love's side.

The Red Cross Knight was much enmoved by this unhappy tale and with fresh clay he closed the wound that he had made, yet was he blind as ever to the truth that this dame, here with him, who called herself Fidessa, was none other but that same false witch. Well she pretended that fear and sorrow and pity at this tale had made her swoon, and so drew his attention to her need, that he could think of none but her. At length he brought her to herself again, set her upon her steed and they fared forth, forgetting Fradubio and his dame.

Long they two journeyed till at last they saw rising before them a splendid castle, toward which a smooth broad highway led, whereon great troops of people travelled thitherward, yet ever those returning from the place seemed only wretched beggars that sank beside the road and lay in misery beneath the hedges.

A stately palace built of squarèd brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high but nothing strong or thick,
And golden foil all over them displayed,
That purest sky with brightness they dismayed.
High lifted up were many lofty towers
And goodly galleries far overlaid,
Full of fair windows and delightful bowers,
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.
It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And spoke the praises of the workman's wit;
But full great pity that so fair a mould
Did on so weak foundation ever sit;
For on a sandy hill, that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of heaven shakèd it.
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Thither Duessa bade her knight to bend his way. The gate stood open wide to all; they entered in and sought the hall where dwelt the proud, disdainful lady of the place. On every side were wondrous rich array and many people clad in splendor. High above all upon a cloth of state there rose a rich and shining throne, whereon in gorgeous royal robes that shone with gold and precious jewels, sat the fair maiden queen. So proud she was, she kept her eyes raised high as though disdaining to look so low as on the humble earth, and in her hand she held a mirror, wherein she often viewed her face, taking delight in naught so much as in gazing on her own self-loved semblance. Proud Lu-ci-fer'a men called this queen, and she had usurped her throne with tyranny and wrong, for she had no rightful kingdom at all. Nor did she rule her realm with laws, but by changing policies and evil advisements of six old wizards.

An usher, full of pompous vanities, led Duessa and the Knight before proud Lucifera's feet to do her reverence, but she looked down upon them haughtily as though loath to cast her eyes so low and greeted them disdainfully, scarce bidding them to rise, nor did she vouchsafe them any other favor as a worthy Princess

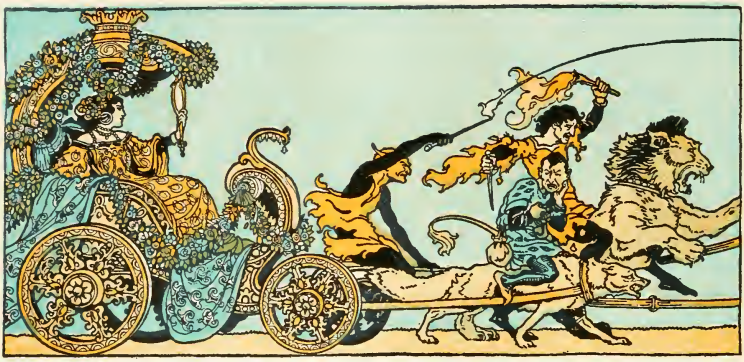
would have done. The knight and ladies received Duessa and her champion well, for in that court Duessa was well known, yet the stout-hearted Red Cross Knight in spite of this display, thought all this glory empty and most vain and that great Princess too exceeding proud.

On a sudden the royal dame rose up from her throne and called for her coach. Then she sallied forth, her brightness all ablaze with glorious glitter, and climbed into her coach that was adorned with gold and hung with gayest garlands. But lo! what strange steeds bore that splendid chariot—six strange beasts on each of which rode one of those six evil counsellors that had governance of the realm. First rode a sluggish, lazy, idle wight in a black monk's robe, astride a slothful ass, and even as he led the way, his head was nodding and he drowsed in sleep,—an evil one to guide the van, who knew not whether he went right or wrong.

Beside this idle counsellor there rode a loathsome gluttonous fellow upon a filthy swine. His belly was swollen with fat, his eyes deep sunk in rolls of fat, but his neck was long like any crane's, that he might swallow up excessive food. In green vine leaves he was clad; he wore an ivy garland on his head and ever as he rode he ate and drank—not fit to be the counsellor of a queen, whose mind was drowned in meat and drink.

The third counsellor in a fair green gown, rode upon a bearded goat, and man and beast were both wall-eyed, a sign of raging jealousy. The fourth, thin, spare and clad in threadbare coat, a greedy miser was, who sate astride a camel loaded down with gold. Two iron coffers hung on either side, full of precious metal, and in his lap an heap of coins he counted over. Of his ill-gotten treasure he made a god and unto hell had sold himself for money, so that he knew not right from wrong. Through daily care to get and nightly fear to lose what he had got, he led a wretched life, nor had of his possessions any joy at all.

Next him the fifth counsellor found place, an envious man and

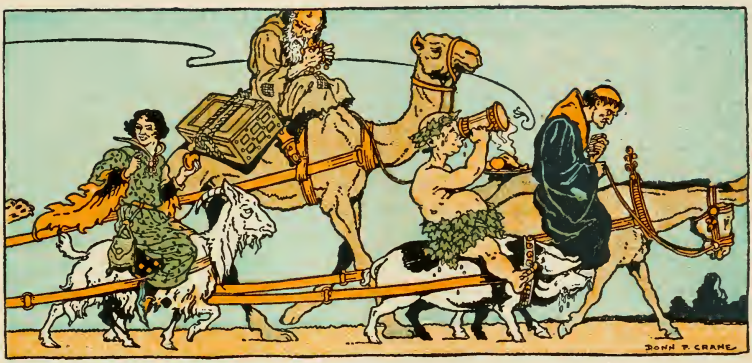


full of malice, upon a ravenous wolf. His kirtle of discolored cloth was painted full of eyes and in his bosom secretly he bore a hateful snake with mortal sting. Still as he went he gnashed his teeth to see those heaps of treasure his companion bore.

Last of all, the sixth counsellor, a fierce and vengeful wight, rode on a wrathful lion. His eyes were stern and pale as ashes, yet hurled forth now and then most fiery sparks. One hand was ever on his dagger, trembling with hasty rage, the other brandished high aloft a burning brand, and all his clothes were torn to rags as though he had been oft in furious frays.

Such were proud Lucifera's counsellors, all impotent and eaten with disease, and on the wagon beam rode Satan with a smarting whip, lashing on the lazy team. So they marched forth in goodly sort to take solace of the open air and in fresh flowery fields to sport, but ever about them a foggy mist hung over all the land, and here and there beneath their feet lay skulls and bones of men that in that land had come to grief. Next to the Queen herself Duessa rode, but that good Knight would not ride so nigh, withdrawing himself from their vain joy, whose fellowship seemed all unfit for such as he.

So, having solaced themselves a space with pleasaunce of the



fields, they returned to that proud palace and there found a knight arrived, bearing a heathenish shield whereon in scarlet letters was writ *Sansjoy*. When this knight espied the shield of his slain brother, Sansfoy, borne by the dwarf, page to the Red Cross Knight, he leapt upon that dwarf, desiring vengeance for his brother's death and snatched away the shield. But the Red Cross Knight, disdaining to have torn from him that which he had won in fair and open fight, fiercely encountered Sansjoy and rescued what the Paynim stole. Thereon they began to clash their arms in furious battle till the queen commanded them to refrain and on the following day contend in equal lists that one should by his skill defeat the other and there prove his right to the disputed shield.

That night was passed by all in joy and jollity, feasting and courting both in bower and hall. But when the darksome night had drawn her coal black curtain over brightest sky and all were gone to rest, up rose Duessa from her couch and secretly sought out Sansjoy to tell him how she sorrowed for Sansfoy, and hoped that he, Sansjoy, would overthrow the Red Cross Knight and take her for his dame, since next to his dear brother, Sansfoy, she loved Sansjoy—

"Wherever yet I be," she cried, "my secret aid shall follow you."

At last the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fair,
And Phoebus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy hair,
And hurled his glistening beams through gloomy air.

Which when the wakeful Knight perceived, he started up and donned his sun-bright arms and went forth to the affray.

With royal pomp and majesty Queen Lucifera was brought unto the lists and placed under a stately canopy. Opposite, Duessa sat, and on a tree the shield was hung.

A shrilling trumpet sounded from on high and bade the knights address themselves to battle. The Saracen was stout and wondrous strong and his blows fell like iron hammers. Yet was it true that after blood and vengeance the Saracen did strive, while he, the Red Cross Knight, fought not for vengeance but for honor only. So the one strove for wrong, the other for the right. At length Sansjoy struck the Knight so hard a blow upon his crest he reeled as if to fall, and false Duessa cried in joy, "Thine are the shield, Sansjoy, the shield and I and all!"

But when the Knight heard his lady's voice, he woke from his swooning dream, and with quickening faith, struck Sansjoy such a stroke as forced him to his knees, and had he not so stooped, he would have been cloven in twain. But when the goodly Knight raised up his sword to strike again, lo! a darksome cloud fell as by magic over that vile Paynim and hid him from his foe, so that the Red Cross Knight struck out for him in vain. Then Duessa, pretending joy that he had conquered, came swiftly to him and begged him as in all good faith to seek no further vengeance on his fallen foe, but spare his life.

Thereat the trumpets sounded victory, and heralds, running, brought unto the Red Cross Knight the shield. But all in secret, Duessa wept until the eventide. When the shining lamps were lit in the high heavens, she rose and went unto that wounded

heathen knight, and ministered unto him and bore him off to safety. Returning thence unto the Palace of Pride, she found the Red Cross Knight had fled away, for on a day his wary dwarf had come upon a dungeon in that proud palace where wretched creatures languished, who had come unto the place in haughty hopes to share the pride of that proud princess, yet were by her cast off at last into such sad misery; and the Knight, learning thereof, and in no mind to be in peril of like fate, took his flight ere dawn by a secret little postern gate, that he might be safe from power of such a tyrant.

Finding him gone, Duessa, loath to let so good a knight escape from out her clutches, made after him without delay.

All this long time, fair Una, pure and full of guileless truth, still wandered solitary o'er the earth, deserted and alone. Through woods and wastes, riding her slow-moving ass, she sought her knight in vain. At last one day, quite wearied out, she alighted from her beast and laid her dainty limbs to rest in secret shadow, far from all men's sight.

Her angel face
As the great eye of heaven shinèd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.

It chanced as she lay thus at rest, a ramping lion rushed forth from out the thickest wood. As soon as ever he spied that tender maid, he bore down upon her greedily with gaping mouth in search of prey. But when he was drawn nigh, and couched to spring, all suddenly he stayed himself.

"O, how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!"

Dazzled by such fair loveliness and pure innocence, he quite forgot his furious rage, fell at the maiden's feet and licked her lily hands with fawning tongue. When Una marked how this great, raging beast, Lord of all the forest, yielded up his pride before her seeming weakness in proud submission to her woman-

hood, her heart gan melt in great compassion, and with pure tenderness she stroked his shaggy hide. So when she sate her snowy palfrey once again and sorrowfully set forth upon her search, the lion would not leave her desolate, but journeyed by her side, as a strong guard and faithful comrade. Whene'er she slept, he kept both watch and ward, and when she waked, he waited diligently to do her will with humble service. From her fair eyes he took commandment and ever by her looks guessed her desires. So, long she travelled thus through deserts wide, and aye in weal or woe, in good or ill, the lion was her comrade, fending off from her full many an ugly foe,—bold courage guarding gentle innocence and truth.

At length it chanced the wicked Archimago, having by his arts taken upon himself the form and outward appearance of the Red Cross Knight, set out to seek fair Una and once more have power of her. He came upon her as she journeyed with the lion, but so well he had disguised himself that she mistook him for her long lost knight and joyed full innocently to find him once again. With fair words and good reasons for his desertion, he set her thoughts at rest and so they journeyed on together, in gladsome talk one to another.

But as they journeyed, there bore down on them in sudden charge, Sansloy, third brother of Sansfoy, who seeing here the arms of that same Red Cross Knight who slew Sansfoy, thought to take vengeance for the deed. Full loath was Archimago, faint with fear, to meet the charge, yet by presence of the lady, he was pricked thereto and in battle array did meet Sansloy, the lawless one, only to fall sore wounded by the Paynim's spear. Then had

that been the end of Archimago had not Sansloy unlaced his helmet and to his surprise disclosed to Una and himself that here was no good Red Cross Knight, but that hoary-headed miscreant, Archimago, whom he knew right well. Leaving the foul enchanter on the ground, he turned him then to seize fair Una, plucking her full rudely from her ass. Seeing his sovereign dame so roughly handled, that true and loyal servant, her lion, sprang fiercely on Sansloy. Alas! strong as he was, he could not stand against the Paynim's sword. The Saracen with lifted blade pierced through that brave and faithful heart. The lion fell. Then Sansloy seized the helpless maid, and bore her, will or nill, away upon his courser, her prayers availing naught. So was poor Una, of every aid bereft, helpless in the power of that wild, lawless knight.

Naught could she do but scream full piteously. What wit of mortal wight could now devise to save a maid in such a case? But eternal Providence, far passing thought, can make a way where none appears. A wondrous way it wrought to save this lady true.

Far away within the wood a troop of Fauns and Sa'tyrs were

dancing in a round, while old Syl-va'nus, who was their king, slept in a shady arbor. Gay, rustic, wild-wood folk were these, with horns upon their foreheads and shaggy legs of goats. It chanced that in their sylvan games they heard the maiden's piteous shrieks. In haste they forsook their rural merriment and ran towards the spot whence came that cry. And when the raging Saracen, Sansloy, beheld that rude, misshapen, monstrous rabble rushing toward him, whose like he never saw before, he durst not bide, but got upon his ready steed and flew away.

Then Fauns and Satyrs all stood still, astonished at the beauty and the woful plight of Una, who still afrighted at their appearance, dared neither speak nor move. Perceiving her fear, those rustic folk, moved with pity of her helpless state and wonder at her beauty, gan first to smile in gentleness, and then fell prostrate at her feet. She, guessing thus their friendly, humble hearts, felt reassured and let them lead her thence. Joyous as birds they went, dancing, shouting, singing, strewing her way with green branches and crowning her with garlands.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled echo ring;
And with their hornèd feet do wear the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old Syl-va'nus they her bring.

An old man was Sylvanus, girdled with ivy leaves, and leaning on a cypress staff. When he beheld that lady Una, the flower of faith and beauty, he scarce could think her mortal, but deemed she must be some goddess. Then came the wood-nymphs, too, fair Ham-a-dry'ads, to behold her grace, and from the brooks and streams, the Nai'ads, water nymphs. Henceforth the Satyrs thought none but Una fair, and, wondering at her beauty, ere long they fell upon their knees and worshipped her as Goddess of the Wood. So was fair Una safe among that kindly savage race, yet could she take no joy at finding herself the image of idolatries, but plied her gentle wit to teach those simple creatures

truth and show them how vain it was to look on her as source of sovereign power divine. Her words were useless. When she did at last restrain their bootless zeal from worshipping her, they only bowed before her ass and made of it a God.

Now while she stayed among these friendly folk, fair Una's wits were ever at work devising how she might escape and once more set forth to seek the Red Cross Knight. It fortuned at length a noble, warlike knight, Sir Satyrane by name, came to that wood, for he was kin to those strange woodland creatures. Won by her heavenly wisdom and fair beauty, he, on a day when all the Satyrs were gone to do their service to Sylvanus, helped her, once more mounted on her ass, to make her way beyond the forest and to the highway once again. Yet they were but a short way on their journey when once more they came upon Sansloy, and Sir Satyrane at once fell into combat with that Paynim. Full furiously they fought, but when Sansloy perceived the lovely Una whom he late had in his power, he left the conflict to pursue her. Sir Satyrane stayed his flight and drew him once more into conflict, but Una, sore afraid of that unruly Saracen, fled far away.

Meantime the Red Cross Knight fleeing from the Palace of Pride had been once more overtaken by Duessa false, still calling herself Fidessa, faithful and true. She found him dismounted in a green and shady glade beside a bubbling fountain.

He feeds upon the cooling shade and bayes
His sweaty forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently plays,
Wherein the cheerful birds of sundry kind,
Do chant sweet music to delight his mind,
The witch approaching gan him fairly greet,
And with reproach of carelessness unkind,
Upbraid, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With foul words tempering fair, sour gall with honey sweet.

And so once more deluded and deceived, that foolish Red Cross Knight did take her as his lady true. Together they

lingered in that pleasant spot and dallied slothfully. But alas! as false Duessa knew full well, the fountain by which they sat, that tempted them thus to slothful dalliance, was enchanted with a spell, so that whoever drank thereof lost all his strength and manly force. And yet she never stayed the Knight with telling what she knew when he lay down upon the brink and drank of that clear, crystal stream.

Eftsoons his manly force began to fail and he grew weak as water. Yet still he gave no hint of what he felt but paid his foolish idle court to false Duessa. At length he heard loud bellowing through the wood, a fearful sound, and ere he could don his armor or seize his shield, a monstrous enemy came stalking in his sight, a hideous giant, horrible, and so high, he seemed to threat the very skies. Beneath his feet the ground did groan for dread and in his hand he bore as weapon a shaggy oak, torn by its root, from out the earth. Or-go'gli-o was the giant's name. His mother was the earth, his father Ae'o-lus, that blustering God of Wind, and all puffed up with blustering boastfulness he seemed.

When he espied the Knight he gan advance with dreadful fury and huge force, who, hopeless, hapless, sought to array himself to battle; yet all disarmed and eke so faint he was, he scarce could stand. The Giant's stroke fell merciless and had the Knight not leapt aside, he had been surely slain, but though he was not stricken of the blow, yet did the very wind it raised have power to overthrow the Knight and hurl him senseless to the ground. There he did lie at mercy of the giant, but false Duessa begged Orgoglio that he spare his enemy's life, make him his slave, and take her for his dame. Orgoglio, thereunto agreeing, took up the senseless Knight, bore him to his castle and cast him into

his deepest dungeon. Duessa, he took, even as she begged, to be his dame. He gave her gold and purple to wear and for to make her more dreaded of men, he gave her as steed to ride upon a monstrous beast with seven great heads, its scales of iron and brass and its foul tail so long that it could reach the very stars, cast those sacred things to earth and trample them beneath its feet.

The woful dwarf when thus he saw his master fall, took up his arms, his silver shield and spear, and fled away. He had not travelled far when he did come at last on Una, fleeing from the lawless Sansloy's clutch. Much it rued the dwarf to tell his mistress all the tale of what had chanced to her dear knight, and much it rued fair Una to hear, yet still she was resolved never to stay from going forward and, alive or dead, to find her knight.

High over hills and low adown the dale,
She wandered many a wood and measured many a vale.

At last she chanced to meet a goodly knight marching by the way, together with his squire. His glittering armor shone from far and across his breast he wore a baldric shining with precious stones. His sword was buckled with a golden thong, its sheath of ivory curiously carved, its hilt of burnished gold, its handle bright with mother-of-pearl. His golden helmet was surmounted by a dragon with golden wings and over all waved high a bunch of vari-colored hairs, sprinkled with pearls and gold. His warlike shield was closely covered from sight, and might never be seen of mortal eyes, for it was made of diamond, dazzling, pure, and clean, and eke so hard that no spear point could ever pierce it. No magic arts against that shield had any power, but all that was not truly as it seemed to sight, faded and fell before it.

Whenas this knight, by name Prince Arthur, drew near to Una, he greeted her full courteously, but from her answers loath, he saw some secret sorrow troubled her. Thus with kind words and gentle he won her to tell him all her woful tale, and

hearing how her knight lay languishing in a dungeon in power of that huge giant, Orgoglio, he bade her be of cheer, and vowed he would not forsake her in her need until he had acquitted her captive knight. Thus they two fared forth together with the dwarf, their guide, and so they came unto Orgoglio's castle. There the noble Knight alighted from his steed and bade the lady stay to see what fortune should befall him in the fight. So with his squire he marched forward to the castle wall. But the gates they found fast shut and no warder there to guard the same, nor was there any answer to their calls. Then the squire took up a little horn that hung at his side by a rope of twisted gold with gayest tassels. It was a wondrous horn—for three miles round its blast was heard, and no enchantments or deceits could stand before it. No gate was so strong, no lock so firm and fast, but that before that piercing noise it flew wide open. Before the Giant's gate Prince Arthur's squire now blew that horn. All the castle quaked upon the ground and every door sprang open. The Giant himself, dallying with Duessa in a flowery bower, was sore dismayed, and came rushing forth, Duessa following, high mounted on her beast, whose every head did flame with fiery tongue.

When the Knight beheld Orgoglio approach, he flew fiercely toward him. Orgoglio, lifting up his dreadful club all armed with ragged snubs and knots, thought to have slain him with a single blow. But wary Arthur leapt aside, so that the mighty mace, missing its mark, embedded itself within the earth, and while the giant bending, struggled to free the encumbered club, Prince Arthur with his shining blade, clove off his left arm, so that the Giant roared and bellowed with rage and pain. Then came Duessa rushing with her beast to the defence of Orgoglio. Ramping and threatening, all his heads like flaming brands, he came, but Arthur's squire did meet him with his single sword, and like a bulwark stood, fending that beast from off his lord. Then false Duessa, full of wrath, took from a golden cup which she still bore

for working magic arts, a secret poison that she sprinkled on the squire, so that his strength and courage fled and he fell helpless to the ground. When the good Knight saw his beloved squire fallen at mercy of that cruel beast, he left Orgoglio and turned to save the squire. With his stout blade he smote one of the monster's heads and clove it to the teeth. Thereat the creature ramped and scourged the empty air with his long tail, and would have cast his rider from his back, had not the Giant come to succor her. With all the force of his two arms now joined in one, he raised his club and smote Prince Arthur on the shield, so that he hurled him to the ground. Yet in his fall the veil that covered his blazing shield was rent asunder and lo! such dazzling brightness smote the Giant's eyes, he let his arm fall down that he had raised to slay the Knight, and likewise that foul beast was blinded by the light and tumbled to the earth to yield him conquered. In answer to Duessa's screams, Orgoglio sought once more to raise his mace. It was in vain. In the flashing beams of that bright shield he had no power to strike nor to defend. And so Prince Arthur slew him. But when the breath was gone from out that blustering, boastful Giant, his huge great body shrunk and shrivelled up and vanished quite and of that monstrous mass was nothing left, save like an empty bladder.

When false Duessa saw her champion fall, she sought to flee away, but that light-footed squire gave chase and brought her back as prisoner to his lord. The lovely Una, having seen all this from far, came hurrying up to greet the victor. Then Prince Arthur entered without delay into the castle. None but a doting old porter, most ignorant and infirm, stood there to bar his passage; and so he passed him by and made his way through all the length and breadth of that rich castle. Nowhere did he find the Red Cross Knight until he came at last unto a fast locked door, wherein there was a little grate. Through this, he called to know if there was any living wight within. Therewith a hollow,

dreary voice made answer with a piteous plaint. Then, filled with pity and with horror, the champion rent asunder the iron door with furious force. He entered in, but found no floor beneath his feet. Instead, he dimly saw a deep descent as dark as hell, from whence a baneful smell breathed forth. But neither darkness, filthy bands, nor noisome smells could withhold Arthur from his purpose pure. With constant zeal and boldest courage, he found the means to lift the prisoner up, although the thighs of that good Red Cross Knight had grown so feeble from long durance in that hole, that he could little help himself. His sad, dull eyes, deep sunk in hollow pits, could scarce endure the light. His cheeks were thin and bare, his arms rawboned, that once had been so strong. Yet when his lady saw him once again, whom she had sought so long, despite his dolorous look, she flew to him with hasty joy and cried: "Welcome, my lord, in weal or woe!" Then Arthur showed him where his foe lay dead and that false dame stood conquered, who had been the root of all his woes.

"Now is it in your power," quoth he, "to let her live or die."

"It were a shame," quoth Una, "to avenge ourselves on one so weak. Slay her not, but despoil her of her robe and let her fly."

So they stripped the witch of all her royal robes and ornaments and jewels and when she stood despoiled of all this outward show, their eyes beheld her truly as she was, a loathly, wrinkled hag, ill-favored, fearsome, old, her gums all toothless and her head quite bald. She had a fox's tail and monstrous feet, one like an eagle's claw, one like a bear.

"Such then," said Una, "as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of falsehood; such the sight
Of foul Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfeiting known."

Thus unmasked, and knowing all men saw her as she was, the false witch fled to the wilderness to hide her shame in rocks

and caves. But Una and the two knights abode for a space within the castle to rest themselves. Then those two knights swore true friendship to one another, and parted to go their several ways.

Una and her knight set forth once more to rescue Una's parents from the dragon. Yet soon adown the long, white road they saw come galloping toward them fast, a knight, disheveled, pale, his hair on end for horror. About his neck he wore a hempen rope and seemed to flee as if in terror of some fearsome thing. Scarce could the Red Cross Knight prevail on him to stay and tell his tale. He fled, he said, from an old man who had met him and a friend of his returning from a quest whereon they had not met success, and that old man had spoken first with honey words, but later subtly, cunningly. He argued that they two were good for naught, could never be happy, nor honorable, nor good, could never achieve aught great or useful in the world and so might better die. Ere they knew it, the wily words of that old man had filled their souls with such despair, that one of these poor knights had seized a knife and slain himself, while he, who fled with staring eyes, had even had the rope about his neck to hang himself, when from the evil enchantment of those words he broke away and fled.

When the Red Cross Knight heard this, he cried that he would meet this sorcerer that gave out poison of despair. Ere long they came upon a dark and doleful cave beneath a craggy cliff, whereon there sat a ghastly owl. All about stood sticks and stumps of trees without a single leaf, whereon many a man had hanged himself for sheer despair. Within the cave they found a cursed man in rags, sitting upon the ground full sadly musing. His long gray locks hung all disordered over his rounded shoulders and hid his face, but through that

wild entanglement, his eyes shown deadly dull. Beside him lay the knight who had slain himself with a knife for hearkening to the old man's words. The Red Cross Knight rushed forward full of zeal to do that old man punishment for such a deed, but, or ever he laid his hand upon him, the old man began to speak. With evil charmed words he brought before the Knight all the evils of this mortal life, fear, sickness, death, old age, loss, labor, sorrow, strife, pain, hunger, cold, till one had thought his deed was good to lead the knight now dead to take a way out of such miseries. Subtly, too, he began to mind the Red Cross Knight of all the sins that he himself had done, how he had deserted his faithful dame for a false witch, and lived in pride and sloth, all barren of deeds of good, and to suggest that he who had wandered so far from righteousness could never find the Way of Right again, nor ever dare to hope for aught but everlasting wrath from God. So might he better die, far better die. Ere he knew it, those poisoned words of despair took full possession of the Knight's bewildered mind. He saw himself hopeless altogether and worthy of naught but everlasting punishment by righteous sentence of the Almighty's law. So when that hideous old man made offer to him of a dagger, he seized it from him and lifted his hand to plunge it in his breast. But Una, clear-eyed and undeceived, snatched from his hand the dagger. "Fie, fie, faint-hearted Knight!" she cried. "Is this the way thou doest battle with the dragon, and savest my imprisoned parents? Let not vain words and devilish thought dismay thy constant spirit! Why shouldst thou despair, who can most confidently expect a share in heavenly mercies? Though God be just, yet eke with Him is grace to save men from their wickedness. Arise, Sir Knight! Arise and leave this cursed place."

So up he rose and straightway mounted on his steed and rode away, leaving that old man so enraged by his escape, he took a rope and hanged himself. But, alas! Many a man that boasts of mighty prowess and strength of arms, and many victories in battle

fields, all so soon as he doth come to fight against spiritual foes, doth yield and like a coward fly. So this Red Cross Knight, who stood against the fiercest outward foes, but lamely fought despair within his heart, and Una, perceiving this, how weak in body and soul he was, led him to an ancient house not far away, that there he might recover, through companionship and aid of those pure men and women who dwelt therein. The home was governed by wisdom of a matron named Dame Celia, whose only joy was doing deeds of good, and she had three most lovely daughters, Fi-del'i-a, Sper-an'za, and Cha-ris'sa.

Arrived at her door, Una and her knight found it fast locked, but they had no sooner knocked than it was opened and with all due gentleness and humility a porter bade them enter. Low they had to bend their heads to pass, for straight and narrow was the way which he did show, but when they had once entered through the narrow gate, they saw a broad and spacious court, plain and yet pleasant to be walked in. A squire of rare courtesy, yet simple and sincere withal, led them to the lady of the place. She had been at her prayers, but rose and greeted Una joyously, for well she knew the true and faithful maid. Then in her modest guise she bade the Red Cross Knight warm welcome, and entertained them both with all sweet courtesies, so that nought was wanting to show her bounteous and wise.

Thus as they began to talk together, lo! two most goodly virgins came into the hall, linked arm in arm in lovely wise, and walking with even steps at equal pace. Their countenances were demure and full of modest grace. The eldest of these, Fidelia, was arrayed all in lily white, and her face like crystal shone with sunny beams, while all about her head gleamed rays of light. In her right hand she bore a golden cup filled to the brim with water and wine, and in her left hand she held a book both signed and sealed with blood. Her younger sister, Speranza, was clad in blue, and on her arm a silver anchor lay, whereon she leaned, and her

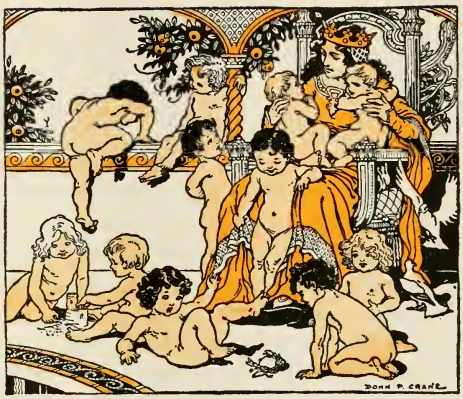
steadfast glance was ever upward nor swerved any other way.

These greeted Una and her knight full kindly, and when their weary limbs had been that night refreshed with kindly sleep, Una besought Fidelia to teach the Red Cross Knight her heavenly wisdom that she might save him from his dark despair. And so the shining maid opened his dull eyes that he might see and understand, and disclosed unto him every whit that in her sacred book was writ with words of blood, which none could read except she taught them. She taught him of God, of grace, of justice, of free will, and how by faith men find the power to move great mountains from their places and eke the power to part the mighty floods in twain and walk dry-shod through midst of seas.

In little space the Knight was much improved through teaching of that maid of light, yet by her very light did he see but more clearly all the wickedness of his past ways, which grieved him still so sore he wished to die. Then came Speranza with her steadfast upward gaze, and gave him hope, sweet hope and firm assurance that it was not even now too late to redeem the evil he had done with works of good. Yet must he, ere his heart could quite be purged and healed, repent in sackcloth and in ashes for his sins. But when through repentance, prayer and patience, he was once more whole, and ready to go forth into the world again, fair Una led him to Dame Celia's third and loveliest daughter, Charissa, a woman in her freshest age, of wondrous beauty and rare bounty, whose like it was not easy to find on earth. Upon her head she wore a tire of gold adorned with richest gems, and she was sitting in an ivory chair, a pair of turtle doves perched by her side. About her arms, her breast, her chair there hung a multitude of babes, playing their sports that filled her full of joy to see, and ever she fed these little ones while they were weak and young and cared for them in tenderest wise till they were of an age to keep themselves, when then she thrust them forth. This bounteous, tender-beaming dame the Knight and Una greeted, and bade her

joy of all her happy brood.

Then Una besought the fair Charissa to school her Knight in those sweet virtues she knew best. Charissa was right joyous of this request and in her gracious tender way made known unto the Knight the joys of heavenly charity and all things good.



Of love, and righteousness and well to done,
And wrath and hatred warily to shun.

And when she had filled that good knight full of love, benevolence and good will, she called to her an aged Dame, known for her great mercy unto men, and bade her guide his weak and faltering steps along the straight and narrow path that leads to heaven. The goodly matron bore him by the hand along a way made rough by thorns and ragged briars, but ever she removed obstructions from his path that nothing might stay his advance, and ever, that he might not go astray, she held him fast and bore him up as firmly as a careful nurse her child. They rested at the Hospice of the Seven good Bead-men on their journey, that gave loving aid to all in need, and of their goodness gained much inspiration. And so they came at last to a high, high hill, both steep and eke surpassing high, atop of which a sacred Chapel stood and near thereto a little hermitage, wherein an aged man did dwell that had retired from worldly cares and spent his days and nights in devotion and deep and holy contemplation.

Of God and goodness was his meditation.

Hardly up to his great height could the Red Cross Knight have climbed, had not that Dame of Mercy upborne his steps and helped him on.

There they do find that goodly aged sire,
With snowy locks adown his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.

Little that old man cared for meat and drink, whose mind was full of spiritual repast, and when first the Knight and dame interrupted his meditations, he was scarce willing to lay his heavenly thoughts aside, but learning from the dame how they had clomb that tedious height that he might show this knight the way to heaven, which he alone could do, he made promise to reveal that wondrous path that never leads the travellers astray, but brings them after their long labor joyous rest and endless bliss.

"First for a season, fast and pray," he said, "to purify thy spirit."

And when the Knight had fasted well and prayed, the old man led him to the highest pinnacle of his high mount of meditation.

From thence, far off, he unto him did show
A little path that was both steep and long,
Which to a goodly city led his view,
Whose walls and towers were builded high and strong,
Of pearl and precious stone, that earthly tongue
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song,
The City of the Great King, hight it well
Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth dwell.

New Jerusalem, the old man called the city's name, which God hath built for those to dwell in that are purged of sin. Which, when he saw how beautiful it was and full of light and joy, the Knight cried out, "O let me not again turn back unto the world, whose joys are all so fruitless. Let me go straight unto that city and rest there forever in peace!"

The old man shook his head, and thus addressed the Knight.

"Not yet may that be. First thou must do thy work on earth. Here canst thou but have the vision of the place. Go—slay the dragon, set the maiden's parents free, and lo! men shall call thee for thy deed a Saint, St. George. When thou hast steadfastly performed all thy labors upon earth, then and not until then, doth that city there await thee. Go!"

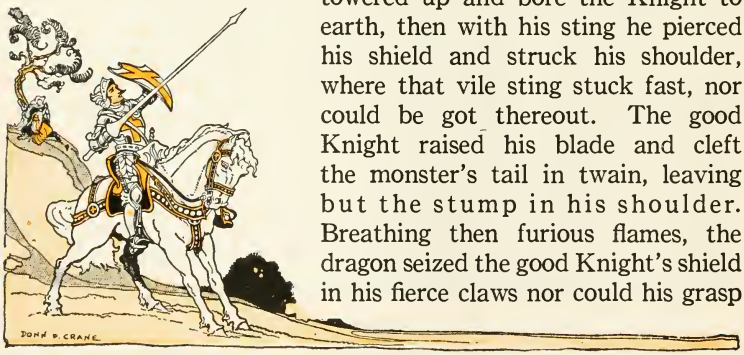
Dazzled by the light of all that heavenly glory, the Red Cross Knight could see the earthly things but dark and dim below. Yet did he find his way back to the faithful Una. And now, well purged of sin, his heart rejoicing, full of faith and hope, of charity and mercy, and in his thoughts high visions of that life of joy to win, that life that man can never see but from the highest mount of contemplation, he bade farewell to Celia and her daughters and with Una fared forth upon his way once more.

Eftsoons they came upon the brazen tower where that old king and queen were held in durance by the dragon, and all at once they heard a hideous roaring sound and on the sunny side of a great hill they saw the monster. When the dreadful beast espied the gleam of armor, half flying and half footing, he drew near, his largeness casting much wide shadow under his huge wings. He reared his monstrous body swollen with wrath and armed with brazen scales. His long tail, wound in hundred folds, overspread his back and at its point it bore two deadly stings. His cruel jaws were sharp, exceeding steel, his horrible wide gaping jaws had three rows of iron teeth, and from his gorge came issuing a cloud of smothering smoke. His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields, burned with wrath and sparkled living fire. The Knight couched his spear and made at him fiercely, but no lance could pierce that brazen hide. The beast turned swift about and with his tail swept horse and rider to the ground. Both lightly rose again and the Knight rained such good blows upon those brazen scales, that though no stroke could pierce, they so enraged the beast, he mounted in the air and stooping low, snatched

up both horse and rider in his talons. Yet that strong knight so struggled in his grasp, he was constrained at last to drop him to the ground, where, laying three men's strength unto the stroke, the Knight then struck a blow that glanced his scaly neck but made a piercing wound beneath his wing. As raging seas are wont to roar beneath the wintry storms, so roared the monster. Flames of fire he threw forth from his nostrils. Blow after blow the good Knight dealt him, but those flames of fire piercing the good Knight's armor, singed his flesh, and in such heat, faint and full weary, worn out with toil and wounds, he could not hold his own, but was by that foul dragon's tail hurled deep into a well that lay behind his back.

Then, truly the dragon deemed the victory won, and with expanded breast and mighty clapping of his iron wings, proclaimed himself the victor. Yet all night long the faithful Una watched and prayed, and when the morning came, behold! the Red Cross Knight sprang from that well with strength renewed, for that was none other than the well of life with wondrous virtue to recover health and strength.

Amazed at sight of him, his foe, whom he had thought quite vanquished, the dragon stood in doubt. The Knight then dealt his crest so sore a blow it cleft the skull. Loud yelling, the beast towered up and bore the Knight to earth, then with his sting he pierced his shield and struck his shoulder, where that vile sting stuck fast, nor could be got thereout. The good Knight raised his blade and cleft the monster's tail in twain, leaving but the stump in his shoulder. Breathing then furious flames, the dragon seized the good Knight's shield in his fierce claws nor could his grasp



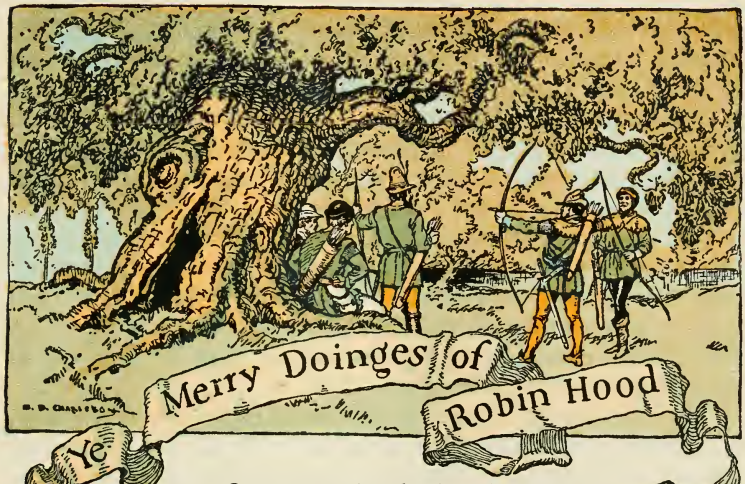
be loosened, till the Knight rained on him such a storm of blows, that he loosed one claw to defend himself, when the Knight, smiting with might and main, clean hewed off the other claw. Then such a storm of fire the beast sent forth, he made the Knight retire, and wearied with the fray, the good Knight lost his footing in the mire and fell again. Thus as before the dragon left the fray deeming himself the victor. And thus as before the gentle Una spent the night in prayer.

But the Knight had fallen now beside a tree whence flowed a trickling stream of balm that gave him life and strength as had the well of life and when the morning came, once more he rose and addressed him to the battle. When a second time the dragon saw him appear whom he thought dead, he waxed dismayed. Yet still he advanced with wonted rage, opening wide his jaws to swallow him at once. Adown that gaping mouth the good Knight plunged his sword and pierced his throat, and then at last, the dragon fell. Like some huge cliff whose false foundations have been washed away by waves, he fell. He fell down dead and all the earth did groan for shock of his great fall.

Then Una came, praised God, and thanked her faithful Knight for his great victory. And from the walls of that old

castle, the watchman who had seen the dragon's fall, ran to proclaim the news unto his lord, and that old King in joy, bade open wide the Castle gate which had been shut so long, and proclaimed joy and peace throughout the land. Then triumphant trumpets sounded the victory and all the people flocked to meet the victor and to do him honor. Forth came the ancient King and Queen, arrayed in antique robes and sober garments, amid a noble crowd of sages and of peers. Before them all, there marched a band of tall young men with laurel boughs; and in their wake, all dancing in a row, a crew of comely virgins came with garlands of fresh flowers and tinkling timbrels in their hands, while little children, making wanton sport with childish mirth, sang to the music of the timbrels and made music all the way. Last after all there ran in disarray the rude and rascal rabblement. So they crowned fair Una with a garland and laid their laurel boughs at the good Knight's feet, the whiles that hoary King greeted his savior with a thousand thanks and princely gifts of ivory and of gold. And after he and his good queen had held their daughter in a warm embrace, they led the two into their palace with sweet music of shawms and trumpets and of clarions, while all the people strewed the streets before them with costly robes and richest garments in their joy.

What needs it to tell more of the goodly feast that followed, in which was nothing riotous or vain? At length that good old King, when he had heard the story of the Red Cross Knight, declared that he should have his only daughter, Una, for his dame, and that fair lady who had retired into her chamber came forth again into the hall, her mourning weeds all laid away, that she had worn so long. Bright as the morning star she beamed, as fair and fresh as freshest flower in May, and she was clad in lily white, that seemed like silk and silver woven into one. And so the King gave Una to her Knight and thus in happiness did end that long and toilsome quest.



Ye Merry Doinges of Robin Hood

In summer when the shawes[1] be sheyne;[2]
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merrye in fair foreste
To hear the foulys' song.

To see the deer draw to the dale
And leave the hillies hee,
And shadow them in the leavies green,
Under the greenwood tree.

IT BEFELL in merry England in the days of Henry II that there dwelt within the green and shining glades hid deep in the heart of Sherwood Forest, a bold and sturdy outlaw of the name of Robin Hood, and with him sevenscore merry men. Strong of limb and stout of heart was Robin, and man more just and true where it deemed him truth and justice had been earned ne'er dwelt by dale or down

Now it was full pity in those days that Justice abode not in courts of law, neither in officers of the Crown; for barons oppressed the poor, the clergy did likewise, and judges and sheriffs of the

[1] *woods.* [2] *beautiful.*

land used their high office but as a cloak for their corruptions. He who had naught was everywhere ground down beneath the heel of him who had; Justice went limping, blind, and halt, throughout the land, and the King himself in far-off London-town, though he had many a merry tilt with barons and clergy too on this very matter, never came off from the wordy frays with the prize of even so much as a single statute to protect the sturdy yeomen of good old England in their sovereign rights. Thus Justice, beaten out as with cudgels from courts and churches and castles, must e'en go and dwell in the stout hearts of Robin Hood and his bold men of Sherwood Forest, brave yeomen all, each driven from the haunts of men by some villainy that befell them in the name of the law of the land.

There in the greenwood they lived a merry life and a free, and righted many a shortcoming in the workings of the lopsided tribunals of Nottinghamshire by maintaining in due and orderly fashion the superior law of the forest, which, being put into words was this—rich or poor, fair play for all; and honor to no velvet coat, but honor to him to whom honor is due, who hath a stout heart, a true, and a merry, a keen eye, and a strong right arm. Full many a fat and lazy bishop or high-born lord, puffed up with riches wrung from the poor, was forced to stop and pay unwilling toll to that merry band, and his ill-gotten gains were doled out again to all who had need in the countryside. Thus the name of Robin Hood was to those who waxed fat on the fruits of other men's labors a name of terror, but in every humble and honest home throughout the whole North Country a word of household blessing.

Now it chanced at this time that there dwelt in Nottingham the most inveterate, most obdurate, most stubborn enemy of Robin and his men, the right worshipful, right powerful, right proud and haughty Lord High Sheriff of Nottingham. Many a time had good Robin put a spoke in the Sheriff's wheel when he or his

friends sought to fleece some innocent squire or yeoman of his goods under fair pretense of right and proper process of law, and many a merry prank had Robin and his men played on that same most worshipful Lord High Sheriff. So had the Sheriff vowed a vow by this and that and all he held most holy to catch bold Robin, have him in chains, and punished with such dire punishment as was meet for a thief and a robber. Yet in all Nottinghamshire could he find not a single man to serve his warrant of arrest on Robin. Too dearly the yeomen and husbandmen loved him, and a certain good tinker who but lately set forth to Sherwood Forest to obey the Sheriff's commandment, had fallen, instead, for love of the greenwood and its chief, and joined the band, alack! in place of serving his warrant, whereof that most worshipful Lord High Sheriff had suffered much scorn and laughter of men, and vowed a still more awful vow to have bold Robin Hood yet in irons!

On a bright morn in early spring up rose Robin Hood from his couch of grass and moss beneath the broad-spreading branches of an age-old oak, and plunged his hands and face in the swift-running brook that chattered in saucy ripples over the pebbles. The sun was up and came glimpsing, glancing down through the tangle of leaves overhead, flooding all the velvety greensward with sheen, and waking the cowslips and pink-tipped daisies to laugh back a morning greeting. All the air was fragrant with perfume, and merry with little birds' singing—the lark and the mavis, the cuckoo and throstle. Here a pheasant, his tail feathers tipped with gold, strutted warily down a woodland path; there, a graceful doe and a spotted fawn sprang lightly bounding into the thicket, and everywhere in that deep hidden glade, fringed round about with majestic old oaks, was the stirring joy of the new-risen day. Bold Robin, as he scoured face and neck to a dusky red, caroled lustily a gladsome matin-song.

Soon, stretching and yawning, up rose Robin Hood's men and

came likewise to make themselves clean at the brook. Ere you could say "Jack Robinson," fires were burning away in the wood, flames leaping and crackling in jolly sort, and black kettles boiling and bubbling with savory odor of breakfast a-cooking. In short order the board was spread and sevenscore men all in Lincoln green, with jaunty cock's feathers in their caps, sat merrily down to eat of venison pasty and good white bread in the free and open out-of-doors, with never a wall to shut them in and never a roof save the bright blue sky. There were that huge yokel, Little John, and George-a-green, and Will Stutely, and Gil o'the White Hand, and jolly Friar Tuck and Much, the Miller's son, and Arthur-a-bland, and that sweet singer of ballads, Allen-a-dale, and the dainty dandy, Will Scarlet, who came first to Sherwood Forest clad in scarlet and dallying with a rose, yet had such strength he could tear up a sapling by the roots, and many another right merry fellow, whose courage and mettle Robin had made occasion to prove ere ever he was invited to join that doughty band. One and all, those sturdy followers rendered unto Robin Hood and the just and equable law of the greenwood full and implicit obedience.

Breakfast over and done, up rose Robin Hood and quoth:

"Lith and listen, my merry men all. Today is the fair in Nottingham-town and the proud Sheriff holdeth there a splendid shooting match. Far and wide through the countryside his messengers have gone to proclaim the contest and thither will go all the best archers of the North Country. He that shooteth the best of all shall win as prize a silver arrow with head and feathers of gold. Now where be archers of greater skill than we of Sherwood Forest? To the shooting match we must go to compete for the prize."

Scarce had Robin Hood finished speaking when up rose that lumbering fellow, Little John, of all the band best loved of Robin, and second to him in command.

FROM THE TOWER WINDOW

Though he was called little, his limbs they were large,
And his stature was seven foot high;
Wherever he came, men quaked at his name,
For soon he would make them to fly.
With a hey down derry, derry down,
And a hey down, down and a down!

"Good master," quoth Little John, "I was yestere'en at the Blue Boar Inn on Nottingham Road and thither came a stupid oaf, an archer of the Sheriff's, who being over full of the landlord's best home-brewed ale, made bold to whisper in mine ear that the Sheriff laughs in his beard and saith to himself, 'Though I get no man to go to Sherwood Forest and serve my warrant on Robin Hood, yet by means of my shooting match will I entice him and his men, and corner them all as easily as foxes in a hencoop.'"

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Robin Hood. "Now buske[1] ye, bowne[2] ye, my merry men all. If such be our friend the Sheriff's intent, we must then more surely than ever hie us to Nottingham-town!"

When the sun was well up in the sky, lo! sevenscore men, their Lincoln green hid beneath sundry disguises, some clad as poor peasants, some as curtal friars, some as tinkers, some as beggars, made off for Nottingham-town. By deep-hidden, tangled wild-wood paths, 'neath lofty green arches of the dusky forest, and over the stile to the highway they went; then down the long, dusty, white road edged with trim, green hedgerows and flowery meadows whence the lark soared singing into the sky; through villages with little thatched cottages, where merry lassies peeped out from the casements, up hill and down dale, till they saw looming up before them and glistening in the sun, the battlements and spires of old Nottingham-town. Here they fell in with a goodly crowd, all going in the same direction, common people afoot, knights and squires on horseback, their ladies in little carts or on gaily curvetting palfries adorned with rich trappings and merry tinkling bells. In the midst of this jolly company, Robin Hood and his men passed on into the town. Here all was hubbub and merriment. On every side were gay booths of colored canvas with floating flags and streamers, wherein cakes and barley sugar and many another good thing were for sale. Tumblers were tumbling on the green, bag-pipes screeching, lads and lassies dancing, and within a ring in the town square a wrestling match was toward. But Robin and his good fellows lingered nowhere. They pressed on out the further gate of the town to the place reserved for the archery contest.

On a green meadow before the old gray wall the range had been set, sevenscore yards and ten in length, and the rows of benches, one above another, that ran along the wall, were filled with all the gaily dressed folk of rank and wealth from the country round about, while opposite them a railing kept back the poor rabble, who

[1] *prepare.* [2] *make ready.*

might only stand to look on. At one end of the range, near the great target with its bull's eye and vari-colored circles, rose a lofty seat beneath a splendid canopy, where the Sheriff and his lady were to sit. Robin and his men repaired to a great tent with fluttering banners and there joined the other archers who were gathering to make ready for the contest.

At last and at last, to a mighty fanfare of trumpets that drew all eyes to the town-gate, came issuing forth the proud Sheriff and his lady, all splendidly mounted on horseback and surrounded by a bodyguard of soldiers. They bore themselves right haughtily, and both were clad in marvelous silks and velvets, ermines and swansdown, with chains of gold a-glitter with jewels. No sooner had they taken their seats than a herald sounded three blasts on his silver horn, in answer to which the archers sprang lightly forth to the range mid loud shouts of acclaim from the people.

Such shooting as was done that day had never been seen in the whole North Country before. Now the while William O'Leslie, the Sheriff's head archer, was sending his arrows into the very blue circle that surrounded the bull's eye, and leading all the rest, the Sheriff himself peered squinting about for sight of a single gleam of Lincoln green amongst the archers.

"Ho!" says he, swaggering to his lady. "Methinks that thief, Robin Hood, hath not dared to put his head into my noose. My good William O'Leslie, belike, will win the prize and throughout the countryside men shall proclaim the head archer of the Sheriff of Nottingham to be the best marksman in all the land."

Just then stepped up to the mark where the archers stood when shooting, a ragged beggar with dirty brown hair and a patch over one eye.

"Ho!" says the Sheriff's lady, "Yon rogue is as broad and sturdy as Robin Hood. Look to him well, my love."

"Now, now!" says the Sheriff in scorn, "A lady's fancy doth run away with her like a skittish mare a-start at a shadow. Canst

thou not see yon fellow's beard is brown where Robin's is yellow and he hath but one eye. Know well that no man could befool the Sheriff of Nottingham. Were Robin here in this crowd my sharp eye would surely find him."

The stranger took his place, fixed his gray goose shaft in his stout yew bow, took careful aim and twanged the string. Straight flew the arrow to its mark, striking the bull's eye in the very centre. A shout went up from the people, but the Sheriff himself called out in some heat: "Now to it, William O'Leslie. Split the beggar's shaft with as good a shot. No better archers live than serve the Sheriff of Nottingham."

But the gray-haired old archer shook his head and flung his quiver back on his shoulder with a mighty rattling of arrows.

"Nay," quoth he. "Against such a marksman I will not shoot. I did not ween in all England there dwelt such an one save only Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest."

"Now, Robin Hood, Robin Hood, Robin Hood," quoth the Sheriff in hot anger. "Who says to me always Robin Hood? There be plenty of better marksmen than he, and the cowardly knave hath not even dared show his face here in my presence this day! Come hither, fellow." The ragged beggar approached to the foot of the Sheriff's splendid seat. "Here take the prize. Thou hast won it fairly enough," and he handed to him the gold and silver arrow. "Now hark! I bid thee join my service. With me thou shalt be well paid and thou shalt eat and drink of the best. There is no good man in any line but I call to my standard, and since thou hast defeated William O'Leslie, thou must be my man. Marry, I rejoice that thou art a better marksman than that coward Robin Hood, and one day we will show him full fair the worth of the Sheriff of Nottingham's men!"

The beggar looked up with a twinkle in his one sorry eye.

"I will serve thee, O Sheriff, as thou deservest!" said he.

"Here, fellow," the Sheriff turned to a huge lumbering rogue dressed in the uniform of his guards, who had appeared suddenly beside the beggar. "Take this man off to the barracks for my archers. Henceforth he shall dwell midst the very best marksmen in all Nottinghamshire."

The great lumbering fellow looked up not only with a twinkle but with a prodigious wink of one jolly eye.

"Aye, aye," says he, "I will take him off to the spot where dwell the very best marksmen in all Nottinghamshire!" And he put his huge hand on the beggar's shoulder and the two disappeared in the crowd.

At sunset in the depths of Sherwood Forest, Robin Hood emerged amidst much laugher from the tatters of the beggar, while Little John cast off the garments of the soldier.

"Now, now," says Little John, "I have kept my promise and brought thee where dwell the best marksmen in Nottinghamshire."

"Aye," quoth Robin, "but I have still to keep my promise of serving that rascally Sheriff as he hath deserved. I like not that he called Robin a coward for fearing to come to the match!"

That night the Sheriff sat dining in the great hall of his house in Nottingham-town, with gay candles a-flicker on the long table before him, sending dancing shadows to play hide and seek over the splendid dishes and adown the long rows of men-at-arms and household servants that sat below the Sheriff and his lady at meat. All men talked of the shooting.

"By my troth!" cried the Sheriff. "I did not reckon that knave Robin so great a coward as to fear to come to the contest. Let that good fellow who won the prize come hither to me."

But lo! as men looked among the archers at the foot of the table, the prize-winner was nowhere to be seen, nor neither that huge lumbering fellow in the uniform of the guard who had led him from the field. And even as the Sheriff's attendants sought for the two, hiss! a gray goose shaft shot in at the window, just missing the Sheriff's nose and so startling him that he came near tumbling out of his chair. Recovering himself with much dignity, the Sheriff picked up the arrow from among the dishes before him. Tied to it was a little scroll. Unrolling the same, he read:

May heaven bless thy grace this day,
Say all in sweet Sherwood;
For thou didst give the prize away
To merry Robin Hood.

With an angry snarl the Sheriff crushed the scroll in his hand.

II

Now of a moonlight night soon after this Robin Hood and his men sat about in a circle in their greenwood glade, and out from a lodge built of rustic boughs in a fragrant bower on the edge of

the wood came the minstrel Allen-a-dale with his fair bride Ellen, whom Robin and his men had saved of late from being by her father wedded perforce to a rich and rascally baron. And Allen and Ellen took their seats on the soft grass in the circle and Allen sang to his silver-toned harp, plaintiff, mournful, sweet old ballads of England. "*There lived a lass in yonder dale, and down in yonder glen, O!*" and many another such. Then rose Robin Hood from the circle and wandered away alone down a moonlit trail through the wildwood. It was a fairy night of witching elfin splendor; the glistening silver moonbeams went coquetting with the shadows, peeping from a thicket saucily but to flit away upon the instant as if in dainty mischief, calling delicately to mind sweet fancies of the Fairy Queen, Titania, and Oberon, the Elfin King, and jolly Robin Goodfellow, and all those other sprightly elfin folk who once danced their merry round within the moonlit greenwood. All the beauty of the night went warm to Robin's heart, but ah! good Robin was lonely. He, too, loved a lassie, a bonny, bonny lassie, yet would he never coax her from her safe and sheltered home to share his wild life in the forest. Thinking on his dear Maid Marian, he strode slowly down the path.

So he came at last to a narrow little bridge over a babbling brook where he had first met Little John and made occasion to challenge him months agone to a contest. There Little John had proved himself so skillful at play of quarter staves as to pitch bold Robin into the brook, wherefore bold Robin had invited him to join his band and ever after dearly loved him. As he stood by this memorable spot, he saw come tripping down the very same road over which Little John had come, a jaunty page with a feather in his cap.

"Now, by my faith," said Robin to himself, "though I see yon fellow none too clearly, his look speaks overmuch of courts and baron's halls to be to my liking. Still he hath broad shoulders and a confident gait. I will e'en try his mettle. He cannot seem more lackadaisical

than did Will Scarlet, when first I tested him, yet is no better man in all my band. The youth looks worth a trial of his courage."

So saying, he tied a kerchief over his face below his eyes and stepped out roughly on the bridge.

"Ho, fellow!" he cried in a hoarse threatening voice. "Stop! Thou hast gone far enough over this road! None passes here save as I will! Face thee round about and march whence thou didst come, or marry! I have here by my side a jolly good blade that plays a right merry tune!"

"Nay now, good sir," quoth the page full courteously. "I mean mischief to no man, but I have business beyond. Pray let me pass."

"Pass thou shalt not, saving it be that I pass thee over my head on the point of my sword!"

"Pass then I will," cried the page. "My humor is to do no man harm, yet in sooth my business lieth across this bridge!" And he drew his sword and came forward right sturdily. Now it was a merry sight to see how that sweet youth fell to with his blade, how bold were the strokes he struck, and how stoutly he stood to his own defence. It was click and clack and thwack and whack, and a scratch here for Robin and a scratch there for the page, nor had either one whit the better of the other, till at last good Robin dropped his rough and threatening voice and cried once more in his own fair tone: "Enough, courteous stranger! Put up thy sword. I have tried thee and found thee, in spite of thy clothes, a right sturdy fellow. Come, join my band and range the greenwood with me. 'Tis Robin Hood bids thee!" And he pulled the kerchief from off his face. Then Lauk-a-mercy-on-us! the youth dropped his sword and crumpled up in a heap on the ground at Robin Hood's feet, and all his bold strength was vanished and he began to cry in a weak, little voice:

"O Robin, my Robin, so near had I wounded thee. Dost thou not know me—thine own Maid Marian? I ran away from the town where the scoundrel Sheriff sought to force me to wed

his cross-eyed son and am come all the way to the greenwood just to seek thee, my Robin, O!"

"Marian! My lassie!" Good Robin could scarce believe his ears and he raised up the maiden and held her face to the moonlight, and there sure enough, but with hair cut short like a boy's, was his own dear lassie. "Marian, mine only dear!"

"Come to dwell with thee, Robin, in the greenwood forever!"

Then Robin's heart leaped like a doe for joy and he took his true-love by the hand and led her back to fair Ellen's bower in the greenwood glade, and fair Ellen received Maid Marian with gladness and gave her shelter for the night. When the morrow was come, Maid Marian and Robin were wedded by Friar Tuck in the great cathedral of the arching wildwood, and lo! what a day it was for joy. For of all merry days in the forest, it was the first of May, the festival of the coming of Spring, when lads and

lassies from the villages came out a-maying, and burst from the woodland paths into the greenwood glade, their arms filled with flowers, their heads decked with wreaths and over all the fragrance of the white hawthorn bloom. And they romped singing and laughing about Maid Marian and made her Queen of the May. They set her up high on a throne of green boughs and crowned her with garlands. Then Robin Hood's men cut down the tallest and straightest birch tree in the wood and set it up for a Maypole in the centre of the glade, while the maidens wreathed it about with flowers, and the lads fastened to its top long streamers of gay-colored ribbons with little tinkling bells. When all was done, came merry dancers, some in rag-tags of costumes, some in simple clothes of the countryside, and lads and lassies each seized a ribbon and fell a-dancing—twisting, turning, weaving gracefully in and out, singing a merry song, and plaiting the long colored ribbons. With quips and sports and pranks the day was filled. There were contests at quarter-staves and wrestling, and Robin Hood's men set up the willow wands hung with garlands that served them for targets, and held a shooting match, the victor being crowned with a wreath by Maid Marian, Queen of the May. A stately feast closed the gladsome day, then lads and lassies went back once more to the little thatched cots in the villages. But Maid Marian was come in sooth to stay in the greenwood, and Robin Hood built for her a lodge in a flowery bower, and there, sharing Robin's life, she continued to dwell.

III

It happened all on a Summer's day that Robin Hood leaned him against a tree and said to Little John: "Today is a fair day, Little John, and I make mine avow that I will not dine till thou hast brought me here some bold baron, knight or squire to be my guest. Take then thy good bow in thine hand and let Much and Will Scarlet wend with thee up to Watling Street to fetch me a guest. See ye do no party any harm that hath a

woman in it, nor no husbandman, nor no yeoman, nor no knight nor squire that will be a good fellow, but, purse-proud baron or pompous earl, bring willy-nilly to me. If my guest be over-rich he shall pay for the feast; if poor, I will share my goods with him."

"Marry, good Master," quoth Little John, "Right glad I am to obey." And off he went with Much and Will Scarlet, till through highways and byways they came out at last on that fine old road that was builded in days long gone by the Romans and hight Watling Street. They looked east, they looked west and no man did they see, but by and by came a knight a-riding past, all dreary of semblance and poorly clad, one foot hanging carelessly out of his stirrup.

Little John advanced full courteously and fell upon his knee.

"Welcome to the greenwood, gentle Knight," said he. "My master hath waited fasting these three long hours to dine with thee."

"Who is thy master?" quoth then the knight.

"My master is Robin Hood."

"Ah, a good yeoman," said the knight. "Of him I have heard much good and so doth it please me to dine with him."

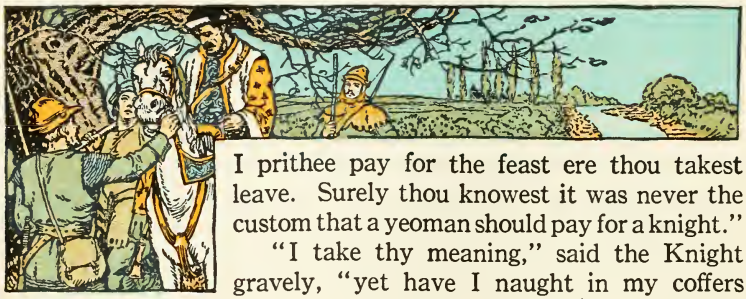
Yet ever as they went their way, the tears rolled down the good Knight's cheeks, and a sorry man he seemed. Unto Robin Hood's lodge they led him and Robin right courteously bade him welcome. Then fairly answered the gentle Knight:

"God save thee, good Robin, and all thy fair many. I am called Sir Richard of the Lea, and right gladly will be thy guest at meat."

So the board was laid on the trestles and the cloth was spread. Robin and his guest washed together and wiped together and sat them down with Maid Marian and the rest to a sumptuous wildwood dinner.

"Such a dinner have I not had in many a year," quoth the Knight, when he had eaten his fill.

"If it hath pleased thee, sir Knight," said Robin Hood, "then



I prithee pay for the feast ere thou takest leave. Surely thou knowest it was never the custom that a yeoman should pay for a knight."

"I take thy meaning," said the Knight gravely, "yet have I naught in my coffers to offer thee."

"Nay now," quoth Robin Hood, "too many of thine order these days keep no troth with Truth. Speak honestly."

"I have no more but ten shillings," said the Knight full sorrowfully, "for sooth as I you say!"

"If that be true," cried Robin, "then I will not have of thee one penny. And if thou have need of any more, more shall I lend thee."

The good Knight opened his purse and shook out ten shillings.

"Alack! the more pity," quoth Robin Hood. "But how didst thou come in so sorry a case? Thou must have been a poor husbandman and let thy lands go to rack and ruin if thou hast no more but ten shillings to thy name."

"Nay, by my faith," cried Sir Richard. "No such fault is mine. My son, for that there are those who hate him high in favor at court, was cast into prison on a paltry charge, and to get him free I must e'en pay a ransom of four hundred pounds. 'Twas more ready money than I had on the spot, nor would those friends who supped of my best in happier days give me aid of any kind or sort. So was there naught for me to do but go to the rich Lord of Ely for aid. A wicked hard bargain the baron drove with my need. For the loan of four hundred pounds I must pledge him all my fair lands and castle worth three score times the same, nor would he leave me the money to work my

land and earn once more wherewithal to repay him. Now the day of settlement is come and here am I on my way to tell him I cannot pay him a penny. What will he do but seize my castle and lands from me. O, alas and alack! I grieve not so much for myself but for my dear wife and tender babes that will have nowhere to lay their heads."

Now for ruth of this sad tale wept Maid Marian and Little John and Will Scarlet, and many another stout fellow there. And Maid Marian whispered somewhat in Robin Hood's ear. Then cried Robin Hood loudly: "Sir Richard of the Lea, if no other man be thy friend in need, then is Robin Hood that man." And he rose up from the board. "Little John, go to my treasure and tell me out four hundred pounds. Will Scarlet, measure me three yards each of our stoutest green and scarlet cloth, and bring all here to me."

Off went Little John and Will Scarlet, but that large hearted fellow, Little John, made such pretense of stupidity at counting, that for four hundred pounds he told out eight and twenty score, while Will Scarlet boldly measured yards by his good six-foot bow.

"If our measure be over-full," said Little John, "yet what better alms can there be than to help a poor gentle knight that is fallen in poverty?"

So they bore all back to Robin Hood, who gave it unto Sir Richard upon the spot, and the good Knight wept for thanksgiving and joy.

"And when shall I come to repay thee?" said he.

"This day twelvemonth," said Robin, "here under this trystel tree."

Meantime in the dining hall of Ely Castle, where blue and crimson light from the high arched windows streamed over the richly spread table, sat the baron at meat, and with him, all in splendid robes, his friend, the Lord High Sheriff of Nottingham.

"Now, friend Sheriff," says the baron in the Sheriff's ear,

"but an Sir Richard come this very day to pay me, he shall be dispossessed and all his fair lands fall to me. A good bargain I made—to purchase for four hundred pounds an estate that will yield me full four hundred pounds every year. Now, remember, I paid thee thy good fat fee to see that the case proceeds all in fair process of law. I count on thee to uphold me."

"Aye," said the Sheriff. "But I prithee do not forget when betwixt us both Sir Richard is fleeced in due and proper fashion, that thou owest me still another fat fee, for my services at the shearing."

Now even as they spoke, Sir Richard was announced and, clad in his poor sorry garments, into the great room he came.

"Do gladly, my lord," says he. "I am come to keep my day."

The only greeting the baron gave, was, "Hast thou brought my pay?"

"Never a penny," said the knight and the baron's eyes sparkled full covetously. "For now," thought he, "those fair lands must surely be mine."

"Then why didst thou come if not to pay?" cried he hoarsely.

"My lord, to beg thee that thou give me longer time."

"Not a single day more," quoth the baron. "Forfeit be all thy lands, this hour."

"Now, good Sheriff," cried Sir Richard, turning him to that proud and haughty officer of the law. "I beg thee be my friend and declare my lands may not be forfeit for a paltry four hundred pounds."

"Nay," quoth the Sheriff sternly. "I hold with my Lord of Ely. Thy lands are forfeit this day and hour."

"But my fair wife and tender babes, where shall they lay their heads?"

"That concerns us not," cried the Sheriff. "Thy wife is *thy* wife. Do thou find where she may lay her head. My lord, what wilt thou give this fellow if he signs the release at once?"

"A hundred pound," said the baron, "and not a penny more."

"Take then the hundred pounds, Sir Knight, if thou hast any wits to thine own advantage," quoth the Sheriff, "and let the matter end."

"Nay, now!" cried the Knight, on a sudden loosing all the bold spirit pent within. "Though ye gave me a thousand pounds, yet would I never sign the release!" He strode to a round table standing hard by, and shook out of a bag that he held in his hand an even four hundred pound. "Have here thy gold, my lord!" he cried, "which that thou lentest me! Hadst thou been courteous at my coming, I should have rewarded thee. But thou hast bespoke me villainously, so shalt thou have not a penny more but thy four hundred pound. Now have I repaid thy loan on the very day and shall have my lands again for aught that thou canst do!" And off he strode, merrily whistling, to tell his fair lady at home how their castle and lands were free.

But that purse-proud baron he left behind had no more stomach for bite or sup, for all his royal fare.

"Give me back my gold that I paid thee in fee to get me these lands," he began to roar in the Sheriff's ear.

"Never a penny will I give back! Thou wert at fault to bring a fox instead of a sheep to the shearing!"

And so they fell to at quarrel and squabble and snitch and snatch, but in such worthy care of their skins as to have naught more sharp than their tongues for weapons.

It chanced on a day soon after that Robin sent Little John and Much, the Miller's son, and Will Scarlet once again to Watling Street to bring back a guest for dinner, and whom do they see come ambling down the long white road but a pompous baron, splendidly clad, and that right worshipful Sir, The Lord High Sheriff himself, and with them two and fifty wight young men for guard.

"Now, my Lord of Ely," the Sheriff was saying, "thou doest

well to go to London and start proceedings at law against that same fellow, Sir Richard, that of late rode his high horse with thee. I ween thou wilt still find some legal means to strip him of his lands, and in London the name of the Sheriff of Nottingham is well known at court. Thou wilt still find it to thy vantage to have such an one to thy friend."

"So, so," growled the Lord of Ely, "little hast thou vantaged me thus far!"

Even at that moment, stepped forth Little John, Much, and Will Scarlet, stopped the cavalcade, and said right courteously:

"Worshipful sirs, our master bids thee dine with him."

"Master! Who may thy master be?" quoth the Lord of Ely.

"My master is Robin Hood," saith Little John so gently as once he spake to Sir Richard.

"Robin Hood!" cried the Sheriff. "He is a thief and a robber!"

"Robin Hood!" cried the Lord of Ely. "Of him heard I never good!" and the two started up their horses and bade their young men ride on. Then blew Little John a blast on his silver horn, and all the wood along the road seemed alive with men in Lincoln green, with bows strung and arrows aimed at the cavalcade. Went up a cry from the two and fifty wight young men that guarded the baron and sheriff, and marry! they all turned tail and fled, leaving their masters a-snivelling and cursing fast in Little John's hands. So Little John and his men blindfolded the two and led them off to Robin Hood's lodge.

"Do gladly, right worshipful sirs," says Robin Hood full courteously, "I bid you welcome to dinner!"

"Do gladly, right worshipful sir," stammered the Sheriff. "We thank thee but are not an-hungered!"

Yet was there naught for the Sheriff and baron to do but wash with Robin and wipe with Robin and set themselves down with him to the board, while their knees knocked together for fear. Right sumptuous was the dinner, but little stomach to food had

the guests, and when the Sheriff saw at head of the table as Robin's own lady that same bonny lass, Maid Marian, whom, willy nilly, he had meant to wed to his son, he choked on a bitter mouthful and must e'en be pounded well on the back or ever he found his breath once more. Dinner over and done, quoth Robin in courteous wise, "Now, worshipful sirs, that you have dined of our best, I pray you pay for the feast!"

Whined the Lord of Ely, "But twenty marks have I with me!"

"And naught but two pounds with me," quoth the Sheriff.

"If this be true, good sirs," said Robin, "and you are in such poor wise, then will I take from you not one penny, for never I rob no poor man; but if you have lied, then, by my faith, will I take all you have."

And he bade Little John turn out the contents of the two men's saddle bags. Little John spread out his mantle, and from the Lord of Ely's bag poured out chinking eight hundred pounds in gold, "Wherewith he was on his way to start proceedings in London to fleece Sir Richard!" cried Little John. And from the Sheriff's bag rolled two hundred pounds, the amount of the fee in full wherewith the baron had bribed him to sanction his fleecing of Sir Richard.

"Now," quoth Robin. "Here is the quickest payment that ever yet saw I me. Look where in three days is settlement made of Sir Richard's debt to me!" And he took the money and bade Little John lead the howling Lord of Ely back once more to the road. "But thou, Sir Sheriff," says he, "hast so long been our friend that we cannot so quickly part with thee. Thou shalt stay for a twelvemonth with us in the greenwood—an outlaw we'll make of thee!"

"O, heaven have mercy," cried the Sheriff. "Now let me go, I pray!"

But they took off his satins and velvets and linens and wrapped him in Lincoln green, and there 'neath the greenwood by night

he must sleep on the hard, hard ground, and by day dress the King's deer, that the outlaws shot, and scrape vegetables, and wash kettles and pots, and serve as a common scullion. At the end of a fortnight's time a sorrier man than that Sheriff ne'er dwelt by dale or down.

"Ere I lie another night here," cried he, "now, Robin, I pray thee, smite off mine head and I will forgive it thee."

"Ah," laughed bold Robin. "We aim but to teach thee to be a good outlaw."

"Now for Saint Charity," cried the Sheriff, "let me go, and I will be the best friend that ever you had."

"Then," quoth Robin sternly, "by my bright sword thou shalt swear never more to do harm to my men nor me, nor to those poor folk in the countryside whom I make it mine affair to aid."

And that Sheriff he swore him a mighty oath, never more to harm Robin nor his men nor those poor folk of the countryside. Then he took his satins and velvets and home he went, nor journeyed abroad in the greenwood again for many a long day to come.

So the year rolled round; passed the time for gathering the harvest home, when reapers sang 'neath the harvest moon, passed the time of snow-laden forest trees with crackling of fires in the greenwood huts, and roasting of crabs, and ballad and song. Came the springtime once more with singing of birds, and Sir Richard all in fine array to pay his debt 'neath the greenwood tree.

"For that I have my lands once more, thank I God, and thee," quoth he to good Robin. "This year have I prospered, and here have I brought the four hundred pounds to repay thee, and some little gifts of good bows and arrows beside."

But Robin embraced and welcomed him well and told him how that in sound justice he was already repaid on the third day after the borrowing, and that settlement being far and away above the amount of the debt, he gave good Sir Richard thereof four hundred pounds more to build up his lands and once more

work them to good advantage. So Robin holp Richard of all his cares and ever they two were fast friends henceforth.

IV

Now when the King in London-town heard all that went forward in Sherwood Forest, how that there a bold outlaw dwelt who killed the King's deer that none but the King might shoot, and defied the officers of the crown and never could be captured, "By my kingdom," quoth he, "I'll take him myself!" and away with a mighty many he rode to far-off Nottingham-town. But though, day after day he lingered there in company of the Sheriff, and scoured the countryside with his men, never a sign of Robin did he see. Said an old forester then: "Liege Lord, take five of thy men alone, dress thyself up as an abbot, thy men as monks Then roam at large in the greenwood and I'll warrant thou wilt soon fall in with Robin Hood."

The King made no delay at carrying out of the plan. All in the greenwood he wandered in the garb of an abbot, with his five stout knights clad as monks. And in sooth he had not gone far when out stepped bold Robin and after his manner bade him stay and come with him to dine. And Robin blindfolded the good King and his men and led them away to the greenwood glade, in thought to relieve them there, as often he did others, of any over-abundance of this world's goods.

But the King, when he reached the greenwood glade, showed Robin a ring that bore the seal of the King himself. "I am a messenger come from the King," quoth he, "to bid thee, bold Robin, come to Nottingham to be his guest both at meat and meal."

Then cried Robin, "If such thou art, in sooth not a penny will I take from thee, for I love no man in all the world as I love my good liege lord, that doth ever tilt with barons and clergy to win fair justice for yeomanry, and for his sake, welcome art thou to the greenwood."

"If thou lovest thy liege," said the King, "methinks thou shootest a many of his deer."

"Aye, but," says Robin, "the deer in truth belong to him not—all the game of the forest should be free, free to the people who need it, and not to serve but as sport to him who needs it not. By the law of the greenwood all men have equal rights and if the King's law agree not, then must it give place to the better law of the greenwood."

Now the King said to himself that Robin's words rang true, though never would it do to admit the same. So they washed together and wiped together and dined full well, and Robin he talked of this and Robin he talked of that, and ever the good King saw how his deeds were done to right the scales of justice. When they had left the board, good Robin cried, "Now, Sir Abbot, ere thou wendest thy way, thou shalt see what life we lead in the greenwood." And he blew a blast on his silver horn and seven-score men sprang at once to his bidding.

"A seemly sight," quoth the King to himself. "By my faith, his men are more at his bidding than my men are at mine!"

They set up the willow wands hung with garlands for targets at a range of six score paces.

"By fifty paces," said the King, "that range is too far away."

"Whoso faileth to hit the rose garland," cried Robin Hood, "shall get a good buffet on his head!"

Twice Robin shot and ever he cleft the wand, and so did Gil o' the White Hand, best archer of them all, but when Little John's arrow went astray and Will Stutely's too, then Robin bade stout Will Scarlet smite them each a buffet, and such a buffet he smote that they both fell to the ground. But at the last shot, what should chance but Robin himself failed of the garland by three fingers' width and more.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Gilbert o' the White hand. "Master, thou hast lost. Now like thy men stand forth and take thy pay."

"So must it be," quoth Robin, shamefaced, "what is good for a man is good for the master. Sir Abbot, I deliver thee mine

arrow and since I have failed of my mark, I pray thee smite me well."

"I like not to smite a good yeoman," said the King, "lest I grieve him, for sorely can I smite."

"Smite on boldly," said Robin, "I give thee large leave!"

Anon, at that word, the King he folded up his sleeve and gave such a buffet to Robin that he sprawled his full length on the ground. Now Robin was sore astounded that a monk should have such an arm.

"I make mine avow to God," says he, "thou art a stalwart friar."

But as he spoke the monk's cowl fell back from the good King's head and Robin saw full in his face. Then sudden he fell on his knee.

"My lord, the King of England!" he cried. "Now I know thee well."

And down on their knees fell all Robin Hood's men.

"Mercy then, Robin," said the King, "We are in thy power, my knights and me."

"Fear naught from me," quoth Robin, "for my men and I must crave mercy, my lord, from thee."

"Mercy, good Robin, shalt thou have," cried the King, full heartily. "For well have I seen 'tis sheriffs and such as they that in this day true outlaws be, and here in the heart of the greenwood dwelleth freedom and true justice. Come thou and thy men to my service, for much have I need of stout arms like thine, and stout hearts like thine and true, to do battle with such outlawry as dwelleth in the hearts of the rich and powerful. Come thou and thy men and I pledge thee my word I shall not rest till outlawed Justice shall find once more her seat in the common courts of the land!"

"I make mine avow to God," says Robin. "Thou speakest nobly. I am right glad to serve so stout a lord." And all the

sevenscore men in Lincoln green hurled up their caps in air and shouted too:

"We are right glad to serve so stout a lord."

And so it befell when that the King went back to Nottingham-town, went Robin and all his men and Maid Marian and fair Ellen in his good company.

"Hast captured the outlaw then?" quoth the Sheriff in glee.

"Nay," the King made answer. "The outlaw hath captured me! At least he hath captured mine heart, and for love of his hardihood have I made him Captain of my guard. His very first duty, Sir Sheriff, shall be to take thee his prisoner and bring thee in chains to London, there to answer to me for the felonies thou hast committed in the name of the law of the land."

It was a goodly many save for the poor, sorry Sheriff that set off for London-town all on a summer's day. But as they journeyed, Robin Hood whispered in bonny Maid Marian's ear:

"Belike our life will be busy in service of the King, sweetheart; yet sometimes we will slip away for a little breathing space and hie us once more to the greenwood on a merry morn in May, there to see the deer draw to the dale and hear the small birds singing."

Under the Greenwood Tree

William Shakespeare

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

FROM THE TOWER WINDOW

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Hans Christian Andersen

MANY years ago there was an Emperor who was so excessively fond of new clothes that he spent all his money on them. He cared nothing about his soldiers, nor for the theatre, nor for driving in the woods except for the sake of showing off his new clothes. He had a costume for every hour in the day, and instead of saying as one does about any other King or Emperor, "He is in his council chamber," here one always said, "The Emperor is in his dressing-room."

Life was very gay in the great town where he lived; hosts of strangers came to visit it every day, and among them one day two swindlers. They gave themselves out as weavers, and said that they knew how to weave the most beautiful stuffs imaginable. Not only were the colours and patterns unusually fine, but the clothes that were made of these stuffs had the peculiar quality of becoming invisible to every person who was not fit for the office he held, or if he was impossibly dull.

"Those must be splendid clothes," thought the Emperor. "By wearing them I should be able to discover which men in my kingdom are unfitted for their posts. I shall distinguish the wise men from the fools. Yes, I certainly must order some of that stuff to be woven for me."

He paid the two swindlers a lot of money in advance so that they might begin their work at once.

They did put up two looms and pretended to weave, but they had nothing whatever upon their shuttles. At the outset they asked for a quantity of the finest silk and the purest gold thread, all of which they put into their own bags while they worked away at the empty looms far into the night.

"I should like to know how those weavers are getting on with the stuff," thought the Emperor; but he felt a little queer when he reflected that anyone who was stupid or unfit for his

post would not be able to see it. He certainly thought that he need have no fears for himself, but still he decided he would send somebody else first to see how it was getting on. Everybody in the town knew what wonderful power the stuff possessed, and everyone was anxious to see how stupid his neighbour was.

"I will send my faithful old minister to the weavers," thought the Emperor. "He will be best able to see how the stuff looks, for he is a clever man and no one fulfills his duties better than he!"

So the good old minister went into the room where the two swindlers sat working at the empty loom.

"Heaven preserve us!" thought the old minister, opening his eyes very wide. "Why, I can't see a thing!" But he took care not to say so. Both the swindlers begged him to be good enough to step a little nearer, and asked if he did not think it a good pattern and beautiful colouring. They pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old minister stared as hard as he could but he could not see anything, for of course there was nothing to see.

"Good heavens!" thought he, "is it possible that I am a fool? I have never thought so and nobody must know it. Am I not fit for my post? It will never do to say that I cannot see the stuffs."

"Well, sir, you don't say anything about the stuff," said the one who was pretending to weave.

"Oh, it is beautiful! quite charming!" said the old minister looking through his spectacles; "this pattern and these colours! I will certainly tell the Emperor that the stuff pleases me greatly."

"We are delighted to hear you say so," said the swindlers, and then they named all the colours and described the peculiar pattern. The old minister paid great attention to what they said, so as to be able to repeat it when he got home to the Emperor.

Then the swindlers went on to demand more money, more silk, and more gold, to be able to proceed with the weaving; but they put it all into their own pockets—not a single strand was ever put into the loom, though they went on weaving as before.

The Emperor soon sent another faithful official to see how the stuff was getting on and if it would soon be ready. The same thing happened to him as to the minister; he looked and looked, but as there was only the empty loom, he could see nothing.

"Is not this a beautiful piece of stuff?" said both the swindlers, explaining the beautiful pattern which was not there to be seen.

"I know I am not a fool!" thought the man, "so it must be that I am unfit for my good post! However one must not let it appear!" So he praised the stuff he did not see, and assured them of his delight in the beautiful colours and the originality of the design. "It is absolutely charming!" he said to the Emperor. Everybody in the town was talking about the splendid stuff.

Now the Emperor thought he would like to see it while it was still on the loom. So, accompanied by a number of selected courtiers, among whom were the two faithful officials who had already seen the imaginary stuff, he went to visit the crafty impostors, who were working as hard as ever at the empty loom.

"It is magnificent!" said both the honest officials. "Only see, your Majesty, what a design! What colours!" And they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought that no doubt the others could see the stuff.

"What!" thought the Emperor; "I see nothing at all! Am I a fool? Am I not fit to be Emperor? Why, nothing worse could happen to me!"

"Oh, it is beautiful!" said the Emperor. "It has my highest approval!" and he nodded his satisfaction as he gazed at the empty loom. Nothing would induce him to say that he could not see anything. The whole suite gazed and gazed, but saw nothing more than all the others. However, they all exclaimed with his Majesty, "It is very beautiful!" and they advised him to wear a suit made of this wonderful cloth on the occasion of a great procession which was just about to take place.

"It is magnificent! gorgeous! excellent!" went from mouth to mouth; they were all equally delighted with it. The Emperor gave each of the rogues an order of knighthood to be worn in their buttonholes and the title of "Gentlemen weavers."

The swindlers sat up the whole night before the day on which the procession was to take place, burning sixteen candles, so that people might see how anxious they were to get the Emperor's new clothes ready. They pretended to take the stuff off the loom. They cut it out in the air with a huge pair of scissors, and they stitched away with needles without any thread in them. At last they said: "Now the Emperor's new clothes are ready!"

The Emperor, with his grandest courtiers, went to them himself, and each of the swindlers raised one arm in the air, as if he were holding something, and said: "See, these are the trousers, this is the coat, here is the mantle!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web. One might think one had nothing on, but that is the very beauty of it!"

"Yes!" said all the courtiers, but they could not see anything, for there was nothing to see.

"Will your imperial majesty be graciously pleased to take off your clothes," said the impostors, "so that we may put on the new ones, along here before the great mirror."

The Emperor took off all his clothes, and the impostors pretended to give him one article of dress after the other, of the new ones which they had pretended to make. They pretended to fasten something round his waist and to tie on the train, and the Emperor turned round and round in front of the mirror.

"How well his Majesty looks in the new clothes! How becoming they are!" cried all the people round. "What a design, and what colours! They are most gorgeous robes!"

"The canopy is waiting outside which is to be carried over your majesty in the procession," said the master of the ceremonies.

"Well, I am quite ready," said the Emperor. "Don't the clothes fit well?" and then he turned round again in front of the

mirror, so that he should seem to be looking at his grand things.

The chamberlains who were to carry the train stooped and pretended to lift it from the ground with both hands, and they walked along with their hands in the air. They dared not let it appear that they could not see anything.

Then the Emperor walked along in the procession under the gorgeous canopy, and everybody in the streets and at the windows exclaimed, "How beautiful the Emperor's new clothes are! What a splendid train! And they fit to perfection!" Nobody would let it appear that he could see nothing, for then he would not be fit for his post, or else he was a fool.

None of the Emperor's clothes had been so successful before.

"But he has got nothing on," said a little child.

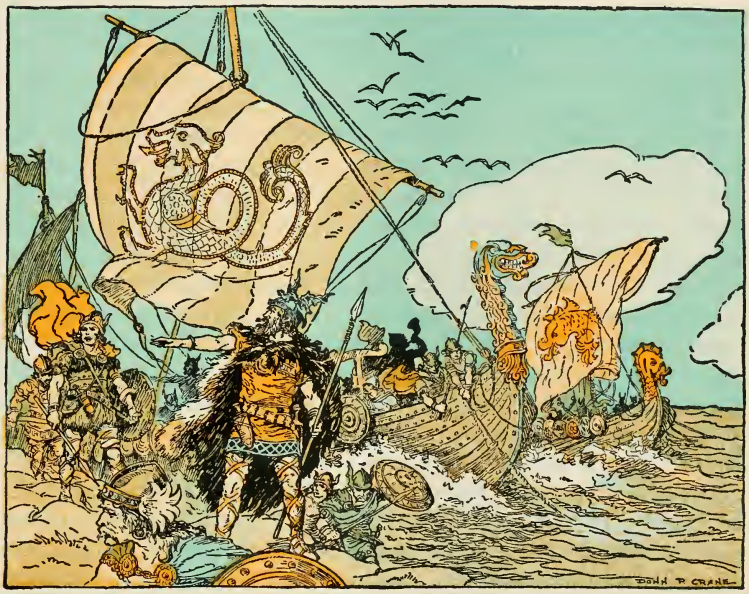
"Oh, listen to the innocent," said its father; and one person whispered to the other what the child had said. "He has nothing on. A child says he has nothing on!"

"But he has nothing on!" at last cried all the people.

The emperor writhed, for he knew it was true, but he thought, "The procession must go on now," so he held himself stiffer than ever, and the chamberlains held up the invisible train.

THE STORY OF ALFRED, THE SAXON

N THE ninth century when England had long been split up into numerous petty Saxon kingdoms usually at war with one another, there suddenly came plundering her out of the North, piratical bands of Norsemen whom the English called Danes. These were a fierce and warlike people, pagans still, worshiping Woden in the fastnesses of the North-land, and they bore down upon the English coasts in long narrow ships with rows of shields along their sides and high curved prows carved like beasts. Ravens, dragons, dolphins, eagles, ploughed through the foaming waves and boldly poked their beaks up on the gleaming sands of Britain. Then swarms of barbarians sprang to the shore, in their savage headdresses bristling with horns, and they burned and plundered and pillaged, while the Saxons fled terror-stricken before them. At first the Danes came but to steal and made off once more when sated with spoils, but, as time passed, they began to stay and settle in various parts of England. Then the Saxons, forced by the power of their savage foes to drop their own paltry differences and unite in one body for defence, acknowledged, one and all, Ethelred, King of the West Saxons, as their over-lord. Ethelred fought right nobly against the Danes, yet even so, the wild Danish chiefs, Ing'war and Hub'ba, sons of Rag'nar Lod'brok, that gigantic scourge of the North, took Edmund, King of East England, prisoner, demanded of him that he forsake Christianity and bow his neck to their yoke, and when Edmund stoutly refused, they bound him to a tree, taunted him with cruel jests, shot at him with arrows, and finally cut off his head. Against marauders of such a sort England had need of a real hero, and as Ethelred, shortly after this event, in the year 871, died of wounds received in battle, it was well that there came to the throne in his stead, the best and wisest King who ever ruled over England—Alfred the Saxon, called Alfred the Great.



Now Alfred from a child had been a remarkable boy, sturdy, vigorous, intelligent. When he was but four years old, his father had intended making a journey to Italy, to visit the Bishop of Rome, but, being at the last moment prevented from going himself, whom did he choose from amongst all his sons, (one of whom was a young man grown) to go to the Bishop in his stead, but Alfred, the youngest, a mere babe! And off went the little fellow with a mighty escort of nurses, servants and churchmen, over the sea to Flanders in an open boat rowed by oarsmen. From Flanders he proceeded on horseback, or else perhaps swung in a pannier at the side of a horse, through the heart of Old Gaul, stopping now at some warrior noble's castle, now at a convent, now in a

walled town, lingering for a time at the splendid court of Charles the Bald, King of the Western Franks, and thence on over the towering, snow-capped Alps, by the Pass of St. Bernard, into Italy. Northern Italy at that time was a place of most unsavory repute by reason of the number of bandit nobles who infested it, but straight through their midst by some means or other, went the child and his attendants, and came marching at length in safety beneath the great gates of Rome. Thus before he was five years old, Alfred had made a journey tremendously long and difficult even for men in such wild days as these.

But when this much travelled youngster was once more at home in England, in the low, rambling, draughty building where his father held court, though he knew a vast deal of the world, he was still unable to read. This fact was perhaps not remarkable in one so young, but what is truly remarkable, his older brothers, well grown youths, were likewise unacquainted with letters, so little was learning cared for in those early days in England. But it chanced one day that Alfred and his brothers came strolling together into their good mother's room, a handsome chamber with rush-strewn floor, and walls hung with splendid tapestries. Os-bur'ga, in a long, loose robe, with full, flowing sleeves, sat in a cushioned chair, with lions' heads at the arms and lions' claws at its feet. On her lap she held a volume of Saxon poetry, and her sons in boyish tenderness came crowding up around her. Since printing was as yet unknown, the book was hand-illumined; that is, richly painted with bright and beautiful letters. All the brothers cried out with admiration of the volume, and the good mother, hearing their words of praise, said smilingly, "This book is truly a treasure. I will give it to that one among you who first learns to read." Thus spurred on, little Alfred sought out a tutor without delay, and applied himself so diligently and persistently to conning of letters that he won the volume.

Now when Alfred's father died, the boy, at that time grown a youth, served under his older brothers right loyally for all his superior talents, faithfully rendering unto them so long as they lived implicit obedience; but he was only three and twenty years of age, when the death of Ethelred left him King. The country at that time was well nigh panic stricken for fear of the Danes, many a Saxon thegn having deserted his home and fled over-seas to escape them, and those who were left behind were far too disorganized to offer solid resistance. Yet the courage and energy of the young King lent spirit to the disheartened people and soon he was administering many a sound rapping to the marauders. But the Danes under their fierce leader, Guth'rum, were never to be relied on. No matter how faithfully in some hour of defeat, they might swear a mighty oath never to plunder or pillage again, they broke their promise as soon as it suited their purpose. After one most signal defeat, they swore by the sacred bracelets they wore, supposedly a most binding oath to their pagan hearts, but in no time at all there they were at their old tricks as before. During this period Alfred fought not only on land, but he defeated the Danish host also in a mighty battle at sea, the first naval engagement ever won by the English, who have since made so much of their fleet.

Thus matters went till it came to the year 878, the saddest and yet most glorious of all Alfred's reign, when the Danes swarmed into Wessex in such multitudes that, as the old Saxon Chronicle says, "Mickle of the folk over sea they drove, and of the others the most deal they rode over; all but the King Alfred. He with a little band hardly fared after the woods and on the moor-fastnesses." With but a slender band of faithful followers, the young King found himself almost deserted, hiding in the marshes and wild bogs of Somersetshire. Yet as he was never puffed up or over-confident in victory, so was he never cast down in defeat, but surely, persistently, steadfastly as ever, laid his plans to drive

the foes from the land; and this from no paltry motives of personal ambition, but to save and succor the people over whom he felt that God had called him to rule, thereby entrusting to him a mission from which he could never turn. It was during this period, that he wandered one day alone to a cowherd's lonely hut, and there sought for shelter. The cowherd's wife, not knowing who he was, but taking him for a common vagabond, admitted him to a place by her hearth, whereon she was baking some little cakes. Being soon after called out of the hut on some errand or other, she roughly bade her guest watch her cakes and see that they did not burn. The King smilingly undertook to obey her, but he was working at repairing a bow and arrow, and his thoughts soon travelled far away to his harried people and their mighty need. When the cowherd's wife returned the cakes were burned to a cinder.

"Now, now, idle dog," scolded the woman, never dreaming she was scolding her liege lord and king, "couldst thou not even watch the cakes? Thou wouldst have been glad enough to *eat* them!"

Soon after this the great Danish Yarl, Hubba, appeared in Devonshire with his wonderful raven banner, that had been woven by the three daughters of Ragnar Lodbrog in a single afternoon and was believed to be enchanted. The great raven, it was said, rose up and flapped his wings before every battle wherein the Danes were to be victorious. Yet the men of Devonshire, meeting Hubba right stoutly, administered to him a sore defeat, and took from him the raven banner. The loss of this standard greatly discouraged the Danes, and news of the victory was a source of much comfort to Alfred in his hiding place.

About Easter time Alfred had gathered together a sufficient number of men to build a fortress of wood and earthworks on a little hillock or island in the midst of the marshes. The place was called Athelney and from here he could attack such foraging parties of Danes as roved the countryside. From here also he secretly issued forth by night in the guise of a minstrel or glee-man and entered all alone into the camp of the enemy to learn how numerous they were, how they were armed, and what was the true temper of their leader. He was received as a strolling glee-man and ordered to sing while the Danes caroused in the very tent of Guthrum himself. There he sat alert, with eyes wide open, stoutly singing to the music of his harp, surrounded

by those who, had they but dreamed who he was, would have had his head on the instant.

Now when Alfred knew himself strong enough to attack the enemy, he caused a huge bonfire to be built on a hill near Athelney, where the red flames streaking the sky could be seen throughout the three lower counties, wherein dwelt the English, but were hidden by rising ground from the camp of the Danes. To him then gathered all his men, not many in numbers, but deeply devoted and determined in spirit. At Ethandun they fought a mighty battle with the Danes, putting their foes to flight and pursuing them hot on their heels to their fortress. There they maintained a siege for fourteen long days, at the end of which time, the Danes were forced to surrender. Alfred had his enemies now entirely at his mercy and might have repaid Guthrum's frequent treacheries with like cruelty, but in Alfred's heart was blent ever the most steadfast firmness with a broad mercy and tolerant charity. Preferring to win his enemy rather than annihilate him, he stipulated that he give hostages and become a Christian, whereby he had hopes that the Dane might be led more faithfully to keep the covenant which now he made, than when all the surety he gave was merely pagan oaths. Three weeks later came Guthrum with thirty men that in his host were worthiest, to Wedmore, near Athelney, where Alfred had a house. There beneath a huge wide-spreading oak, the savage, stern, old pagan and his thirty bearded warriors, all boasting descent from Woden, knelt before the cross and were baptised in the name of Jesus Christ and all the ideals for which Christianity stands, and it is evident that this act in truth wrought some change in the heart and spirit of Guthrum, since he appears never again to have broken the covenant, whereby he promised to remain within that territory allotted him in North England and forever to leave off harrying Wessex.

Now for twelve splendid years, England saw peace. The

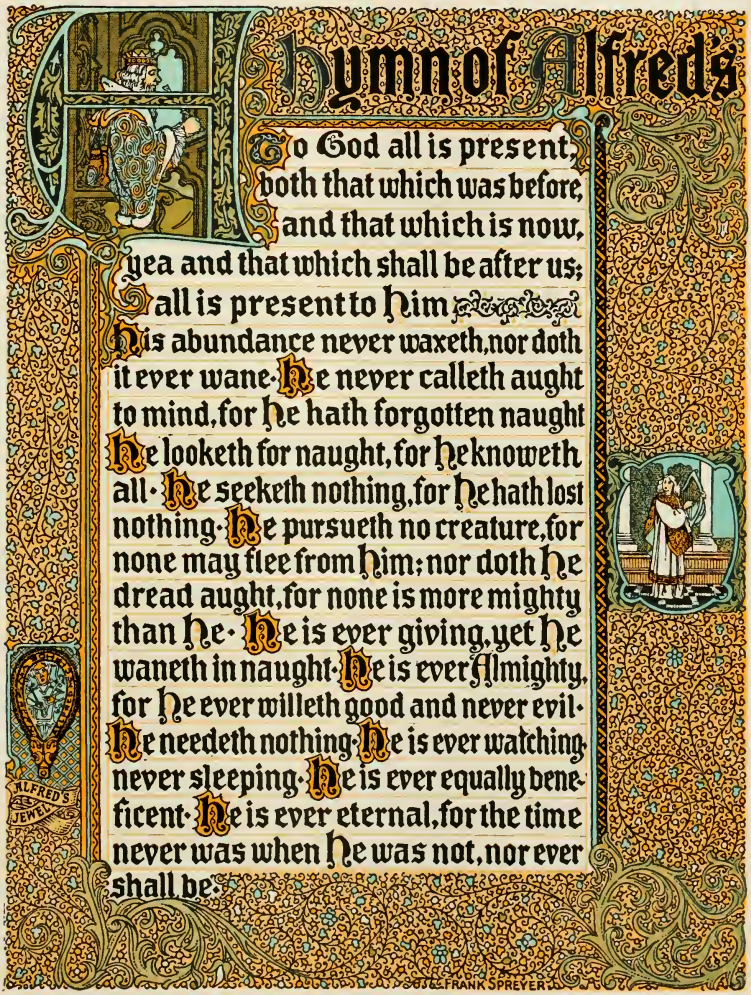
King, so bold and courageous a warrior, was anxious to lay aside the sword, and it is remarkable that one so able in war fought never a battle of conquest, but always solely in defense. And now that he had saved England from her foes, he began organizing the various activities of the land, bringing order out of chaos, and proving himself greater even in peace than in war. He had a definite system of laws worked out where no system had been before, and himself saw that these laws were administered, thus converting a country recently overrun by bandits, into one so safe and secure, that the saying was, "Treasures of gold and silver might be left lying on the streets and no man would dare to touch them." He rebuilt fortifications, monasteries, churches, and above all else, he was so interested in the advancement of education in a land where before had been naught but the darkest ignorance, that he invited to England the greatest scholars of the age and established a school in his court for the sons of Saxon nobles. He himself spent every spare moment studying and translating books from Latin into the Anglo-Saxon, thereby laying the first foundations of a real English literature. His broad and active interest in greater knowledge prompted him to send Saxon monks to the far-off Christians of India and a Saxon whaler to explore all the Northern Countries. He gave too the greatest encouragement to artisans, goldsmiths, jewelers, and the like. Recently there was found near Athelney, a beautiful jewel—the figure of a man holding a flower in each hand, wrought in colored enamel on gold under a plate of rock crystal, and on the rim are the words "Alfred mee heht gewyrcan," that is to say, "Alfred had me worked."

The keynote to all the King's unselfish persistence in doing good was his simple, sincere, devout Christianity. Always the thought of God stirred him to noble deeds and his days were filled with the joyous intelligent activity of one whose whole life was consecrated to the highest ideals of Christianity. In the service of his people, in devotion to all that was fine, he wasted never an hour. The better to gauge how time passed in a day

when as yet there were no clocks, he had candles made each to burn four hours, and notched with four notches at regular intervals. Thus six of these candles told off for him the twenty-four hours of the day. And as he found his candles often flickering and burning unevenly in the draughty rooms, he next contrived a little case of wood or horn in which they could be set, which is said to have been the origin of the first lanterns.

In the last years of Alfred's reign, the Danish pirate Hastings sought to harry the land once more, but now so well ordered and strong had the Saxons grown, that Hastings was defeated with little difficulty. In the struggle with him, Alfred showed the same wonderful depth of charity that had characterized him before. Once the King captured a stronghold wherein he found the wife and children of Hastings, but he did them no harm whatever, letting them go again in safety.

In 901 Alfred died, leaving the England he had found in such panic, well organized, strong and free. Never before had the world seen a ruler who lived solely for the good of his people. Practical, energetic, patient as he was, always just and temperate, always genial and lovable, always deeply religious and profoundly intelligent, Alfred embodied as no other man has ever done, all that is best and most lovable in the English character. And so is King Alfred rightfully called Alfred the Saxon and Alfred the Great.


Hymn of Alfred's
To God all is present, both that which was before, and that which is now, yea and that which shall be after us; all is present to him: His abundance never waxeth, nor doth it ever wane. He never calleth aught to mind, for He hath forgotten naught He looketh for naught, for He knoweth all. He seeketh nothing, for He hath lost nothing. He pursueth no creature, for none may flee from him; nor doth He dread aught, for none is more mighty than He. He is ever giving, yet He waneth in naught. He is ever Almighty, for He ever willeth good and never evil. He needeth nothing. He is ever watching, never sleeping. He is ever equally beneficent. He is ever eternal, for the time never was when He was not, nor ever shall be.
ALFRED'S JEWEL
J.E. FRANKS PREVERT

THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

Miguel De Cervantes

Edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott

THERE once lived, in a certain village of La Mancha in Spain, a gentleman who did apply himself wholly to the reading of old books of knighthood. And that with such gusts and delights, as he neglected the exercise of hunting; yea and the very administration of his household affairs.

He plunged himself so deeply in his reading of these books that he spent in the lecture of them whole days and nights. And in the end, through his little sleep and much reading, he dried up his brains in such sort as he lost wholly his judgment.

His fantasy was filled with those things that he read, of enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, tempests, and other impossible follies. And these toys did so firmly possess his imagination that the dreamed inventions which he read were true, that he accounted no history in the world to be so certain and sincere as they were.

Finally, his wit being wholly extinguished, he fell into one of the strangest conceits; to wit, it seemed unto him very needful, as well for his honour, as for the benefit of mankind, that he himself should become a knight-errant, and go throughout the world, with his horse and armour, to seek adventure, and practice in person all that he had read was done by knights of yore, revenging of all kinds of injuries, and offering himself to dangers, which once happily achieved, might gain him eternal renown.

He resolved to give himself a name worthy of so great a knight as himself, and in that thought he laboured eight days; and in conclusion called himself Don Quixote of La Mancha. Then he donned certain old armour that had belonged to his great-grandfather, mounted his old lean horse, Rozinante, and sallied forth into the world to seek adventure.

With him rode as his squire, one Sancho Panza, a labourer, and an honest man, but one of very shallow wit. Don Quixote had said so much to him, had persuaded him so earnestly, and had made him so large promises, that the poor fellow determined to go away with the knight, and serve him as his squire. Don Quixote bade him to dispose himself willingly, for now and then such an adventure might present itself, that in as short space as one would take up a couple of straws, an island might be won, and Sancho be left as governor thereof.

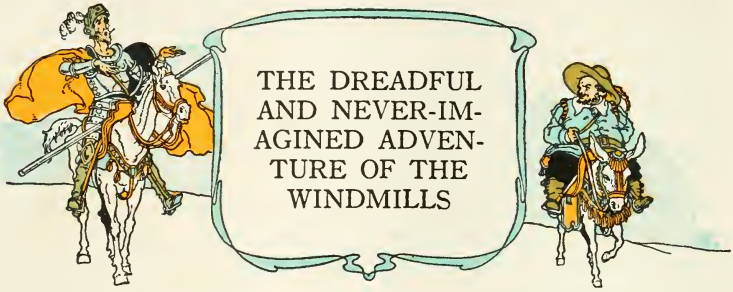
This same squire, Sancho Panza, did ride upon an ass. About the ass Don Quixote had stood a while pensive, calling to mind whether ever he had read that any knight-errant carried his squire assishly mounted; but he could not remember any authority for it. Yet, notwithstanding, he had resolved that Sancho might bring his beast, intending to dismount the first discourteous knight they met from his horse, and give it to his squire.

Don Quixote bethought himself that now he wanted nothing but a lady on whom he might bestow his service, and affection. For a knight-errant that is loveless resembles a tree that wants leaves and fruit, or a body without a soul. He bethought him of a damsel who dwelt in the next village to his manor, a young handsome wench with whom he had been some time in love, although she never knew or took notice thereof. Her he chose as the Lady of his thoughts, she being ignorant of it, and he called her Dulcinea of Toboso.

Things being thus ordered, Don Quixote and his squire rode forth into the world, and had, with some good success, many ridiculous and rare adventures, as well as some that were dreadful and never-imagined—all worthy to be recorded. All these adventures may be read in that strange book, The History of the Valorous and Witty Knight-Errant, Don Quixote of La Mancha.

Herein will be related three of his adventures, to wit: The Dreadful and Never-Imagined Adventure of the Windmills; How

Don Quixote Fought with Two Armies of Sheep and The High Adventure and Rich Winning of the Helmet of Mambrino.



THE first day that Don Quixote and his squire, Sancho Panza, sallied forth to seek adventure, they travelled almost all day without encountering anything worthy the recital, which made Don Quixote fret for anger. For he desired to encounter presently some one upon whom he might make trial of his invincible strength. Riding thus, toward evening they discovered some thirty or forty windmills, that were in a field. And as soon as Don Quixote espied them he said to his squire:

"Fortune doth address our affairs better than we ourselves could desire. For behold there, friend Sancho Panza, how there appear thirty or forty monstrous giants, with whom I mean to fight, and deprive them of their lives, with whose spoils we will begin to be rich. For this is a good war, and a great service unto God, to take away so bad a seed from the face of the earth."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those that thou seest there," quoth his lord, "with the long arms. And some there are of that race whose arms are almost two leagues long."

"I pray you understand," quoth Sancho Panza, "that those which appear there are no giants, but windmills. And that

FROM THE TOWER WINDOW

which seems in them to be arms, are their sails, that, swung about by the wind, do also make the mill go."

"It seems well," quoth Don Quixote, "that thou art not yet acquainted with the matter of adventures. They are giants. And, if thou beest afraid, go aside and pray, whilst I enter into cruel and unequal battle with them."

And, saying so, he spurred his horse Rozinante, without taking heed to his Squire Sancho's cries, who called out that they were windmills that he did assault and no giants. But Don Quixote went so fully persuaded that they were giants that he neither heard his squire's outcries, nor did discern what the windmills really were, although he drew very near to them.

Then he called out to them as loud as he could:

"Fly not, ye cowards and vile creatures! for it is only one knight that assaults you."

With this the wind increased, and the mill sails began to turn about; which Don Quixote espying, said:

"Although thou movest more arms than the giant Briareus, yet thou shalt stoop to me."

And, after saying this, desiring Lady Dulcinea to succour him, he covered himself well with his buckler, and set his lance on his rest. Then he spurred on Rozinante and encountered with the first mill that was before him. As he struck his lance into the sail, the wind swung it about with such fury, that it broke his lance into shivers, carrying him and his horse after it, and finally tumbling him a good way off from it on the field in very evil plight.

Sancho Panza repaired presently to succour him as fast as his ass could drive. And when he arrived, he found his lord not able to stir, he had gotten such a crush with Rozinante.

"By my beard!" quoth Sancho, "did I not foretell unto you that you should look well what you did, for they were none other than windmills? Nor could any think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his brains."

"Peace, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "for matters of war are more subject than any other thing to continual change; how much more, seeing that some magician—such is the enmity he bears towards me—hath transformed these giants into mills to deprive me of the glory of the victory. But yet, in fine all his bad arts shall but little prevail against the goodness of my sword."

"God grant it as He may!" said Sancho Panza, and then he helped his master arise; and presently he mounted him on Rozinante, who was half shoulder-pitched by the rough encounter. And thus discoursing upon the adventure they followed on the way which guided towards a passage through the mountains. For there, as Don Quixote avouched, it was not possible but to find many adventures because it was a thoroughfare much frequented.

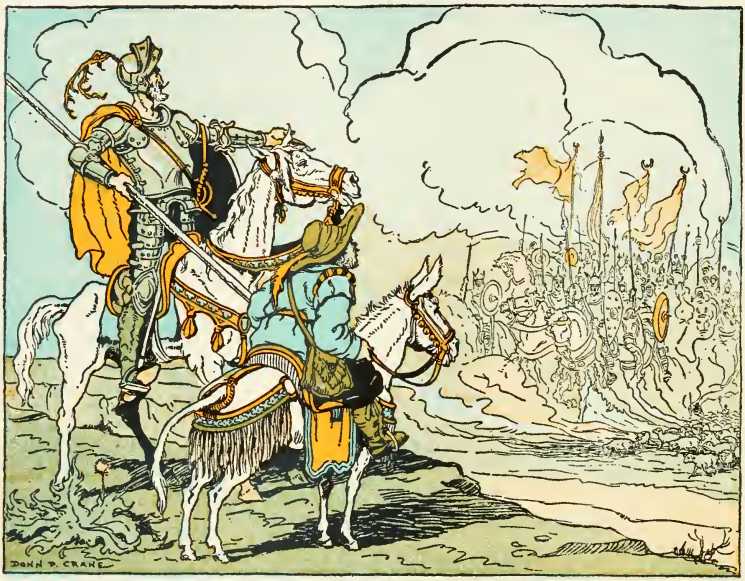
HOW DON QUIXOTE FOUGHT WITH TWO ARMIES OF SHEEP

ONE day Don Quixote and his squire while they rode, perceived a great and thick dust to arise in the way wherein they travelled. Turning to Sancho, Don Quixote said, "This is, Sancho, the day wherein shall be manifest the good which fortune hath reserved for me. This is the day wherein the force of mine arm must be shown as much as in any other whatsoever; and in it I will do such feats as shall forever remain recorded in the books of fame. Dost thou see, Sancho, the dust which ariseth there? Know that it is caused by a mighty army and sundry and innumerable nations, which come marching there."

"If that be so," quoth Sancho, "then must there be two armies; for on this other side is raised as great a dust."

Don Quixote turned back to behold it, and seeing it was so indeed, he was marvellous glad, thinking that they were doubtless two armies, which came to fight one with another in the midst of that spacious plain.

The dust which he had seen, however, was raised by two great flocks of sheep, that came through the same field by two differ-



ent ways, and could not be discerned, by reason of the dust, until they were very near. Yet Don Quixote did affirm that they were two armies so earnestly that Sancho believed it, and demanded of him, "Sir, what then shall we two do?"

"What shall we do," quoth Don Quixote, "but assist the needful and weaker side? For thou shalt know, Sancho, that he who comes towards us is the great Emperor Alifamfaron, lord of the great island of Trapobana; the other, who marcheth at our back, is his enemy, the King of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the naked arm, so called because he still entereth in battle with his right arm naked."

"I pray you, good sir," quoth Sancho, "to tell me why these two Princes hate one another so much?"

"They are enemies," replied Don Quixote, "because that this Alifamfaron is a furious pagan, and is enamoured of Pentapolin's daughter, who is a very beautiful and gracious Princess, and, moreover, a Christian. Her father refuseth to give her to the pagan King, until first he abandon Mahomet's false sect, and become a Christian Knight."

"By my beard," quoth Sancho, "Pentapolin hath reason, and I will help him all that I may."

"By doing so," quoth Don Quixote, "thou performest thy duty; for it is not requisite that one be a knight to enter into such battles."

"I do know that myself," quoth Sancho, "very well; but where shall we leave this ass in the meantime, that we may be sure to find him again after the conflict?—For I think it is not the custom to enter into battle mounted on such a beast."

"It is true," quoth Don Quixote; "that which thou mayest do is to leave him to his adventures, and care not whether he be lost or found; for we shall have so many horses, after coming out of this battle victors, that very Rozinante himself is in danger to be changed to another. But be attentive; for I mean to describe unto thee the principal knights of both the armies; and to the end thou mayest the better see and note all things, let us retire ourselves there to that little hillock, from whence both armies may easily be described."

They did so; and, standing on the top of a hill, from whence they might have seen both the flocks, Don Quixote, seeing in fancy that which he really did not see at all, began to say, with a loud voice:

"That knight which thou seest there with the yellow armour, who bears in his shield a lion, crowned, crouching at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalio, lord of the silver bridge. The other, limbed like a giant, that standeth at his right hand, is the undaunted Brandabarbaray of Boliche, lord of the three Arabias,

and comes armed with a serpent's skin, bearing for his shield, as is reported, one of the gates of the temple which Samson overthrew to be revenged on his enemies.

"But turn thine eyes to this other side, and thou shalt see first of all, and in the front of this other army, the ever victor and never vanquished Timonel of Carcajona, Prince of New Biscay, who comes armed with arms parted into blue, green, white, and yellow quarters, and bears in his shield, in a field of tawny, a cat of gold, with a letter that says Miau, which is the beginning of his lady's name, which is, as the report runs, the peerless Miaulina, daughter of Duke Alfeniquen of Algarve."

And thus Don Quixote proceeded forward, naming many knights of the one and the other squadron, even as he had imagined them. And he attributed to each knight his arms, his colours, and mottoes, for he was suddenly borne away by the imagination of his wonderful distraction.

Sancho Panza stood suspended at his master's speech, and spoke not a word, but only would now and then turn his head, to see whether he could mark those knights and giants which his lord had named; and, by reason he could not discover any, he said:

"Sir, I give to the devil any man, giant, or knight, of all those you said did appear; at least I cannot discern them. Perhaps all is but enchantment, like that of the ghosts of yester-night."

"How sayst thou so?" quoth Don Quixote. "Dost not thou hear the horses neigh, the trumpets sound, and the noise of the drums?"

"I hear nothing else," said Sancho, "but the great bleating of many sheep."

And so it was, indeed; for by this time the two flocks did approach them very near.

"The fear that thou conceivest, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "makest thee that thou canst neither hear nor see aright; for one of the effects of fear is to trouble the senses, and make things appear otherwise than they are. And, seeing thou fearest so

much, retire thyself out of the way; for I alone am sufficient to give the victory to that army which I shall assist."

And, having ended his speech, he set spurs to Rozinante, and, setting his lance in the rest, he flung down from the hillock like a thunderbolt.

Sancho cried to him as loud as he could, saying, "Return, good sir Don Quixote! for I vow unto God, that all those which you go to charge are but sheep and muttons; return, I say. Alas, that ever I was born! what madness is this? Look; for there is neither giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields parted nor whole, nor pure azures nor devilish. What is it you do? Wretch that I am!"

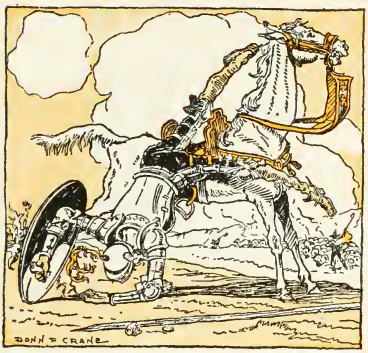
For all this Don Quixote did not return, but rather rode, saying with a loud voice, "On, on, knights! all you that serve and march under the banners of the valorous Emperor Pentapolin of the naked arm; follow me, all of you, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on his enemy, Alifamfaron of Trapobana."

And saying so, he entered into the midst of the flock of sheep, and began to lance them with such courage and fury as if he did in good earnest encounter his mortal enemies.

The shepherds that came with the flock cried to him to leave off; but, seeing their words took no effect, they unloosed their slings, and began to salute his pate with stones as great as one's fist. But Don Quixote made no account of their stones, and did fling up and down among the sheep, saying:

"Where art thou, proud Alifamfaron? Where art thou? Come to me; for I am but one knight alone, who desires to prove my force with thee man to man, and deprive thee of thy life, in pain of the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin."

At that instant a stone gave him such a blow on one of his sides, as did bury two of his ribs in his body. He beholding himself so ill dight, did presently believe that he was either slain



or sorely wounded. And, remembering himself of his oil-pot, which he thought to contain some magic healing liquor, set it to his mouth to drink. But ere he could take as much as he thought requisite to cure his hurts, there cometh another stone, which struck him so full upon the hand and oil-pot, as it broke it into pieces, and carried away with it besides three or four of his cheek teeth, and did moreover bruise two of his fingers.

Such was the first and the second blow, as the poor knight was constrained to fall down off his horse. And the shepherds arriving, did verily believe they had slain him; and therefore, gathering their flocks together with all speed, and carrying away their dead muttons, which were more than seven, they went away without verifying the matter any further.

Sancho remained all this while on the height, beholding his master's follies, pulling the hairs of his beard for very despair; and he cursed the hour and the moment wherein he first knew him. But seeing him overthrown to the earth, and the shepherds fled away, he came down to him, and found him in very bad plight, yet had the knight not quite lost the use of his senses.

"Sir Knight," quote Sancho, "did not I bid you return, and tell you that you went not to invade an army of men, but a flock of sheep?"

"That thief, the magician who is mine adversary," quoth Don Quixote, "can counterfeit and make men to seem such, or vanish away, as he pleaseth; for, Sancho, thou oughtest to know that it is a very easy thing for men of that kind to make us seem what they please; and this magician that persecuteth me, envy-

ing the glory which he saw I was like to acquire in this battle, hath converted the enemy's squadrons into sheep. If thou wilt not believe me, Sancho, yet do one thing for my sake, that thou mayest remove thine error, and perceive the truth which I affirm. Ride ahead on thine ass, and follow the armies fair and softly aloof, and then thou shalt see that, as soon as they are parted any distance from hence, they will turn to their first form, and, leaving to be sheep, will become men, as right and straight as I painted to thee at first. But go not now, for I have need of thy help and assistance. I pray thee, give me thy hand, and feel how many cheek teeth, or others, I lack in this right side of the upper jaw."

Sancho put in his finger, and whilst he felt him, demanded, "How many cheek teeth were you accustomed to have on this side?"

"Four," quoth he, "besides the hindermost; all of them very whole and sound."

"See well what you say, sir," quoth Sancho.

"I say four," quoth Don Quixote, "if they were not five; for I never in my life drew or lost any tooth."

"Well, then," quoth Sancho, "you have in this lower part but two teeth and a half; and in the upper neither a half, nor any; for all there is as plain as the palm of my hand."

"Unfortunate I!" quoth Don Quixote, hearing the sorrowful news that his squire told him, "for I had rather lose one of my arms, so it were not that of my sword; for, Sancho, thou must know, that a mouth without cheek teeth is like a mill without a mill-stone; and a tooth is much more to be esteemed than a diamond. But we knights-errant which profess the rigorous laws of arms are subject to all these disasters; wherefore, give the way, gentle friend; for I will follow thee what pace thou pleasest."

Talking thus they rode on their way where they thought they might find lodging, and about nightfall they perceived an inn near unto the highway wherein they travelled, which was as

welcome a sight to Don Quixote as if he had seen a star that did guide him to the porch, if not to the palace, of his redemption.

OF THE HIGH ADVENTURE AND RICH WINNING OF THE HELMET OF MAMBRINO

THE next morning as Don Quixote and his squire were riding over the plains it began to rain, and Sancho would fain have sought shelter in some near-by mill, but Don Quixote would in no wise come near one. But, turning his way on the right hand, he fell into a highway, as much beaten as that wherein they rode the day before.

Within a while after, Don Quixote espied one a-horseback, that bore on his head something that glistered like gold. And scarce had he seen him, when he turned to Sancho, and said:

"Methinks, Sancho, that there's no proverb that is not true; for they are all sentences taken out of experience itself, which is the universal mother of sciences; and especially that proverb that says: 'Where one door is shut another is opened.' I say this because, if fortune did shut yesterday the door that we searched, deceiving us in the adventure of the armies, it lays for us now wide open the door that may lead us to a better and more certain adventure, whereon, if I cannot make a good entry, the fall shall be mine. If I be not deceived, there comes one towards us that wears on his head the helmet of Mambrino, which I have made an oath to win."

"See well what you say, sir, and better what you do," quoth Sancho; "for I would not wish that this were new shepherds to batter you."

"The devil take thee for a man!" replied Don Quixote; "what difference is there betwixt a helmet and shepherds?"

"I know not," quoth Sancho, "but if I could speak as much now as I was wont, perhaps I would give you such reasons as you yourself should see how much you are deceived in that you speak."

"How may I be deceived in that I say, scrupulous traitor?" demanded Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not the knight which comes riding towards us on a dapple-grey horse, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

"That which I see and find out to be so," answered Sancho, "is none other than a man on a grey ass like mine own, and brings on his head something that shines."

"Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," quoth Don Quixote. "Stand aside, and leave me alone with him. Thou shalt see how, without speech to cut off delays, I will conclude this adventure, and remain with the helmet as mine own which I have so much desired."

"I will have care to stand off. But I turn again to say, that I pray God that it be a purchase of gold, and not flocks of sheep."

"I have already said unto thee not to make any more mention, no, not in thought, of sheep. For if thou dost," said Don Quixote, "I vow, I say no more, that I will batter thy soul."

Here Sancho, fearing lest his master would accomplish the vow which he had thrown out as round as a bowl, held his peace.

This, therefore, is the truth of the history of the helmet, horse and knight, which Don Quixote saw. There were near this spot two villages, the one so little as it had neither shop nor barber, but the greater was furnished with one. This barber did therefore serve the little village when they had any occasion, as it now befell. For which reason he came bringing with him a brazen basin.

And as he travelled, it by chance began to rain, so he clapped his basin on his head to save his hat from staining, because it belike was a new one. And the basin being clean scoured, glistered half a league off.

He rode on a grey ass, as Sancho said, which Don Quixote mistook for a dapple-grey steed, and the barber for a knight, and the basin for a helmet of gold. For Don Quixote did, with all his facility, apply everything which he saw to his raving

chivalry and ill-errant thoughts. And when he saw that the poor barber drew near, without settling himself to talk with him, he inrested his javelin low on the thigh, and ran with all the force Rozinante might, thinking to strike him through and through. And, drawing near unto him, without stopping his horse, he cried:

"Defend thyself, caitiff! or else render unto me willingly that which is my due by all reason."

The barber, who without fearing or surmising any such thing, saw that knight come suddenly upon him, had no other remedy, to avoid the blow of the lance, but to fall off his ass to the ground. And scarce had he touched the earth, when rising up again as light as a deer, he ran away so swiftly through the plain as the wind could scarce overtake him, leaving his basin behind him on the ground.

Don Quixote rested content, and commanded Sancho to take up the helmet; who lifting it, said:

"The basin is a good one."

Then he gave it to his lord, who presently set it on his head, turning it about every way to see whether he could get the beaver. And seeing he could not find it, he said:

"The pagan for whom this famous helmet was first forged had doubtlessly a very great head. And that which grieves me most is that this helmet lacks the beaver."

When Sancho heard him call the basin a helmet, he could not contain his laughter; but presently remembering his master's anger, he checked himself in the midst.

"Why dost thou laugh, Sancho?" demanded Don Quixote.

"I laugh," said he, "to think on the great head the pagan owner of this helmet had; for it is for all the world like a barber's basin."

FROM THE TOWER WINDOW

"Know, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "that this enchanted helmet did fall, by some strange accident, into some one's hands that knew not the worth thereof, who seeing it was of pure gold, without realizing what he did, melted the half, to profit himself therewithal. Then he made of the other half this, which seems a barber's basin, as thou sayest. But be it what it list, to me who knows well what it is, its change makes no matter, for I will dress it in the first town where I shall find a smith. And in the meanwhile I will wear it as I may, for something is better than nothing; seeing it may defend me from the blow of a stone."

"That's true," quoth Sancho, "if the stone be not thrown out of a sling, such as that of the battle of the two armies, when they blessed your worship's cheek teeth, and broke the bottle wherein you carried the most blessed healing potion."

"I do not much care for the loss of it, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "for as thou knowest, I have the recipe in memory."

"So have I likewise," quoth Sancho,—bethinking him of the night he had been made ill by it, "but if ever I make it or taste it again in my life, I pray God that here may be mine end. And

more, I never mean to thrust myself into any occasion wherein I should have need of it. For I mean, with all my five senses, to keep myself from hurting any, or being hurt.

"But, leaving this apart, what shall we do with this dapple-grey steed, that looks so like a grey ass? This beast which that barber whom you overthrew left behind? For I think the man is minded not to come back for him again, since he laid feet on the dust and made haste. But, by my beard, the grey beast is a good one!"

"I am not accustomed," quoth Don Quixote, "to ransack and spoil those whom I overcome. Nor is it the practice of chivalry to take their horses and let them go afoot; unless it befall the victor to lose in the conflict against his own; for in such a case it is lawful to take that of the vanquished as won in fair war. So, Sancho, leave that horse, or ass, or what else thou pleasest to call it; when his owner sees us departed, he will return for it."

"Truly," said Sancho, "the laws of knighthood are strait, since they extend not themselves to license the exchange of one ass for another. And I would know whether they permit at least to exchange the one harness for another?"

"In that I am not very sure," quoth Don Quixote; "and as a case of doubt (until I be better informed), I say that thou exchange them, if by chance thy need be extreme."

"So extreme," quoth Sancho, "that if they were for mine own very person, I could not need them more."

And presently, enabled by his master's license, he made the change, and set forth his beast with the harness of the barber's ass.

This being done, they broke their fast, and drank from a near-by stream. And, having by their repast cut away all melancholy, they followed on the way which Rozinante pleased to lead them, who was the depository of his master's will, and also of the ass's, who followed him always wheresoever he went, in good amity and company. Thus they returned to the highway, wherein they travelled at random, seeking new adventures.

FROM THE TOWER WINDOW

WOLFERT WEBBER, OR GOLDEN DREAMS

A Tale of Old New York
Washington Irving

IN THE year of grace one thousand seven hundred and blank, for I do not remember the precise date; however, it was somewhere in the early part of last century, there lived in the ancient city of the Manhattoes a worthy burgher, Wolfert Webber by name. He was descended from old Cobus Webber of the Brill in Holland, one of the original settlers, famous for introducing the cultivation of cabbages, and who came over to the province during the protectorship of Oloffe Van Kortlandt, otherwise called the Dreamer.

The field in which Cobus Webber first planted himself and his cabbages had remained ever since in the family, who continued in the same line of husbandry, with that praiseworthy perseverance for which our Dutch burghers are noted. The whole family genius, during several generations, was devoted to the study and development of this one noble vegetable; and had the portraits of this line of tranquil potentates been taken, they would have presented a row of heads marvellously resembling in shape and magnitude the vegetables over which they reigned.

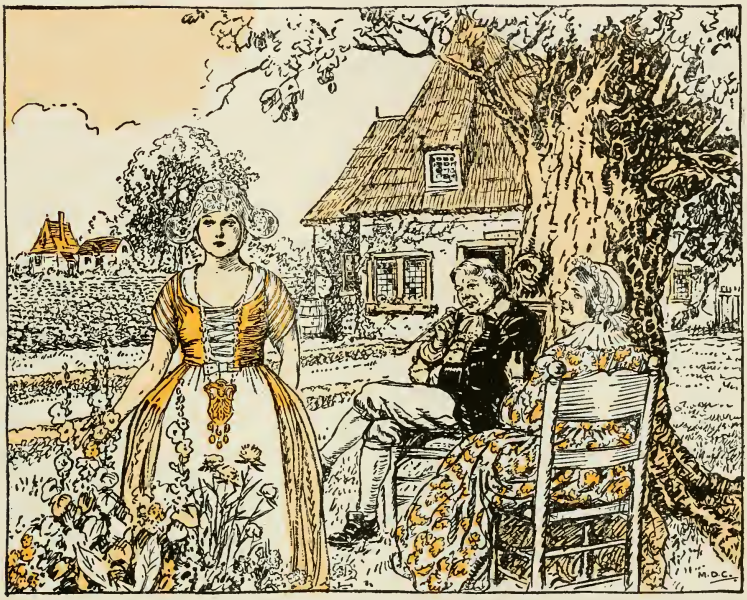
The seat of government continued unchanged in the family mansion:—a Dutch-built house, with a front, or rather gable end of yellow brick, tapering to a point, with the customary iron weather-cock at the top. Everything about the building bore the air of long-settled ease and security. Flights of martins peopled the little coops nailed against its walls, and swallows built their nests under the eaves. In a bright morning in early summer, it was delectable to hear their cheerful notes, as they sported about in the pure sweet air, chirping forth, as it were, the greatness and prosperity of the Webbers.

Thus quietly and comfortably did this excellent family vege-

tate under the shade of a mighty button-wood tree. The city gradually spread its suburbs round their domain. Houses sprang up to interrupt their prospects. The rural lanes in the vicinity began to grow into the bustle and populousness of streets; in short, with all the habits of rustic life they began to find themselves the inhabitants of a city. Still, however, they maintained their hereditary character, and hereditary possessions, with all the tenacity of petty German princes in the midst of the empire. Wolfert was the last of the line, and succeeded to the patriarchal bench at the door, under the family tree, and swayed the sceptre of his fathers, a kind of rural potentate in the midst of the metropolis.

To share the cares and sweets of sovereignty, he had taken unto himself a helpmate, one of those notable little housewives who are always busy where there is nothing to do. Her activity, however, took one particular direction: her whole life seemed devoted to intense knitting; whether at home or abroad, walking or sitting, her needles were continually in motion. This worthy couple were blessed with one daughter, who was brought up with great tenderness and care; uncommon pains had been taken with her education, so that she could stitch in every variety of way; make all kinds of pickles and preserves, and mark her own name on a sampler. The influence of her taste was seen also in the family garden, where the ornamental began to mingle with the useful; whole rows of fiery marigolds and splendid hollyhocks bordered the cabbage-beds; and gigantic sunflowers lolled their broad jolly faces over the fences.

Thus reigned and vegetated Wolfert Webber over his paternal acres, peacefully and contentedly. Not but that, like all other sovereigns, he had his occasional cares and vexations. The growth of his native city sometimes caused him annoyance. His little territory gradually became hemmed in by streets and houses, which intercepted air and sunshine. The expenses of living doubled and trebled; but he could not double and treble the mag-



nitude of his cabbages; and the number of competitors prevented the increase of price; thus, therefore, while every one around him grew richer, Wolfert grew poorer, and he could not, for the life of him, perceive how the evil was to be remedied.

This growing care, which increased from day to day, had its gradual effect upon our worthy burgher; insomuch, that it at length implanted two or three wrinkles in his brow; things unknown before in the family of the Webbers.

Perhaps even this would not have materially disturbed the serenity of his mind, had he had only himself and his wife to care for; but there was his daughter gradually growing to maturity. How her blue eyes grew deeper and deeper, and her cherry lips redder and redder! Ah, well-a-day! could I but show her as she

was then, tricked out on a Sunday morning, in the hereditary finery of the old Dutch clothes-press, of which her mother had confided to her the key. The wedding-dress of her grandmother, modernized for use, with sundry ornaments, handed down as heirlooms in the family. Her pale brown hair smoothed with buttermilk in flat waving lines on each side of her fair forehead, the chain of yellow virgin gold, that encircled her neck. Suffice it to say, Amy had attained her seventeenth year.

At this period a new visitor began to make his appearance under the roof of Wolfert Webber. This was Dirk Waldron, the only son of a poor widow, a fresh bucksome youth. This youngster gradually became an intimate visitor of the family. He talked little, but he sat long. He filled the father's pipe when it was empty, gathered up the mother's knitting-needle, or ball of worsted when it fell to the ground; stroked the sleek coat of the tortoise-shell cat, and replenished the tea-pot for the daughter from the bright copper kettle that sang before the fire. All these quiet little offices may seem of trifling import; but they were not lost upon the Webber family. The winning youngster found marvellous favor in the eyes of the mother, and if the glances of the daughter might be rightly read, as she sat bridling and dimpling, and sewing by her mother's side, she was not a whit behind Dame Webber in good-will.

Here arose new cares for Wolfert. He was a kind father, but he was a prudent man. The young man was a lively, stirring lad; but then he had neither money nor land. Wolfert's ideas all ran in one channel; and he saw no alternative in case of a marriage but to portion off the young couple with a corner of his cabbage-garden, the whole of which was barely sufficient for the support of his family.

Like a prudent father, therefore, he forbade the youngster the house; though sorely did it go against his fatherly heart, and many a silent tear did it cause in the bright eye of his daughter.

She showed herself, however, a pattern of filial piety and obedience. She never pouted and sulked. On the contrary she acquiesced like an obedient daughter, shut the street-door in her lover's face, and if ever she did grant him an interview, it was either out of the kitchen-window, or over the garden-fence.

Wolfert was deeply cogitating these matters in his mind, and his brow wrinkled with unusual care, as he wended his way on Saturday afternoon to the rural inn, about two miles from the city. It was a favorite resort of the Dutch part of the community, from being always held by a Dutch line of landlords, and retaining an air and relish of the good old times. It was a Dutch-built house, that had probably been a country seat of some opulent burgher in the early time of the settlement. It stood near a point of land called Corlear's Hook, which stretches out into the Sound. The venerable and somewhat crazy mansion was distinguished from afar by a grove of elms and sycamores that seemed to wave a hospitable invitation, while a few weeping willows, with their dank, drooping foliage, resembling falling waters, gave an idea of coolness, that rendered it an attractive spot during the heat of summer.

Here, therefore, as I said, resorted many of the old inhabitants of the Manhattoes, where, while some played at shuffleboard and quoits and ninepins, others smoked a deliberate pipe, and talked over public affairs.

It was on a blustering autumnal afternoon that Wolfert made his visit to the inn. The grove of elms and willows was stripped of its leaves, which whirled in rustling eddies about the fields. The ninepin alley was deserted, for the premature chilliness of the day had driven the company within doors. As it was Saturday afternoon, the habitual club was in session, composed principally of regular Dutch burghers, though mingled occasionally with persons of various character and country, as is natural in a place of such motley population.

Beside the fireplace, in a huge leather-bottomed armchair, sat

the dictator of this little world, the venerable Rem, or, as it was pronounced, Ramm Rapelye. He was a man of Walloon race, and illustrious for the antiquity of his line; his great-grandmother having been the first white child born in the province. But he was still more illustrious for his wealth and dignity; he had long filled the noble office of alderman, and was a man to whom the governor himself took off his hat. He had maintained possession of the leather-bottomed chair from time immemorial; and had gradually waxed in bulk as he sat in his seat of government, until in the course of years he filled its whole magnitude.

"This will be a rough night for the money-diggers," said mine host, as a gust of wind howled round the house.

"What! are they at their works again?" said an English half-pay captain, with one eye, who was a very frequent attendant at the inn.

"Aye, are they," said the landlord, "and well may they be. They've had luck of late. They say a great pot of money has been dug up in the fields, just behind Stuyvesant's orchard. Folks think it must have been buried there in old times, by Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch governor."

"Fudge!" said the one-eyed man of war.

"Well, you may believe it or not, as you please," said mine host, somewhat nettled; "but everybody knows that the old

governor buried a great deal of his money at the time of the Dutch troubles, when the English red-coats seized on the province. They say, too, the old gentleman walks; aye, and in the very same dress that he wears in the picture that hangs up in the family house."

"Fudge!" said the half-pay officer.

"Fudge, if you please!—But didn't Corney Van Zandt see him at midnight, stalking about in the meadow with his wooden leg, and a drawn sword in his hand, that flashed like fire? And what can he be walking for, but because people have been troubling the place where he buried his money in old times?"

Here the landlord was interrupted by several gutteral sounds from Ramm Rapelye, betokening that he was laboring with the unusual production of an idea. As he was too great a man to be slighted by a prudent publican, mine host respectfully paused until he should deliver himself. The corpulent frame of this mighty burgher now gave all the symptoms of a volcanic mountain on the point of an eruption. First, there was a certain heaving of the abdomen, not unlike an earthquake; then was emitted a cloud of tobacco-smoke from that crater, his mouth; then there was a kind of rattle in the throat; at length his voice forced its way into a slow, but absolute tone of a man who feels the weight of his purse, if not of his ideas; every portion of his speech being marked by a testy puff of tobacco-smoke.

"Who talks of old Peter Stuyvesant's walking?—puff—Have people no respect for persons?—puff—puff—Peter Stuyvesant knew better what to do with his money than to bury it—puff—I know the Stuyvesant family—puff—every one of them—puff—not a more respectable family in the province—puff—puff—Don't talk to me of Peter Stuyvesant's walking—puff—puff—puff."

Here the redoubtable Ramm redoubled his smoking with such vehemence, that the cloudy volume soon wreathed round his head, as the smoke envelops the awful summit of Mount Aetna.

A general silence followed the sudden rebuke of this very rich man. The subject, however, was too interesting to be readily abandoned. The conversation soon broke forth again from the lips of Peechy Prauw Van Hook. Peechy could, at any time, tell as many stories in an evening as his hearers could digest in a month. He now resumed the conversation, by affirming that, to his knowledge, money had, at different times, been digged up in various parts of the island. The lucky persons who had discovered them had always dreamt of them three times beforehand, and what was worthy of remark, those treasures had never been found but by some descendant of the good old Dutch families, which clearly proved that they had been buried by Dutchmen in the olden time.

"Fiddlestick with your Dutchmen!" cried the half-pay officer. "The Dutch had nothing to do with them. They were all buried by Kidd the pirate, and his crew."

Here a key-note was touched that roused the whole company. The name of Captain Kidd was like a talisman in those times, and was associated with a thousand marvellous stories.

The half-pay officer took the lead. He was a man of great weight among the peaceable members of the club, by reason of his warlike character and gunpowder tales. All his golden stories of Kidd, however, and of the booty he had buried, were obstinately rivalled by the tales of Peechy Prauw, who rather than suffer his Dutch progenitors to be eclipsed by a foreign freebooter, enriched every field and shore in the neighborhood with the hidden wealth of Peter Stuyvesant and his contemporaries.

Not a word of this conversation was lost upon Wolfert Webber. He returned pensively home, full of magnificent ideas. The soil of his native island seemed to be turned into gold dust; and every field to teem with treasure. His head almost reeled at the thought

how often he must have heedlessly rambled over places where countless sums lay, scarcely covered by the turf beneath his feet. His mind was in an uproar with this whirl of new ideas. As he came in sight of the venerable mansion of his forefathers, and the little realm where the Webbers had so long, and so contentedly flourished, his gorge rose at the narrowness of his destiny.

"Unlucky Wolfert!" exclaimed he; "others can go to bed and dream themselves into whole mines of wealth; they have but to seize a spade in the morning, and turn up doubloons like potatoes; but thou must dream of hardships, and rise to poverty—must dig the field from year's end to year's end, and yet raise nothing but cabbages!"

Wolfert Webber went to bed with a heavy heart; and it was long before the golden visions that disturbed his brain permitted him to sink into repose. The same visions, however, extended into his sleeping thoughts, and assumed a more definite form. He dreamt that he had discovered an immense treasure in the centre of his garden. At every stroke of the spade he laid bare a golden ingot; diamond crosses sparkled out of the dust; bags of money turned up their bellies, corpulent with pieces-of-eight, or venerable doubloons; and chests, wedged close with moidores, ducats, and pistareens, yawned before his ravished eyes, and vomited forth their glittering contents.

Wolfert awoke a poorer man than ever. He had no heart to go about his daily concerns, which appeared so paltry and profitless; but sat all day long in the chimney-corner, picturing to himself ingots and heaps of gold in the fire. The next night his dream was repeated. There was something very singular in this repetition. He passed another day of reverie, and though it was cleaning-day, and the house, as usual in Dutch households, completely topsy-turvy, yet he sat unmoved amidst the general uproar.

The third night he went to bed with a palpitating heart. He put on his red night-cap wrongside outwards, for good luck.

Again the golden dream was repeated, and again he saw his garden teeming with ingots and money-bags.

Wolfert rose the next morning in complete bewilderment. A dream, three times repeated, was never known to lie; and if so, his fortune was made. In his agitation he put on his waistcoat with the hind part before, and this was a corroboration of good luck. He no longer doubted that a huge store of money lay buried somewhere in his cabbage-field, coyly waiting to be sought for; and he repined at having so long been scratching about the surface of the soil instead of digging to the centre.

He took his seat at the breakfast-table full of these speculations; asked his daughter to put a lump of gold into his tea, and on handing his wife a plate of slapjacks, begged her to help herself to a doubloon.

His grand care now was how to secure this immense treasure without its being known. Instead of his working regularly in his grounds in the daytime, he now stole from his bed at night, and with spade and pickaxe went to work to rip up and dig about his paternal acres, from one end to the other. In a little time the whole garden, which had presented such a goodly and regular appearance, with its phalanx of cabbages, like a vegetable army in battle array, was reduced to a scene of devastation; while the relentless Wolfert, with night-cap on head, and lantern and spade in hand, stalked through the slaughtered ranks, the destroying angel of his own vegetable world.

Every morning bore testimony to the ravages of the preceding night in cabbages of all ages and conditions, from the tender sprout to the full-grown head, piteously rooted from their quiet beds like worthless weeds, and left to wither in the sunshine. In vain Wolfert's wife remonstrated; in vain his darling daughter wept over the destruction of some favorite marigold. "Thou shalt have gold of another sort," he would cry, chucking her under the chin; "thou shalt have a string of crooked ducats for thy

wedding necklace, my child." His family began really to fear for the poor man's wits. He muttered in his sleep at night about mines of wealth, about pearls and diamonds, and bars of gold. In the daytime he was moody and abstracted, and walked about as if in a trance. Dame Webber held frequent councils with all the old women of the neighborhood; scarce an hour in the day but a knot of them might be seen wagging their white caps together round her door, while the poor woman made some piteous recital.

In the meantime Wolfert went on digging and digging; but the field was extensive, and as his dream had indicated no precise spot, he had to dig at random. The winter set in before one-tenth of the scene of promise had been explored. The ground became frozen hard, and the nights too cold for the labors of the spade.

No sooner, however, did the returning warmth of spring loosen the soil, and the small frogs begin to pipe in the meadows, but Wolfert resumed his labors with renovated zeal. Still, however, the hours of industry were reversed. Instead of working cheerily all day, planting and setting out his vegetables, he remained thoughtfully idle, until the shades of night summoned him to his secret labors. In this way he continued to dig from night to night, and week to week, and month to month, but not a stiver did he find. On the contrary, the more he digged, the poorer he grew. The rich soil of his garden was digged away, and the sand and gravel from beneath was thrown to the surface, until the whole field presented an aspect of sandy barrenness.

In the meantime, the seasons gradually rolled on. The little frogs which had piped in the meadows in early spring, croaked

as bull-frogs during the summer heats, and then sank into silence. The peach-tree budded, blossomed, and bore its fruit. The swallows and martins came, twitted about the roof, built their nests, reared their young, held their congress along the eaves, and then winged their flight in search of another spring; and finally the leaves of the button-wood tree turned yellow, then brown, then rustled one by one to the ground, and whirling about in little eddies of wind and dust, whispered that winter was at hand.

Wolfert gradually woke from his dream of wealth as the year declined. He had reared no crop for the supply of his household during the sterility of winter. The season was long and severe, and for the first time the family was really straitened in its comforts. By degrees a revulsion of thought took place in Wolfert's mind. The idea gradually stole upon him that he should come to want. Haggard care gathered about his brow; he went about with a money-seeking air, his eyes bent downwards into the dust. He could not even pass the city almshouse without giving it a rueful glance, as if destined to be his future abode.

The strangeness of his conduct and of his looks occasioned much speculation and remark. For a long time he was suspected of being crazy; and then everybody pitied him; and at length it began to be suspected that he was poor, and then everybody avoided him. Thus everybody deserted the Webber mansion, everybody but honest Dirk Waldron, who indeed seemed to wax more affectionate as the fortunes of his mistress were in the wane.

Many months had elapsed since Wolfert had frequented his old resort, the rural inn. He was taking a long lonely walk one Saturday afternoon, musing over his wants and disappointments, when his feet took instinctively their wonted direction, and on awaking out of a reverie, he found himself before the door of the inn.

Wolfert found several of the old frequenters of the inn at their usual posts, and seated in their usual places; but one was missing, the great Ramm Rapelye, who for many years had filled the

leather-bottomed chair of state. His place was supplied by a stranger, who seemed, however, completely at home in the chair and the tavern. He was rather under size, but deep-chested, square and muscular. His broad shoulders, double joints, and bow knees, gave tokens of prodigious strength. His face was dark and weatherbeaten; a deep scar, as if from the slash of a cutlass, had almost divided his nose, and made a gash in his upper lip, through which his teeth shone like a bull-dog's. A mop of iron-gray hair gave a grisly finish to this hard-favored visage. He wore an old hat edged with tarnished lace, and cocked in martial style, on one side of his head; a rusty blue military coat with brass buttons, and a wide pair of short petticoat trousers, or rather breeches, for they were gathered up at the knees. He ordered everybody about him with an authoritative air; talking in a brattling voice, that sounded like the crackling of thorns under a pot; d—d the landlord and servants with perfect impunity, and was waited upon with greater obsequiousness than had ever been shown to the mighty Ramm himself.

Wolfert's curiosity was awakened to know who and what was this stranger who had thus usurped absolute sway in this ancient domain. Peechy Prauw took him aside, into a remote corner of the hall, and there, in an under voice, and with great caution, imparted to him all that he knew on the subject. The inn had been aroused several months before, on a dark stormy night, by repeated long shouts, that seemed like the howlings of a wolf. They came from the water-side, and at length were distinguished to be hailing the house in the sea-faring manner, "House-a-hoy!" The landlord turned out with his head waiter, tapster, hostler, and errand-boy—that is to say, with his old negro Cuff. On approaching the place whence the voice proceeded, they found this amphibious-looking personage at the water's edge, quite alone, and seated on a great oaken sea-chest. How he came there, whether he had been set on shore from some boat, or had

floated to land on his chest, nobody could tell, for he did not seem disposed to answer questions; and there was something in his looks and manners that put a stop to all questioning. Suffice it to say, he took possession of a corner-room of the inn, to which his chest was removed with great difficulty. Here he had remained ever since, keeping about the inn and its vicinity. Sometimes, it is true, he disappeared for one, two, or three days at a time, going and returning without giving any notice or account of his movements. He always appeared to have plenty of money, though often of very strange outlandish coinage; and he regularly paid his bill every evening before turning in.

He had fitted up his room to his own fancy, having slung a hammock from the ceiling instead of a bed, and decorated the walls with rusty pistols and cutlasses of foreign workmanship. A greater part of his time was passed in this room, seated by the

window, which commanded a wide view of the Sound, a short old-fashioned pipe in his mouth, a glass of rum-toddy at his elbow, and a pocket-telescope in his hand, with which he reconnoitered every boat that moved upon the water.

All this might have passed without much notice, for in those times the province was so much the resort of adventurers of all characters and climes, that any oddity in dress or behavior attracted but small attention. In a little while, however, this strange sea-monster, thus strangely cast upon dry land, began to encroach upon the long-established customs and customers of the place and to interfere in a dictatorial manner in the affairs of the ninepin alley and the bar-room, until in the end he usurped an absolute command over the whole inn. It was all in vain to attempt to withstand his authority. He was not exactly quarrelsome, but boisterous and peremptory, like one accustomed to tyrannize on a quarterdeck; and there was a dare-devil air about everything he said and did, that inspired wariness in all bystanders. Even the half-pay officer, so long the hero of the club, was soon silenced by him; and the burghers stared with wonder at seeing their inflammable man of war so readily and quietly extinguished.

And then the tales that he would tell were enough to make a peaceable man's hair stand on end. There was not a sea-fight, nor marauding, nor freebooting adventure that had happened within the last twenty years, but he seemed perfectly versed in it. He delighted to talk of the exploits of the buccaneers in the West Indies, and on the Spanish Main. How his eyes would glisten as he described the waylaying of treasure-ships, the desperate fights, yard-arm and yard-arm—broadside and broadside—the boarding and capturing huge Spanish galleons! All this would be told with infinite glee, as if he considered it an excellent joke; and then he would give such a tyrannical leer in the face of his next neighbor, that the poor man would be fain to laugh out of sheer faintheartedness. If any one, however, pretended to con-

tradict him in any of his stories, he was on fire in an instant. His very cocked hat assumed a momentary fierceness, and seemed to resent the contradiction, and he would at the same time let slip a broadside of thundering oaths and tremendous sea-phrases, such as had never been heard before within those peaceful walls.

Indeed, the worthy burghers began to surmise that he knew more of those stories than mere hearsay. Day after day their conjectures concerning him grew more and more wild and fearful. The strangeness of his arrival, the strangeness of his manners, the mystery that surrounded him, all made him something incomprehensible in their eyes. He was a kind of monster of the deep to them—he was a merman—he was a behemoth—he was a leviathan—in short, they knew not what he was.

The domineering spirit of this boisterous sea-urchin at length grew quite intolerable. He was no respecter of persons; he contradicted the richest burghers without hesitation; he took possession of the sacred elbow-chair, which, time out of mind, had been the seat of sovereignty of the illustrious Ramm Rapelye. Nay, he even went so far, in one of his rough jocular moods, as to slap that mighty burgher on the back, and wink in his face, a thing scarcely to be believed. From this time Ramm Rapelye appeared no more at the inn; and his example was followed by several of the most eminent customers. The landlord was almost in despair; but he knew not how to get rid of this sea-monster.

Such was the account whispered cautiously in Wolfert's ear by Peechy Prauw as he held him by a button in the corner of the hall, casting a wary glance now and then towards the door of the bar-room, lest he should be overheard by the terrible hero of his tale. Wolfert took his seat in a remote part of the room in silence; impressed with profound awe of this unknown.

The stranger was on this evening in a more than usually com-

municative mood, and was narrating a number of astounding stories of plunderings and burnings on the high seas. He dwelt upon them with peculiar relish, heightening the frightful particulars in proportion to their effect on his peaceful audience. The honest burghers cast fearful glances at the deep scar slashed across the visage of the stranger, and moved their chairs a little farther off.

The half-pay officer now tried to match the gunpowder tales of the stranger by others equally tremendous. Kidd, as usual, was his hero. The seaman had always evinced a settled pique against the one-eyed warrior. On this occasion he listened with peculiar impatience. He sat with one arm akimbo, the other elbow on the table, the hand holding on to the small pipe he was pettishly puffing; his legs crossed; drumming with one foot on the ground, and casting every now and then the side-glance of a basilisk at the prosing captain. At length the latter spoke of Kidd's having ascended the Hudson with some of his crew to land his plunder in secrecy.

"Kidd up the Hudson!" burst forth the seaman, with a tremendous oath.—"Kidd never was up the Hudson! What a plague do you know of Kidd and his haunts?"

The half-pay officer was silenced; but Peechy Prauw, who never could remain silent, observed that the gentleman certainly was in the right. Kidd never did bury money up the Hudson, nor indeed in any of those parts, though many affirmed such to be the fact. It was Bradish and others of the buccaneers who had buried money; some said in Turtle Bay, others on Long Island, others in the neighborhood of Hell-gate. "Indeed," added he, "I recollect an adventure of Sam, the negro fisherman, many years ago, which some think had something to do with the buccaneers.

"Upon a dark night many years ago, as Black Sam was returning from fishing in Hell-gate"—

Here the story was nipped in the bud by a sudden movement from the unknown, who laying his iron fist on the table, knuckles

downward, with a quiet force that indented the very boards, and looking grimly over his shoulder, with the grin of an angry bear,—"Heark'ee, neighbor," said he, with significant nodding of the head, "you'd better let the buccaneers and their money alone,—they're not for old men and old women to meddle with. They fought hard for their money; they gave body and soul for it; and wherever it lies buried, depend upon it, he must have a tug with the devil who gets it!"

This sudden explosion was succeeded by a blank silence throughout the room. Peechy Prauw shrunk within himself, and even the one-eyed officer turned pale. Wolfert, who from a dark corner of the room had listened with intense eagerness to all this talk about buried treasure, looked with mingled awe and reverence at this bold buccaneer; for such he really suspected him to be. Wolfert would have given anything for the rummaging of the ponderous sea-chest, which his imagination crammed full of golden chalices, crucifixes, and jolly round bags of doubloons.

The dead stillness that had fallen upon the company was at length interrupted by the stranger, who pulled out a prodigious watch of curious and ancient workmanship, and which in Wolfert's eyes had a decidedly Spanish look. On touching a spring it struck ten o'clock; upon which the sailor called for his reckoning, and having paid it out of a handful of outlandish coin, without taking leave of any one, he rolled out of the room, muttering to himself, as he stamped upstairs to his chamber.

It was some time before the company could recover from the silence into which they had been thrown. The very footsteps of the stranger, which were heard now and then as he traversed his chamber, inspired awe.

Still the conversation in which they had been engaged was

too interesting not to be resumed. A heavy thunder-gust had gathered up unnoticed, while they were lost in talk, and the torrents of rain that fell forbade all thoughts of setting off for home until the storm should subside. They drew nearer together, therefore, and entreated the worthy Peechy Prauw to continue the tale which had been interrupted. He readily complied, whispering, however, in a tone scarcely above his breath, and drowned occasionally by the rolling of the thunder; and he would pause every now and then, and listen with evident awe, as he heard the heavy footsteps of the stranger pacing overhead.

ADVENTURE OF THE BLACK FISHERMAN

Everybody knows Black Sam, the old negro fisherman, or, as he is commonly called, Mud Sam, who has fished about the Sound for the last half century. It is now many years since Sam, having finished his day's work at an early hour, was fishing, one still summer evening, just about the neighborhood of Hell-gate.

He was in a light skiff; and being well acquainted with the currents and eddies, had shifted his station according to the shifting of the tide; but in the eagerness of his sport he did not see that the tide was rapidly ebbing until the roaring of the whirlpools and eddies warned him of his danger; and he had some difficulty in shooting his skiff from among the rocks and breakers, and getting to the point of Blackwell's Island. Here he cast anchor for some time, waiting the turn of the tide to enable him to return homewards. As the night set in, it grew blustering and gusty. Dark clouds came bundling up in the west; and now and then a growl of thunder or a flash of lightning told that a summer storm was at hand. Sam pulled over, therefore, under the lee of Manhattan Island, and coasting along, came to a snug nook, just under a steep beetling rock, where he fastened his skiff to the root of a tree that shot out from a cleft, and spread its broad

branches like a canopy over the water. The gust came scouring along; the wind threw up the river in white surges; the rain rattled among the leaves; the thunder bellowed worse than that which is now bellowing; the lightning seemed to lick up the surges of the stream; but Sam, snugly sheltered under rock and tree, lay crouching in his skiff, rocking upon the billows until he fell asleep. When he woke all was quiet. The gust had passed away, and only now and then a faint gleam of lightning in the east showed which way it had gone. The night was dark and moonless; and from the state of the tide Sam concluded it was near midnight. He was on the point of making loose his skiff to return homewards, when he saw a light gleaming along the water from a distance, which seemed rapidly approaching. As it drew near he perceived it came from a lantern in the bow of a boat gliding along under shadow of the land. It pulled up in a small cove, close to where he was. A man jumped on shore, and searching about with the lantern, exclaimed, "This is the place—here's the iron ring!" The boat was then made fast, and the man returning on board, assisted his comrades in conveying something heavy on shore. As the light gleamed among them, Sam saw that they were five stout desperate-looking fellows, in red woolen caps, with a leader in a three-cornered hat, and that some of them were armed with dirks, or long knives, and pistols. They talked low to one another in some outlandish tongue which he could not understand.

On landing they made their way among the bushes, taking turns to relieve each other in lugging their burden up the rocky bank. Sam's curiosity was now fully aroused; so leaving his skiff he clambered silently up a ridge that overlooked their path. They had stopped to rest for a moment, and the leader was looking about among the bushes with his lantern. "Have you brought the spades?" said one. "They are here," replied another, who had them on his shoulder. "We must dig deep, where there will be no risk of discovery," said a third.

A cold chill ran through Sam's veins. He fancied he saw before him a gang of murderers, about to bury their victim. His knees smote together. In his agitation he shook the branch of a tree with which he was supporting himself as he looked over the edge of the cliff.

"What's that?" cried one of the gang.—"Some one stirs among the bushes!" The lantern was held up in the direction of the noise. One of the red-caps cocked a pistol, and pointed it towards the very place where Sam was standing. He stood motionless—breathless! Fortunately his dingy complexion was in his favor, and made no glare among the leaves.

"'Tis no one," said the man with the lantern. "What a plague! you would not fire off your pistol and alarm the country!"

The pistol was uncocked; the burden was resumed, and the party slowly toiled along the bank. Sam watched them as they went; the light sending back fitful gleams through the dripping bushes, and it was not till they were fairly out of sight that he ventured to draw breath freely. He now thought of getting back to his boat, and making his escape out of the reach of such dangerous neighbors; but curiosity was all-powerful. He hesitated and lingered and listened. By and by he heard the strokes of spades,—"they are digging a grave!" said he to himself; and the cold sweat started upon his forehead. Every stroke of a spade, as it sounded through the silent groves, went to his heart; it was evident there was as little noise made as possible; everything had an air of terrible mystery and secrecy. Sam could not resist an impulse, in spite of every danger, to steal nearer to the scene of mystery, and overlook the midnight fellows at their work. He crawled along cautiously, therefore, inch by inch; stepping with the utmost care among the dry leaves, lest their rustling should betray him. He came at length to where a steep rock intervened between him and the gang; for he saw the light of their lantern shining up against the branches of the trees on the other side.

Sam slowly and silently clambered up the surface of the rock, and raising his head above its naked edge, beheld the villains immediately below him, and so near, that though he dreaded discovery, he dared not withdraw lest the least movement should be heard. In this way he remained, with his round black face peering above the edge of the rock, like the sun just emerging above the horizon, or the round-cheeked moon on the dial of a clock.

The red-caps had nearly finished their work; the grave was filled up, and they were carefully replacing the turf. This done, they scattered dry leaves over the place. "And now," said the leader, "I defy the devil himself to find it out."

"The murderers!" exclaimed Sam, involuntarily.

The whole gang started, and looking up, beheld the round black head of Sam just above them. His white eyes strained half out of their orbits; his white teeth chattering, and his whole visage shining with cold perspiration.

"We're discovered!" cried one.

"Down with him!" cried another.

Sam heard the cocking of a pistol, but did not pause for the report. He scrambled over rock and stone, through brush and brier; rolled down banks like a hedgehog; scrambled up others like a catamount. In every direction he heard some one or other of

the gang hemming him in. At length he reached the rocky ridge along the river; one of the red-caps was hard behind him. A steep rock like a wall rose directly in his way; it seemed to cut off all retreat, when fortunately he espied the strong cord-like branch of a grape-vine reaching half way down it. He sprang at it with the force of a desperate man, seized it with both hands, and being young and agile, succeeded in swinging himself to the summit of the cliff. Here he stood in full relief against the sky, when the red-cap cocked his pistol and fired. The ball whistled by Sam's head. With the lucky thought of a man in an emergency, he uttered a yell, fell to the ground, and detached at the same time a fragment of the rock, which tumbled with a loud splash into the river.

"I've done his business," said the red-cap to one or two of his comrades as they arrived panting. "He'll tell no tales, except to the fishes in the river."

His pursuers now turned to meet their companions. Sam, sliding silently down the surface of the rock, let himself quietly into his skiff, cast loose the fastening, and abandoned himself to the rapid current, which in that place runs like a mill-stream, and soon swept him off from the neighborhood. It was not, however, until he had drifted a great distance that he ventured to ply his oars, when he made his skiff dart like an arrow through the strait of Hell-gate, nor did he feel himself thoroughly secure until safely nestled in bed in the cockloft of the ancient house of the Suydams.

Here the worthy Peechy Prauw paused to take breath. His auditors remained with open mouths and outstretched necks.

"And did Sam never find out what was buried by the red-caps?" said Wolfert, eagerly, whose mind was haunted by nothing but ingots and doubloons.

"Not that I know of," said Peechy; "he had no time to spare from his work, and, to tell the truth, he did not like to run the risk of another race among the rocks. But have none of you heard of father Red-cap who haunts the old burnt farmhouse in the

woods, on the border of the Sound, near Hell-gate?"

"Oh, to be sure, I've heard tell of something of the kind, but then I took it for some old wives' fable."

"Old wives' fable or not," said Peechy Prauw, "that farm-house stands hard by the very spot. It's been unoccupied time out of mind, and stands in a lonely part of the coast; but those who fish in the neighborhood have often heard strange noises there; and lights have been seen about the wood at night; and an old fellow in a red cap has been seen at the windows more than once, which people take to be the ghost of the body buried there. Once upon a time three soldiers took shelter in the building for the night, and rummaged it from top to bottom, when they found old father Red-cap astride of a cider-barrel in the cellar, with a jug in one hand and a goblet in the other. He offered them a drink out of his goblet, but just as one of the soldiers was putting it to his mouth—whew! a flash of fire blazed through the cellar, blinded every mother's son of them for several minutes, and when they recovered their eye-sight, jug, goblet, and Red-cap had vanished, and nothing but the empty cider-barrel remained."

The deep interest taken in this conversation by the company had made them unconscious of the uproar abroad among the elements, when suddenly they were electrified by a tremendous clap of thunder. A lumbering crash followed instantaneously, shaking the building to its very foundation. All started from their seats, imagining it the shock of an earthquake, or that old father Red-cap was coming among them in all his terrors. They listened for a moment, but only heard the rain pelting against the windows, and the wind howling among the trees.

A sullen pause of the storm, which now rose and sank in

gusts, produced a momentary stillness. In this interval the report of a musket was heard, and a long shout, almost like a yell, resounded from the shore. Every one crowded to the window; another musket-shot was heard, and another long shout, mingled wildly with a rising blast of wind. It seemed as if the cry came up from the bosom of the waters; for though incessant flashes of lightning spread a light about the shore, no one was to be seen.

Suddenly the window of the room overhead was opened, and a loud halloo uttered by the mysterious stranger. Several hailings passed from one party to the other, but in a language which none of the company in the bar-room could understand; and presently they heard the window closed, and a great noise overhead, as if all the furniture were pulled and hauled about the room. The negro servant was summoned, and shortly afterwards was seen assisting the veteran to lug the ponderous sea-chest down-stairs.

The landlord was in amazement. "What, you are not going on the water in such a storm?"

"Storm!" said the other, scornfully, "do you call such a sputter of weather a storm?"

"You'll get drenched to the skin," said Peechy Prauw.

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the veteran, "don't preach about weather to a man that has cruised in whirlwinds and tornadoes."

The obsequious Peechy was again struck dumb. The voice from the water was heard once more in a tone of impatience; the by-standers stared with redoubled awe at this man of storms, who seemed to have come up out of the deep, and to be summoned back to it again. As, with the assistance of the negro, he slowly bore his ponderous sea-chest towards the shore, they eyed it with a superstitious feeling,—half doubting whether he were not really about to embark upon it and launch forth upon the wild waves. They followed him at a distance with a lantern.

"Dowse the light!" roared the hoarse voice from the water. "No one wants light here!"

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the veteran, turning short upon them; "back to the house with you!"

Wolfert and his companions shrunk back in dismay. Still their curiosity would not allow them entirely to withdraw. A long sheet of lightning now flickered across the waves, and discovered a boat, filled with men, just under a rocky point, rising and sinking with the heaving surges, and swashing the waters at every heave. It was with difficulty held to the rocks by a boathook, for the current rushed furiously round the point. The veteran hoisted one end of the lumbering sea-chest on the gunwale of the boat, and seized the handle at the other end to lift it in, when the motion propelled the boat from the shore; the chest slipped off from the gunwale, and, sinking into the waves, pulled the veteran headlong after it. A loud shriek was uttered by all on shore, and a volley of execrations by those on board; but boat and man were hurried away by the rushing swiftness of the tide. A pitchy darkness succeeded; Wolfert Webber indeed fancied that he distinguished a cry for help, and that he beheld the drowning man beckoning for assistance; but when the lightning again gleamed along the water, all was void; neither man nor boat was to be seen; nothing but the dashing and weltering of the waves as they hurried past.

The company returned to the tavern to await the subsiding of the storm. They resumed their seats, and gazed on each other with dismay. The whole transaction had not occupied five minutes, and not a dozen words had been spoken.

"He came," said the landlord, "in a storm, and he went in a storm; he came in the night, and he went in the night; he came nobody knows whence, and he has gone nobody knows where. For aught I know he has gone to sea once more on his chest, and may land to bother some people on the other side of the world."

The thunder-gust which had hitherto detained the company came at length to an end. The cuckoo clock in the hall told midnight; every one pressed to depart, for seldom was such a late hour of the night trespassed on by these quiet burghers. As they sallied forth, they found the heavens once more serene. The storm which had lately obscured them had rolled away, and lay piled up in fleecy masses on the horizon, lighted up by the bright crescent of the moon, which looked like a little silver lamp hung up in a palace of clouds.

Wolfert Webber had now carried home a fresh stock of stories and notions to ruminate upon. These accounts of pots of money and Spanish treasures, buried here and there and everywhere, about the rocks and bays of these wild shores, made him almost dizzy. As he turned over in his thoughts all that had been told of the singular adventure of the negro fisherman, his imagination gave a totally different complexion to the tale. He saw in the gang of red-caps nothing but a crew of pirates burying their spoils, and his cupidity was once more awakened by the possibility of at length getting on the traces of some of this lurking wealth. Indeed, his infected fancy tinged everything with gold. Caskets of buried jewels, chests of ingots, and barrels of outlandish coins, seemed to court him from their concealments, and supplicate him to relieve them from their untimely graves.

On making private inquiries about the grounds said to be

haunted by Father Red-cap, he was more and more confirmed in his surmise. He learned that the place had several times been visited by experienced money-diggers, who had heard black Sam's story, though none of them had met with success.

Wolfert Webber was now in a worry of trepidation and impatience; fearful lest some rival adventurer should get a scent of the buried gold. He determined privately to seek out the black fisherman, and get him to serve as guide to the place where he had witnessed the mysterious scene of interment. Sam was easily found. Wolfert found him at his cabin, which was not much larger than a tolerable dog-house. It was rudely constructed of fragments of wrecks and drift-wood, and built on the rocky shore, at the foot of the old fort, just about what at present forms the point of the Battery.

Many years had passed away since the time of Sam's youthful adventure, and the snows of many a winter had grizzled the knotty wool upon his head. He perfectly recollected the circumstances, however, for he had often been called upon to relate them. Wolfert's only wish was to secure the old fisherman as a pilot to the spot; and this was readily effected. The long time that had intervened since his nocturnal adventure had effaced all Sam's awe of the place.

The tide was adverse to making the expedition by water, and Wolfert was too impatient to get to the land of promise, to wait for its turning; they set off, therefore, by land. A walk of four or five miles brought them to the edge of a wood, which at that time covered the greater part of the eastern side of the island. Here they struck into a long lane, straggling among trees and bushes, very much overgrown with weeds and mullein-stalks, as if but seldom used, and so completely overshadowed as to enjoy but a kind of twilight. Wild vines entangled the trees and flaunted in their faces; brambles and briers caught their clothes as they passed; the garter-snake glided across their path;

the spotted toad hopped and waddled before them, and the restless catbird mewed at them from every thicket. Had Wolfert Webber been deeply read in romantic legend, he might have fancied himself entering upon forbidden, enchanted ground; or that these were some of the guardians set to keep watch upon buried treasure. As it was, the loneliness of the place, and the wild stories connected with it, had their effect upon his mind.

On reaching the lower end of the lane, they found themselves near the shore of the Sound in a kind of amphitheatre, surrounded by forest-trees. The area had once been a grass-plot, but was now shagged with briers and rank weeds. At one end, and just on the river bank, was a ruined building, little better than a heap of rubbish, with a stack of chimneys rising like a solitary tower out of the centre.

Wolfert had not a doubt that this was the haunted house of Father Red-cap, and called to mind the story of Peechy Prauw. The evening was approaching, and the light falling dubiously among the woody places, gave a melancholy tone to the scene. The nighthawk, wheeling about in the highest regions of the air, emitted his peevish, boding cry. The woodpecker gave a lonely tap now and then on some hollow tree, and the fire-bird streamed by them with his deep-red plumage.

They now came to an enclosure that had once been a garden. It extended along the foot of a rocky ridge, but was little better

than a wilderness of weeds, with here and there a matted rose-bush, or a peach or plum tree grown wild and ragged and covered with moss. At the lower end of the garden they passed a kind of vault in the side of a bank, facing the water. It had the look of a root-house. The door, though decayed, was still strong, and appeared to have been recently patched up. Wolfert pushed it open. It gave a harsh grating upon its hinges, and striking against something like a box, a rattling sound ensued. Wolfert drew back shuddering, but was reassured on being informed by the negro that this was a family vault, belonging to one of the old Dutch families that owned this estate; an assertion corroborated by the sight of coffins of various sizes piled within. Sam had been familiar with all these scenes when a boy, and now knew that he could not be far from the place of which they were in quest.

They now made their way to the water's edge, scrambling along ledges of rocks that overhung the waves, and obliged often to hold by shrubs and grape-vines to avoid slipping into the deep and hurried stream. At length they came to a small cove, or rather indent of the shore. It was protected by steep rocks, and overshadowed by a thick copse of oaks and chestnuts, so as to be sheltered and almost concealed. The negro paused; raised his remnant of a hat, and scratched his grizzled poll for a moment, as he regarded this nook; then suddenly clapping his hands, he stepped exultingly forward, and pointed to a large iron ring, stapled firmly in the rock, just where a broad shelf of stone furnished a commodious landing place. It was the very spot where the red-caps had landed. Years had changed the more perishable features of the scene; but rock and iron yield slowly to the influence of time. On looking more closely, Wolfert remarked three crosses cut in the rock just above the ring, which had no doubt some mysterious signification. Old Sam now readily recognized the overhanging rock under which his skiff had been sheltered during the thunder-gust. To follow up the

course which the midnight gang had taken, however, was a harder task. His mind had been so much taken up on that eventful occasion by the persons of the drama, as to pay but little attention to the scenes; and these places look so different by night and day. After wandering about for some time, however, they came to an opening among the trees which Sam thought resembled the place. There was a ledge of rock of moderate height like a wall on one side, which he thought might be the very ridge whence he had overlooked the diggers. Wolfert examined it narrowly, and at length discovered three crosses similar to those on the above ring, cut deeply into the face of the rock, but nearly obliterated by moss that had grown over them. His heart leaped with joy, for he doubted not they were the private marks of the buccaneers. All now that remained was to ascertain the precise spot where the treasure lay buried; for otherwise he might dig at random in the neighborhood of the crosses without coming upon the spoils, and he had already had enough of such profitless labor. Here, however, the old negro was perfectly at a loss, and indeed perplexed him by a variety of opinions; for his recollections were all confused. Sometimes he declared it must have been at the foot of a mulberry tree hard by; then beside a great white stone; then under a small green knoll, a short distance from the ledge; until at length Wolfert became as bewildered as himself.

The shadows of evening were now spreading themselves over the woods, and rock and tree began to mingle together. It was evidently too late to attempt anything farther at present; and, indeed, Wolfert had come unprovided with implements to prosecute his researches. Satisfied, therefore, with having ascertained the place, he took note of all its landmarks, that he might recognize it again, and set out on his return homewards, resolved to prosecute this golden enterprise without delay.

The leading anxiety which had hitherto absorbed every feeling, being now in some measure appeased, fancy began to wander,

and to conjure up a thousand shapes and chimeras as he returned through this haunted region. Pirates hanging in chains seemed to swing from every tree.

Their way back lay through the desolate garden, and Wolfert's nerves had arrived at so sensitive a state that the flitting of a bird, the rustling of a leaf, or the falling of a nut, was enough to startle him. As they entered the confines of the garden, they caught sight of a figure at a distance advancing slowly up one of the walks, and bending under the weight of a burden. They paused and regarded him attentively. He wore what appeared to be a woolen cap, and, still more alarming, of a most sanguinary red.

The figure moved slowly on, ascended the bank, and stopped at the very door of the sepulchral vault. Just before entering it he looked around. What was the affright of Wolfert when he recognized the grisly visage of the drowned buccaneer! He uttered an ejaculation of horror. The figure slowly raised his iron fist, and shook it with a terrible menace. Wolfert did not pause to see any more, but hurried off as fast as his legs could carry him, nor was Sam slow in following at his heels. Away, then, did they scramble through bush and brake, nor did they pause to breathe, until they had blundered their way through this perilous wood, and fairly reached the high road to the city.

Several days elapsed before Wolfert could summon courage enough to prosecute the enterprise, so much had he been dismayed by the apparition, whether living or dead, of the grisly buccaneer. In the meantime, what a conflict of mind did he suffer! He neglected all his concerns, wandered in his thoughts and words, and committed a thousand blunders. He babbled about incalculable sums; fancied himself engaged in money-digging; threw

the bedclothes right and left, in the idea that he was shovelling away the dirt; groped under the bed in quest of the treasure, and lugged forth, as he supposed an inestimable pot of gold.

Dame Webber and her daughter were in despair at what they conceived a returning touch of insanity. There are two family oracles, one or other of which Dutch house-wives consult in all cases of great doubt and perplexity—the dominie and the doctor. In the present instance they repaired to the doctor. There was at that time a little dark mouldy man of medicine, famous among the old wives of the Manhattoes for his skill, not only in the healing art, but in all matters of strange and mysterious nature. His name was Dr. Knipperhausen, but he was more commonly known by the appellation of the High-German Doctor. To him did the poor women repair for counsel and assistance touching the mental vagaries of Wolfert Webber.

They found the doctor seated in his little study, clad in his dark camlet robe of knowledge, with his black velvet cap; a pair of green spectacles set in black horn upon his clubbed nose, and poring over a German folio that reflected back the darkness of his physiognomy. The doctor listened to their statement of the symptoms of Wolfert's malady with profound attention; but when they came to mention his raving about buried money, the little man pricked up his ears. Alas, poor women! they little knew the aid they had called in.

Dr. Knipperhausen had been half his life engaged in seeking the short cuts to fortune, in quest of which so many a long life-time is wasted. His mind therefore had become stored with all kinds of mystic lore; he had dabbled a little in astrology, alchemy,

divination; knew how to detect stolen money, and to tell where springs of water lay hidden; in a word, by the dark nature of his knowledge he had acquired the name of the High-German Doctor, which is pretty nearly equivalent to that of necromancer. The doctor had often heard rumors of treasure being buried in various parts of the island, and had long been anxious to get on the traces of it. So far from curing, the doctor caught the malady from his patient. The circumstances unfolded to him awakened all his cupidity; he had not a doubt of money being buried somewhere in the neighborhood of the mysterious crosses, and offered to join Wolfert in the search. He informed him that much secrecy and caution must be observed in enterprises of the kind; that money is only to be digged for at night; with certain forms and ceremonies, and burning of drugs; the repeating of mystic words, and, above all, that the seekers must first be provided with a divining rod, which had the wonderful property of pointing to the very spot in the surface of the earth under which treasure lay hidden. As the doctor had given much of his mind to these matters, he charged himself with all the necessary preparations, and, as the quarter of the moon was propitious, he undertook to have the divining rod ready by a certain night. Wolfert's heart leaped with joy at having met with so able a coadjutor. Everything went on secretly, but swimmingly; and the black fisherman was engaged to take them in his skiff to the scene of enterprise.

At length the appointed night arrived for this perilous undertaking. Before Wolfert left his home he counselled his wife and daughter to go to bed, and feel no alarm if he should not return during the night. Like reasonable women, on being told not to feel alarm they fell immediately into a panic. They saw at once by his manner that something unusual was in agitation; all their fears about the unsettled state of his mind were revived with ten-fold force; they hung about him, entreating him not to expose himself to the night air, but all in vain. When once Wolfert

was mounted on his hobby, it was no easy matter to get him out of the saddle. It was a clear starlight night, when he issued out of the portal of the Webber palace. He wore a large flapped hat tied under the chin with a handkerchief of his daughter's, to secure him from the night damp, while Dame Webber threw her long red cloak about his shoulders, and fastened it round his neck.

The doctor had been no less carefully armed and accoutred, and sallied forth, a thick clasped book under his arm, a basket of drugs and dried herbs in one hand, and in the other the miraculous rod of divination.

The great church-clock struck ten as Wolfert and the doctor passed by the church-yard, and the watchman bawled in hoarse voice a long and doleful "All's well!" A deep sleep had already fallen upon this primitive little burgh, nothing disturbed this awful silence, excepting now and then the bark of some profligate night-walking dog, or the serenade of some romantic cat. It is true, Wolfert fancied more than once that he heard the sound of a stealthy footfall at a distance behind them; but it might have been merely the echo of their own steps along the quiet streets. He thought also at one time that he saw a tall figure skulking after them—stopping when they stopped, and moving on as they proceeded; but the dim and uncertain lamp-light threw such vague gleams and shadows, that this might all have been mere fancy.

They found the old fisherman waiting for them, smoking his pipe in the stern of the skiff, which was moored just in front of his little cabin. A pickaxe and spade were lying in the bottom of the boat, with a dark lantern.

Thus then did these three worthies embark in their cockle-shell of a skiff upon this nocturnal expedition, with a wisdom and valor equalled only by the three wise men of Gotham, who adventured to sea in a bowl. The tide was rising and running rapidly up the Sound. The current bore them along, almost without the aid of an oar. The profile of the town lay all in shadow. Here and there

a light feebly glimmered from some sick-chamber, or from the cabin-window of some vessel at anchor in the stream. Not a cloud obscured the deep starry firmament, the lights of which wavered on the surface of the placid river; and a shooting meteor, streaking its pale course in the very direction they were taking, was interpreted by the doctor into a most propitious omen.

In a little while they glided by the point of Corlaer's Hook with the rural inn which had been the scene of such night adventures. Wolfert felt a chill pass over him as they passed the point where the buccaneer had disappeared. He pointed it out to Dr. Knipperhausen. While regarding it, they thought they saw a boat actually lurking at the very place; but the shore cast such a shadow over the border of the water that they could discern nothing distinctly. They had not proceeded far when they heard the low sounds of distant oars, as if cautiously pulled. Sam plied his oars with redoubled vigor, and knowing all the eddies and currents of the stream, soon left their followers, if such they were, far astern. In a little while they stretched across Turtle Bay and Kip's Bay, then shrouded themselves in the deep shadows of the Manhattan shore, and glided swiftly along, secure from observation. At length the negro shot his skiff into a little cove, darkly embowered by trees, and made it fast to the well-known iron ring. They now landed, and lighting the lantern, gathered their various implements and proceeded slowly through the bushes. Every sound startled them, even that of their own footsteps among the dry leaves; and the hooting of a screech owl, from the shattered chimney of the neighboring ruin, made their blood run cold.

In spite of all Wolfert's caution in taking note of the landmarks, it was some time before they could find the open place among the trees, where the treasure was supposed to be buried. At length they came to the ledge of rock; and on examining its surface by the aid of the lantern, Wolfert recognized the three mystic crosses. Their hearts beat quick, for the momentous trial was at hand that was to determine their hopes.

The lantern was now held by Wolfert Webber, while the doctor produced the divining rod. It was a forked twig, one end of which was grasped firmly in each hand, while the centre, forming the stem, pointed perpendicularly upwards. The doctor moved his wand about, within a certain distance of the earth, from place to place, but for some time without any effect, while Wolfert kept the light of the lantern turned full upon it, and watched it with the most breathless interest. At length the rod began slowly to turn. The doctor grasped it with greater earnestness, his hands trembling with the agitation of his mind. The wand continued to turn gradually, until at length the stem had reversed its position, and pointed perpendicularly downward, and remained pointing to one spot as fixedly as the needle to the pole.

"This is the spot!" said the doctor, in an almost inaudible tone.

Wolfert's heart was in his throat.

"Shall I dig?" said the negro, grasping the spade.

"*Pots tausend, no!*" replied the little doctor, hastily. He now ordered his companions to keep close by him, and to maintain the most inflexible silence. That certain precautions must be taken and ceremonies used to prevent the evil spirits which kept about buried treasure from doing them any harm. He then drew a circle about the place, enough to include the whole party. He

next gathered dry twigs and leaves and made a fire, upon which he threw certain drugs and dried herbs which he had brought in his basket. A thick smoke arose, diffusing a potent odor, savoring marvellously of brimstone and assafoetida, which, however grateful it might be to the olfactory nerves of spirits, nearly strangled poor Wolfert, and produced a fit of coughing and wheezing that made the whole grove resound. Dr. Knipperhausen then unclasped the volume which he had brought under his arm, which was printed in red and black characters in German text. While Wolfert held the lantern, the doctor, by the aid of his spectacles, read off several forms of conjuration in Latin and German. He then ordered Sam to seize the pickaxe and proceed to work. The close-bound soil gave obstinate signs of not having been disturbed for many a year. After having picked his way through the surface, Sam came to a bed of sand and gravel, which he threw briskly to right and left with the spade.

"Hark!" said Wolfert, who fancied he heard a trampling among the dry leaves, and a rustling through the bushes. Sam paused for a moment, and they listened. No footstep was near. The bat flitted by them in silence; a bird, roused from its roost by the light which glared up among the trees, flew circling about the flame. In the profound stillness of the woodland, they could distinguish the current rippling along the rocky shore, and the distant murmuring and roaring of Hell-gate.

The negro continued his labors, and had already digged a considerable hole. The doctor stood on the edge, reading formulae every now and then from his black-letter volume, or throwing more drugs and herbs upon the fire; while Wolfert bent anxiously over the pit, watching every stroke of the spade. Any one witnessing the scene thus lighted up by fire, lantern, and the reflection of Wolfert's red mantle might have mistaken the little doctor for some magician busied in his incantations, and the grizzly-headed negro for some swart goblin, obedient to his commands.

At length the spade of the fisherman struck upon something that sounded hollow. The sound vibrated to Wolfert's heart. He struck his spade again.

" 'Tis a chest," said Sam.

"Full of gold, I'll warrant it!" cried Wolfert, clasping his hands with rapture.

Scarcely had he uttered the words when a sound from above caught his ear. He cast up his eyes, and lo! by the expiring light of the fire he beheld, just above the disk of the rock, what appeared to be the grim visage of the drowned buccaneer, grinning hideously down upon him.

Wolfert gave a loud cry, and let fall the lantern. His panic communicated itself to his companions. The negro leaped out of the hole; the doctor dropped his book and basket, and began to pray in German. All was horror and confusion. The fire was scattered about, the lantern extinguished. In their hurry-scurry they ran against and confounded one another. They fancied a legion of hobgoblins let loose upon them, and that they saw, by the fitful gleams of the scattered embers, strange figures, in red caps, gibbering and ramping around them. The doctor ran one way, the negro another, and Wolfert made for the water side. As he plunged struggling onwards through brush and brake, he heard the tread of some one in pursuit. He scrambled frantically forward. The footsteps gained upon him. He felt himself grasped by his cloak, when suddenly his pursuer was attacked in turn. A fierce fight and struggle ensued—a pistol was discharged that lit up rock and bush for a second, and showed two figures grappling together—all was then darker than ever. The contest continued —the combatants clinched each other, and panted, and groaned, and rolled among the rocks. There was snarling and growling as of a cur, mingled with curses, in which Wolfert fancied he could recognize the voice of the buccaneer. He would fain have fled, but he was on the brink of a precipice, and could go no further.

Again the parties were on their feet; again there was a tugging and struggling, as if strength alone could decide the combat, until one was precipitated from the brow of the cliff, and sent headlong into the deep stream that whirled below. Wolfert heard the plunge, and a kind of bubbling murmur, but the darkness of the night hid everything from him, and the swiftness of the current swept everything instantly out of hearing. One of the combatants was disposed of, but whether friend or foe, Wolfert could not tell, nor whether they might not both be foes. He heard the survivor approach, and his terror revived. He saw, where the profile of the rocks rose against the horizon, a human form advancing. He could not be mistaken! it must be the buccaneer. Whither should he fly!—a precipice was on one side—a murderer on the other. The enemy approached—he was close at hand. Wolfert attempted to let himself down the face of the cliff. His cloak caught in a thorn that grew on the edge. He was jerked from off his feet, and held dangling in the air, half choked by the string with which his careful wife had fastened the garment around his neck. Wolfert thought his last moment had arrived; when the string broke, and he tumbled down the bank, bumping from rock to rock, and bush to bush, and leaving the red cloak fluttering like a banner in the air.

It was a long while before Wolfert came to himself. When he opened his eyes, the ruddy streaks of morning were already shooting up the sky. He found himself grievously battered, and lying in the bottom of a boat. He attempted to sit up, but was too sore and stiff to move. A voice requested him in friendly accents to lie still. He turned his eyes towards the speaker; it was Dirk Waldron. He had dogged the party, at the earnest request of Dame Webber and her daughter. Dirk had been completely distanced in following the light skiff of the fisherman, and had just come in to rescue the poor money-digger from his pursuer.

Thus ended this perilous enterprise. The doctor and Black Sam severally found their way back to the Manhattoes, each having

some dreadful tale of peril to relate. As to poor Wolfert, instead of returning in triumph laden with bags of gold, he was borne home on a shutter, followed by a rabble-rout of curious urchins. His wife and daughter saw the dismal pageant from a distance, and alarmed the neighborhood with their cries. The whole town was in a buzz with the story of the money-diggers. Many repaired to the scene of the previous night's adventures; but though they found the very place of the digging, they discovered nothing that compensated them for their trouble. Some say they found the fragments of an oaken chest, and an iron pot-lid, which savored strongly of hidden money; and that in the old family vault there were traces of bales and boxes; but this is all very dubious.

In fact, the secret of all this story has never to this day been discovered; whether any treasure were ever actually buried at that place; whether, if so, it were carried off at night by those who had buried it; or whether it still remains there under the guardianship of gnomes and spirits until it shall be properly sought for, is all matter of conjecture.

There were many conjectures formed, also, as to who and what was the strange man of the seas who had domineered over the little fraternity at Corlaer's Hook for a time; disappeared so strangely, and reappeared so fearfully. Some supposed him a smuggler stationed at that place to assist his comrades in landing their goods among the rocky coves of the island. Others, that he was one of the ancient comrades of Kidd or Bradish, returned to convey away treasures formerly hidden in the vicinity. The only circumstance that throws anything like a vague light on this mysterious matter, is a report which prevailed of a strange foreign-built shallop, with much the look of a picaroon,

having been seen hovering about the Sound for several days without landing or reporting herself, though boats were seen going to and from her at night; and that she was seen standing out of the mouth of the harbor, in the gray of the dawn, after the catastrophe of the money-diggers. I must not omit to mention another report, also, of the buccaneer, who was supposed to have been drowned, being seen before daybreak with a lantern in his hand, seated astride of his great sea-chest, and sailing through Hell-gate, which just then began to roar and bellow with redoubled fury.

While all the gossip world was thus filled with talk and rumor, poor Wolfert lay sick and sorrowfully in his bed, bruised in body and sorely beaten down in mind. His wife and daughter did all they could to bind up his wounds, both corporal and spiritual. The good old dame never stirred from his bedside, where she sat knitting from morning till night; while his daughter busied herself about him with the fondest care. It was a moving sight to behold him wasting away day by day; growing thinner and thinner, and ghastlier and ghastlier.

Dirk Waldron was the only being that seemed to shed a ray of sunshine into this house of mourning. He came in with cheery look and manly spirit, and tried to reanimate the expiring heart of the poor money-digger, but it was all in vain. Wolfert was completely done over. If anything was wanting to complete his despair, it was a notice served upon him in the midst of his distress, that the corporation were about to run a new street through the very centre of his cabbage-garden. He now saw nothing before him but poverty and ruin. His last reliance, the garden of his forefathers, was to be laid waste, and what then was to become of his poor wife and child?

His eyes filled with tears as they followed the dutiful Amy out of the room one morning. Dirk Waldron was seated beside him; Wolfert grasped his hand, pointed after his daughter, and for the first time since his illness, broke the silence he had maintained.

"I am going!" said he, shaking his head feebly, "and when I am gone—my poor daughter—."

"Leave her to me, father!" said Dirk, manfully—"I'll take care of her!"

Wolfert looked up in the face of the cheery, strapping youngster, and saw there was none better able to take care of a woman.

"Enough," said he, "she is yours!—and now fetch me a lawyer and let me make my will and die."

The lawyer was brought—a dapper, bustling, round-headed little man, Roorback (or Rollebuck as it was pronounced) by name. At the sight of him the women broke into loud lamentations. Wolfert made a feeble motion for them to be silent. Poor Amy buried her face and her grief in the bed-curtain. Dame Webber resumed her knitting to hide her distress, which betrayed itself however in a pellucid tear, which trickled silently down, and hung at the end of her peaked nose; while the cat, the only unconcerned member of the family, played with the good dame's ball of worsted, as it rolled about the floor.

Wolfert lay on his back, his night-cap drawn over his forehead; his eyes closed; his whole visage the picture of death. He begged the lawyer to be brief, for he felt his end approaching, and that he had no time to lose. The lawyer nibbed his pen, spread out his paper, and prepared to write.

" I give and bequeath," said Wolfert, faintly, "my small farm"–

"What—all!" exclaimed the lawyer.

Wolfert half opened his eyes and looked upon the lawyer.

"Yes—all," said he.

"What! all the great patch of land with cabbages and sunflowers, which the corporation is just going to run a main street through?"

"The same," said Wolfert, with a heavy sigh, and sinking back upon his pillow.

"I wish him joy that inherits it!" said the little lawyer, chuckling, and rubbing his hands involuntarily.

"What do you mean?" said Wolfert, again opening his eyes.

"That he'll be one of the richest men in the place!" cried little Rollebuck.

The expiring Wolfert seemed to step back from the threshold of existence; his eyes again lighted up; he raised himself in his bed, shoved back his red worsted night-cap, and stared broadly at the lawyer.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed he.

"Faith, but I do!" rejoined the other.—"Why, when that great field and that huge meadow come to be laid out in streets, and cut up into snug building lots—why, whoever owns it need not pull off his hat to the patroon!"

"Say you so?" cried Wolfert, half thrusting one leg out of bed, "why, then I think I'll not make my will yet!"

To the surprise of everybody the dying man actually recovered. The vital spark, which had glimmered faintly in the socket, received fresh fuel from the oil of gladness, which the little lawyer poured into his soul. It once more burnt up into a flame.

Give physic to the heart, ye who would revive the body of a spirit-broken man! In a few days Wolfert left his room; in a few days more his table was covered with deeds, plans of streets, and building-lots. Little Rollebuck was constantly with him, his right hand man and adviser and instead of making his will, assisted in the more agreeable task of making his fortune. In fact Wolfert Webber was one of those worthy Dutch burghers of the Manhattoes whose fortunes have been made, in a manner, in spite of themselves; who have tenaciously held on to their hereditary acres, raising turnips and cabbages about the skirts of the city, hardly able to make both ends meet, until the corporation has cruelly driven streets through their abodes, and they have suddenly awakened out of their lethargy, and, to their astonishment, found themselves rich men.

Before many months had elapsed, a great bustling street

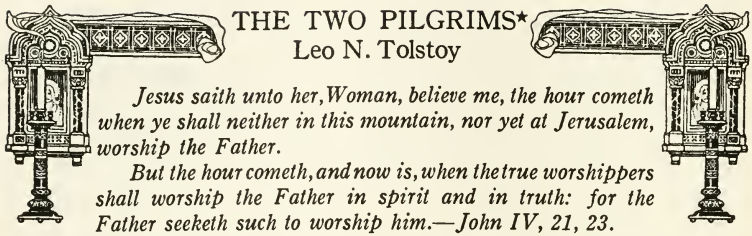
passed through the very center of the Webber garden, just where Wolfert had dreamed of finding a treasure. His golden dream was accomplished; he did indeed find an unlooked-for source of wealth; for, when his paternal lands were distributed into building lots, and rented out to safe tenants, instead of producing a paltry crop of cabbages, they returned him an abundant crop of rent; insomuch that on quarter-day it was a goodly sight to see his tenants knocking at the door, from morning till night, each with a little round-bellied bag of money, a golden produce of the soil.

The ancient mansion of his forefathers was still kept up; but instead of being a little yellow-fronted Dutch house in a garden, it now stood boldly in the midst of a street, the grand home of the neighborhood; for Wolfert enlarged it with a wing on each side, and cupola or tea-room on top, where he might climb up and smoke.

As Wolfert waxed old, and rich, and corpulent, he also set up a great gingerbread-colored carriage, drawn by a pair of black Flanders mares with tails that swept the ground; and to commemorate the origin of his greatness, he had for his crest a full-blown cabbage painted on the panels, with the pithy motto ALLES KOPF, that is to say, ALL HEAD; meaning thereby that he had risen by sheer headwork.

To fill the measure of his greatness, in the fullness of time the renowned Ramm Rapelye slept with his fathers and Wolfert Webber succeeded to the leather-bottomed arm-chair, in the inn-parlor at Corlaer's Hook; where he long reigned greatly honored and respected, insomuch that he was never known to tell a story without its being believed, nor to utter a joke without its being laughed at.

—*Abridged*



THE TWO PILGRIMS*

Leo N. Tolstoy

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.

But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.—John IV, 21, 23.

TWO old men once resolved to go on a pilgrimage to worship God in ancient Jerusalem. One was a rich peasant named E'fim Shev'e-lef. The other was not so well off—E-li'sha Bo'drof.

Efim was very sedate. He never drank vodka, never smoked tobacco, never took snuff. In all his life he had never used a bad word, and he was always strict and upright. His family was large,—two sons and a married grandson,—and all lived together. As for himself, he was hale, long-bearded, erect, and though he was nearly seventy, his beard was only beginning to grow gray.

Elisha was a little old man, neither rich nor poor. In former times he had gone about doing odd jobs in carpentry; but now as he grew older, he began to stay at home and raise bees. One of his sons had gone away to work, the other was at home. Elisha was good-natured and jolly. It is true he sometimes drank vodka, he sometimes took snuff and he liked to sing songs; but he was a peaceable man and lived on the friendliest terms with his family and neighbors.

Now the old men had taken a vow long ago to go to Jerusalem together, but Efim had never found the leisure,—his engagements had never come to an end. As soon as one was through with, another began. First he had to arrange his grandson's marriage; then to wait for his youngest son's return from the army; and then again, he planned to build a new out-building.

One holiday the old men met and were sitting in the sun. "Well," said Elisha, "when shall we set out to fulfil our vow?"

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Efim knit his brow. "We must wait a while," says he. "This year it'll come hard for me. I am engaged in putting up this building. You see that'll take till summer. In the summer, God willing, we will go without fail."

"It seems to me," says Elisha, "we ought not to put it off. We ought to go today. It's the very time—spring."

"The time's right enough, but what about my building? How can I leave that. It's a great responsibility."

"Eh, friend, we can never get through all we have to do. The other day the women-folk at home were washing and cleaning house, fixing up for Easter. Here something needed doing, there something else, and they could not get everything done. So my eldest daughter who's a sensible woman, says: 'We may be thankful the holiday comes without waiting for us, or, however hard we worked, we should never be ready for it.' "

Efim grew thoughtful. "I've spent a lot of money on this building," he said, "and we can't start on our journey with empty pockets. We shall want a hundred roubles apiece,—and that's no small sum."

Elisha laughed out. "Come, come, old friend," says he, "you are ten times as well off as I, and yet you talk about money! Only say when we are to start, and though I have nothing now, I shall have enough by then."

Efim also smiled. "Dear me! Where will you get it all from?"

"I can scrape some together at home, and if that's not enough, I'll sell half a score of hives to my neighbor."

"If they swarm well this year you'll lose by it. You'll regret it!"

"Regret it! Not I, neighbor! I never regretted anything in my life except my sins! We took the vows, so let us go. Now seriously, let us go."

So Elisha succeeded in persuading his comrade.

At the end of a week the old men had made their preparations. Efim had money enough at hand. He took a hundred roubles

himself and left two hundred for his wife. Elisha too got ready. He sold ten hives to his neighbor, and received from him, all told, seventy roubles. The rest of the hundred roubles he scraped together from the members of his household, fairly cleaning them all out. His old woman and his daughter-in-law gave him all their savings. Efim gave his eldest son definite commands about everything,—what meadows to rent out, where to put manure, and how to finish and roof in the out-building. He gave anxious thought to everything; he fore-ordered everything. But Elisha only directed his old woman to hive the young swarm of bees he had sold, and given them to his neighbor without trickery. About household affairs he did not have a word to say. "If anything comes up, you will know what to do when the time comes. You people at home do just as you think best."

The old men were now ready. Their wives baked a lot of flat cakes, made them some travelling bags, and cut them new leg wrappers. Then the men put on new boots, took some extra shoes of platted bark, and set forth. The folks kept them company as far as the common pasture.

Elisha set out in good spirits; and as soon as he left the village he forgot all about his cares. His only thoughts were how to please his companion, how not to say a single churlish word to anyone, and how to go in peace and love to the Holy Place. He walked along the road, always whispering a prayer or calling to memory some saint's life. And if he met any one on the road or came to a halting place, he made himself useful and as agreeable as possible, and even said a word in God's service. So he went his way rejoicing. One thing only Elisha could not do. He intended to give up snuff-taking and left his snuff-box at home, but a man on the road gave him some of the stuff, and now and again, he dropped behind his companion so as not to lead him into temptation, and took a pinch.

Efim also got along well. He did nothing wicked, and said

nothing churlish, but he was not easy in his mind. He could not help always thinking of his household affairs. He kept worrying about what was going on at home. Had he remembered to give his son this order or that? And was his son doing as he had been told? Efim was almost ready to turn round and go back to see for himself how things were going.

Five weeks the old men journeyed, till they came to the land of the Top-Knots (Little Russia). From the time that they left home they had been obliged to pay for lodging and meals, but now that they had come among the Top-Knots the people began to vie with each other in asking them into their huts. They gave them shelter and fed them and would not take money from them, but even put bread and flat cakes into their bags for them to eat on the journey. Thus the old men traveled nearly seven hundred versts. But when they passed through this province they came to a place where the harvest had failed. Here the people received them kindly and gave them free lodging at night but they could no longer feed them without pay. Sometimes the two pilgrims could not even get bread when they offered to pay for it, for there was none to be had. Those who were rich in the district had been ruined; those who lived in medium style had come down to nothing; but the poor had almost perished in their homes. All winter they had been living on husks and pig-weed.

One time the old men reached a little river. They sat down, filled their cups with water, ate a little bread, and changed their shoes. As they sat there resting, Elisha took out his snuff-box. Efim shook his head at him in reproof.

"Why," says he, "don't you throw away that nasty stuff?"

Elisha wrung his hands. "It is an evil habit. Please God, I may some day overcome it."

Soon they came to a great village. It had grown hot and Elisha was ready to drop with fatigue. He wanted to rest and have a drink, but Efim would not halt. Efim was the stronger in walking and it was hard for Elisha to keep up with him.

"I'd like a drink," says he.

"All right. Get a drink. I don't want any."

Elisha stopped.

"Don't wait," says he. "I'm only going to run in at this hut for a minute and get a drink. I'll overtake you in a jiffy."

So Efim proceeded on his way alone, and Elisha turned back.

The hut was small and plastered with mud, black below, whitewashed above. It was in bad condition, and apparently had not been kept up in a long time. In one place the thatch on the roof was quite broken through. Elisha went into the yard. There on a pile of earth, lay a thin, beardless man in shirt and drawers. Evidently he had lain down when it was cool, but now the sun beat straight upon him. Yet he lay there still, and was not asleep. Elisha shouted and asked him for a drink. The man made no reply.

"Either he's sick or he's ugly," thought Elisha and he went to the door. Inside, he heard children crying. He took hold of the ring that served as a door handle and rapped with it.

"Hey, masters!" he called. There was no reply. Again he rapped with his staff and called. No one answered. Elisha was about to proceed on his way when Hark! he thought he heard some one groaning behind the door.

"Can some misfortune have befallen these people?" he thought. "I must look and see."

And Elisha went into the dwelling room. To the left he saw a brick oven, in front against the wall, an icon-stand with a table before it. By the table on a bench sat an old woman with dishevelled hair, wearing only a single shirt. She was resting her head on the table, and at her elbow stood an emaciated little boy, pale as wax, with distended belly. He was tugging at her sleeve, and screaming at the top of his voice begging for something.

In the hut the air was stifling. Elisha looked around and saw a woman lying on the floor behind the oven. She lay on her back and did not look up. Only sometimes she moaned. Evidently she could do nothing for herself and no one had been attending to her needs. The old woman raised her head.

"What do you want?" says she. "We hain't got nothing for you."

"I am a servant of God," says Elisha. "I came to get a drink."

"Hain't got any. Hain't got nothing to fetch it in. Go away."

Elisha began to question her. "Tell me, isn't there any one of you well enough to take care of the woman?"

"No, no one. My son is dying outside and we are dying in here."

The boy had ceased crying when he saw the stranger; but when the old woman spoke he began to tug again at her sleeve.

"Bread, granny, bread!" he screamed.

Elisha was going to ask more questions of the old woman, when the peasant came stumbling into the hut. He went along the wall and was going to sit on the bench but failed of it and fell into the corner at the threshold. He did not try to get up, but he did manage to speak. One word he speaks—then breaks off,—is out of breath,—speaks another:—

"Starving,—" says he, "he — is — dying — starvation." He motioned toward the boy and burst into tears.

Elisha shook off his sack from his shoulders, then lifted it

to the bench and began to undo it. He took out a loaf of bread, cut off a slice with his knife and gave it to the man. The peasant would not take it, but pointed to the boy and to a girl crouching behind the oven as much as to say, "Give it to them, please."

Elisha held the bread out to the boy. The boy smelt it, stretched himself up, seized the slice with both hands and buried his nose in it. Then the little girl came out from behind the oven, staring at the loaf. Elisha gave her some also, and still another chunk he cut off for the old woman.

"Would you bring some water?" said the old woman, "their mouths are parched. I tried to get some, yesterday or today,—I don't remember which—I fell, couldn't get there. The bucket is where I dropped it unless some one has stolen it."

Elisha went and found the bucket, brought water, and gave the people a drink. The children and the old woman ate the bread with the water, but the man would not eat.

"I cannot eat," he said.

All this time the younger woman did not show any signs of consciousness but continued to toss about.

Elisha went to the village, bought at the shop some millet, salt, flour, butter. He found an axe, split some wood, and made a fire. The little girl began to help him. Then he boiled some soup and gave the starving people a meal.

The peasant and the old woman ate only a little, but the girl and boy licked the bowl clean, and lay down to sleep locked in each other's arms. Then the man and the old woman began to relate how all this had come upon them.

"We weren't rich even before this," said the peasant, "but when nothing grew we had to give all we had for food last autumn. Then we had to go begging among our neighbors and kind people. At first they gave to us, but then they sent us away because they had nothing. Yes, and we were ashamed to beg. We got in debt to everyone. I tried to get work, but there was no work to

be had. The old woman and the little girl had to go a long way off begging. Not much was given them. No one had any bread to spare. And so we lived, hoping we'd get on somehow till new crops came. Then people stopped giving at all and we began to starve. We had nothing to eat but herbs. So my wife became sick and I haven't any strength left."

"I was the only one," says the old woman, "who kept up. But without eating I lost my strength too, and the little girl got puny. We tried to send her to the neighbor's but she would not go. She crept into a corner and wouldn't come out. Day before yesterday a neighbor came round and saw that we were starving, but her husband had left her and she hadn't anything to feed her own little children with. So she turned round and went off. And we lay here waiting for death."

Elisha listened to their talk, changed his mind about going to rejoin his companion that day and spent the night there.

In the morning he got up and did the chores as though he were master of the house. He and the old woman kneaded the bread, and he kindled the fire. Then he went with the little girl to the neighbor's to get what was needed, for there was nothing at all in the hut,—cooking utensils, clothing and all had been given for bread. Elisha began to lay in a supply of the most necessary things. Some he made and some he bought. Thus he spent one day, spent a second, spent also a third.

The little boy got better, began to climb up on the bench and caress Elisha. And the little girl became perfectly gay and began to help in all things. She kept running after Elisha crying, "Granddad, dear little granddaddy!" The old woman also got up and went among the neighbors, and the man began to walk, supporting himself by the wall. Only the wife could not get up. But on the third day she began to ask for something to eat.

"Well," thinks Elisha. "I didn't expect to spend so much time. Now I'll be going."

On the fourth day meat-eating was allowed for the first time after the fast, and Elisha thought, "Come, now, I will buy these people something for their feast, and toward evening I will go."

So he went to the village again, bought milk, white flour, lard, and he and the old woman boiled and baked. On this day the wife also got up and began to creep about. And the peasant shaved, put on a clean shirt,—the old woman had washed it out—and went to the village to ask mercy of a rich peasant to whom his plough-land and meadow were mortgaged. He went to beg the rich peasant to grant him the use of the meadow and field until after the harvest. Towards evening he came back, gloomy and in tears. The rich peasant would not have mercy on him. He said, "Bring your money."

Again Elisha fell into thought.

"How are they to live now?" thinks he. "Others will go hay-making, but there will be nothing for these people to mow. Their rye is ripening, but the rich peasant has the use of their field. If I go away, they'll all drift back into the same state I found them in."

Elisha was much troubled by these thoughts. At last he decided not to leave that evening but to wait until morning. He went into the yard to sleep, said his prayers and lay down. But he could not sleep.

"I must go," he kept saying to himself. "Here I've been spending so much time and money—but I'm sorry for these people. I meant to give them some water and a slice of bread, and just see where it has landed me. Now it's a case of redeeming their meadow and their field. And when that's done, I shall have to buy a cow for the children, and a horse to cart the man's sheaves. Here you are in a pretty pickle, brother Elisha! You're anchored here and you don't get off so easy!"

He lay and lay and the cocks were already crowing when he finally fell into a doze. Suddenly something seemed to wake him up. He saw himself, as it were, all dressed to go, with his

sack and his staff; and the gate stood ajar so that he could just squeeze through. He was about to pass out when his sack caught against the fence on one side. He tried to free it, when lo! his leg-band caught on the other side and came undone. He pulled at the sack, and then he saw that it was not caught on the fence,—the little girl was holding it and crying, "Granddad, dear little granddaddy, bread!" He looked down at his leg, and the little boy was clinging to his leg-wrapper. The old woman and the man were gazing from the window.

Elisha woke up and said to himself aloud, "Tomorrow I will redeem the field and the meadow. I will buy a horse and a cow, and flour enough to last till the new crop comes. A man may go across the sea to find Christ, and lose him in his own soul. I must set these people right."

Early in the morning Elisha went to the rich peasant and redeemed the rye field and the meadow-land. Then he bought a scythe, brought it back with him and sent the man out to the field to mow. Hearing that the inn-keeper had a horse and cart for sale, he struck a bargain with him and bought them. He bought also a sack of flour, put it in the cart and started on to see about a cow. But as he jogged along he overtook two women talking. Elisha made out that they were speaking of him.

"Heavens! That is no ordinary man. He stopped to get a drink and then he stayed. Just think of all he has done for them! Whatever they needed, he bought! I myself saw him this very day buy a nag and a cart of the tavern keeper. There are not many such men in the world."

Elisha understood that they were making much of what he had done. So he did not go on to buy the cow but turned back and drove with the wheat to the hut. As he reined in at the gate, and dismounted from the telyega, everybody in the house saw the horse and was astonished. It came to them that he had bought the horse for them, but they dared not say so.

"Where did you get the nag, grandpa?" says the man.

"O, I bought her," says Elisha, "She was going cheap. Put a little grass in the stall for her, please. Yes, and lug in the bag."

The man unharnessed the horse, lugged the bag into the house, and put a lot of grass in the stall. Then everybody went to bed. But Elisha lay down out of doors. When all the folks were asleep, he got up, fastened his boots, put on his kaftan, and started on his way after Efim.

By-and-by it began to grow light. He sat down under a tree, opened his sack and counted his money. There were only seventeen roubles, twenty kopeks left.

"Well," thinks he, "with this I'll never get across the sea. But Friend Efim will get to Jerusalem and set a candle at the shrines in my name. As for me, I shall have to go back home. It looks as though I should never fulfill my vow in this life. Thank the Lord, the Master is kind. He will have patience."

Elisha got up, lifted his sack upon his shoulders, and started for home. Only he went out of his way to pass around the village instead of going through it, so that the people might not see him and praise him again for what he had done. And Elisha reached home quickly. In coming, the way had often seemed hard to him, and it had been almost beyond his strength to keep up with Efim, but going back God gave him such strength that he walked along gaily, swinging his staff, making his seventy versts a day, and knowing no fatigue.

When Elisha returned, the fields had already been harvested. The folks were delighted to see their old man. They began to

ask him questions,—how and what and why he had left his companion and come home. Elisha only answered, "I spent my money on the road and got behind Efim. May God forgive me!"

And he handed his old woman his remaining money. Then he inquired about the domestic affairs. Everything was just as it should be. There had been nothing left undone in the farm-work and all were living in peace and harmony. On this very same day Efim's people heard that Elisha had returned, and came round to ask after their old man. Elisha told them the same thing.

"Your old man went on sturdily. I meant to catch up with him, but then I spent my money and, as I couldn't go on with what I had, I came back."

People wondered how such a sensible man could have done so foolishly,—start out, only waste his money and come home. They wondered and forgot. And Elisha forgot, too. He began to do the chores again, helped his son chop wood against the winter, threshed the corn with the women, rethatched the shed, and arranged about the bees. Then he settled himself down for the winter to plat shoes of bark and chisel out logs for bee-hives.

All that day while Elisha stopped behind in the sick people's hut, Efim waited for his companion. He went a little way and sat down. He waited, waited,—went to sleep, woke up,—still sat there,—no companion! He looked around with all his eyes. Already the sun had sunk behind the trees. No Elisha!

"Perhaps he has passed me," thought Efim. "If I should go back, we might miss each other. I will go on. Without doubt we will meet at our lodging."

So he went on to the next village, and asked the village policeman to send such and such an old man if he came along to yonder hut where he intended to lodge. But Elisha did not come.

As Efim went further, he asked everybody if they had seen a little, bald old man. No one had. Efim wondered and went on alone. By-and-by he met a pilgrim who was going to Jerusalem

for the second time. He wore a skull-cap and cassock, and had very long hair. They got into conversation and went on together. At Odessa they waited thrice twenty-four hours for a ship. Here, many pilgrims were waiting from different lands, and again Efim made inquiries about Elisha. No one had seen him.

So Efim bought his ticket, also some bread and herring for the voyage, and the pilgrims embarked. At evening a wind sprang up, it began to get rough, and the waves dashed over the ship. People were thrown about, women began to scream, and the weaker among the men rushed around trying to find a safe place. Fear fell upon Efim also, but he did not show it. Exactly where he had sat down on coming aboard, near some old men from Tambof, there he kept sitting all night, and all the next day until it cleared off. The vessel stopped at Tsar-grad, at Smyrna, and Alexandria, and at last reached happily, the city of Jaffa, whence it was seventy versts on foot to Jerusalem. Here, all the pilgrims disembarked, and they were panic stricken again at landing. The ship was high, and they had to jump from the deck down into little boats. The boats rocked so much that one might easily miss them and fall into the water. Two men did get drenched, but at last all were safely landed.

They started off on foot, and on the third day after landing, reached Jerusalem. Here they established themselves at the Russian Hostelry. After dinner they went with the pilgrims to visit the Holy Places,—first to the Patriarchal Monastery where all the pilgrims assembled. The women were sitting in one place, the men in another and all were bidden to take off their shoes. Then a monk came in with a towel and began to wash their feet. Efim stood through vesper and matin services, prayed and placed candles at the shrines.

Next morning they visited the cell of Mary of Egypt, and then went on to Abraham's Monastery, to see the place where Abraham was going to sacrifice his son. They visited the spot

where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene, and also the church of James, the brother of the Lord. The pilgrim showed Efim all these sights and always told him just how much money he should give at each place.

They returned for dinner to the hostelry, and after dinner, just as they were getting ready to lie down and rest, the pilgrim began to say *Akh!* to shake his clothes, to search. "I have been robbed of my purse and all my money," he cried. And he mourned and mourned, but there was nothing to be done.

Efim lay down to sleep, but as he did so temptation fell upon him. He kept thinking, "The pilgrim's money was not stolen. He never had any. He told me where to give my money, but he never gave any himself. Yes, and he borrowed a rouble of me. It's all a trick!"

Then Efim began to scold himself, "What right have I to judge a man? It is a sin. I must not think about it."

But still he could not keep his thoughts from condemning the pilgrim.

Next morning they got up and went to early mass in the great Church of the Resurrection. The pilgrim would not leave Efim. He stuck tight to him wherever he went. A great crowd of pilgrims were collected in the church, Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Syrians, and all peoples. A monk led the crowd

through the sacred gates, past Turkish guards, to the place where the Savior was taken from the cross and anointed,—where the nine great candlesticks now are burning. Here Efim too placed a candle. The monk pointed out everything and told them everything. Then Efim was led to the right, up a little flight of steps to Golgotha, where the cross stood. Here he said a prayer, and saw the hole where the earth opened when it was shaken to its nethermost depths at the crucifixion. He saw too, the spot where they fastened the hands and feet of Jesus to the cross, the stone on which he sat when they put upon his head the crown of thorns, the pillar to which they bound him when they scourged him. The monk was going to show the pilgrims something more but the crowd was in a hurry. They all rushed to the very grotto of the Lord's sepulchre, and Efim went along with the throng.

He was anxious to get rid of the pilgrim, for in his thoughts he was continually judging the man instead of thinking on holy things. But the pilgrim would not be got rid of. In he went with Efim to mass at the Lord's sepulchre. They tried to get a place at the front, but were too late. The people were wedged so closely together that there was no moving either backwards or forwards. Efim stood looking toward the holy place and praying, but it was of no use. Every now and then he must feel whether his purse was still in its place. He was of two minds, wishing to pray and yet thinking, "Either the pilgrim deceived me, or if he was really robbed, why the same thing might happen to me."

Thus Efim stood, looking toward the chapel where the sepulchre was, with the thirty-six lamps burning beside it. He was peering over the heads of the people, when what a marvel! Just beneath the lamps where the blessed fire burns, in the very foremost place, he saw a little old man in a coarse kaftan, with a bald spot over his whole head,—for all the world like Elisha Bodroff.

"It's Elisha," he thinks. "Yet no! It can't be! He can't have got here before me. The ship before ours started a week

sooner. He could not possibly have caught that. And he was not on our boat for I saw all the pilgrims."

While Efim was thus reasoning, the little old man bent to pray. As he did so, Efim recognized him. It was Elisha himself.

Efim was filled with joy and wondered how Elisha could have got there ahead of him. "Well done, Elisha!" he thought. "See how he has pushed ahead. He must have come across someone who showed him how to do it. Let me just meet him when he goes out, I'll get rid of this pilgrim fellow and go with him. Perhaps he will get me a front place too!"

All the time Efim kept his eyes on Elisha, so as not to miss him. Now the mass was over and the crowd reeled and struggled, in trying to make their way out. Efim was pushed to one side. Again the fear came upon him that some one would steal his money. Clutching his purse, he managed to break through the crowd into an open space, but now he had lost Elisha.

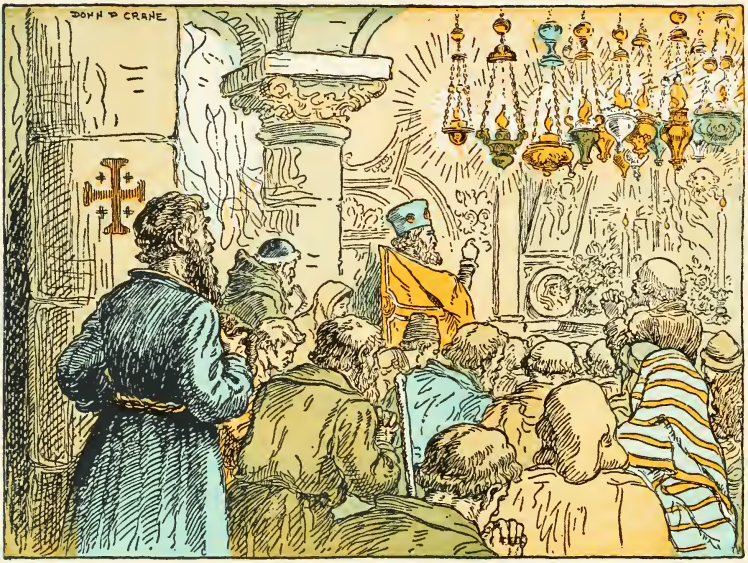
In the cloisters of the church he saw many people. Some were eating and drinking; some were sleeping and reading. But there was no Elisha anywhere. Efim returned to the hostelry and this evening the pilgrim failed to return. He disappeared and never gave back Efim's rouble. So Efim was left alone.

On the next day Efim went once more to the Lord's sepulchre. He wanted to get to the front as before, but was crowded back so he could only stand by a pillar and pray. But there again, under the lamps, in the very foremost place by the sepulchre of the Lord, stood Elisha with his arms spread out like a priest at the altar, and the light shining all over his bald head.

"Well," thinks Efim, "now I'll surely not miss him."

He tried to push through to the front. But when he succeeded, no Elisha! Vanished just as before!

On the third day Efim looked again toward the Lord's sepulchre; again he saw Elisha in the same place with the same aspect, his arms outspread, and the light shining all over his head.



"This time," thinks Efim, "I'll go and stand at the door. There we can't miss each other."

Half a day he stood by the door. All the people passed out, but there was no Elisha among them.

Efim spent six weeks in Jerusalem, and visited everything. He went to Bethlehem too, and Bethany, and the Jordan. He had a seal stamped on a new shirt at the Lord's sepulchre that he might be buried in it, and he took a bottle of water from the Jordan, and some holy earth, and bought candles that had been lit at the sacred flame. So he spent all his money except enough to get him home, and then started out on the return journey.

Efim walked alone over the same road as before. But again the worriment came over him as to how the folks at home had got on without him, and whether his son had conducted affairs

so there would be no loss. Thus Efim reached that place where a year before he had parted from Elisha. It was impossible to recognize the people. Before they were so wretchedly poor, now there had been good crops and all lived in sufficiency and comfort. At evening, Efim reached the very village where the year before Elisha had stopped. He had hardly entered it when a little girl in a white smock, sprang out from behind a hut.

"Grandpa! Dear Grandpa! Come into our house!"

Efim was inclined to go on, but the little girl would not allow him. She seized him by the skirts, pulled him along into the hut and laughed. From the doorstep a woman with a little boy also beckoned to him. "Come in, please, grand-sire,—and take supper and spend the night with us."

Efim went in.

"I may as well ask about Elisha," he thought. "No doubt this is the very hut where he stopped to get a drink."

The woman took Efim's sack, gave him a chance to wash, and set him at the table. She put on milk, curd-cakes, and porridge. Efim thanked and praised her for being so hospitable to pilgrims. The woman shook her head.

"We have good reason to be hospitable to pilgrims," she said. "For we owe our lives to a pilgrim. Last summer things went so badly with us that we were all starving,—had nothing to eat and should have died, but that God sent such a nice old man to help us. He came in just at noon to get a drink. But when he saw us, he was sorry for us, and staid on with us. He gave us something to drink, fed us and put us on our legs. And beside all that, he bought back our land and gave us a horse and telyega."

Here the old woman came into the hut and interrupted the younger one. "And we don't know at all," says she, "whether it was a man or an angel of God. He loved us all and pitied us all, and went away without even telling us his name."

At nightfall came the peasant himself on horseback. He also

began to tell about Elisha and what he had done for them.

"If he had not come to us," says he, "we should all have died in our sins. We were perishing in despair. We murmured against God and against men. But he set us on our feet. Through him we learned to know God, and came to believe that there is good in man. Christ bless him! Before, we lived like cattle. He made us men."

The people fed Efim, and fixed him up for the night, then they themselves lay down to sleep. But Efim was unable to sleep. He kept thinking how he had seen Elisha in Jerusalem three times in the foremost place.

"That's how he got there before me," he thinks. "God may or may not have accepted my pilgrimage, but He has certainly accepted his."

Next morning Efim bade farewell to the people, they put some patties in his sack, and he continued his journey.

Efim had been away just a year, and it was spring when he reached home again. His son was not at the house. He had gone to the tavern. When he returned he was tipsy. Efim began to question him. He found that the young man had got into bad ways during his absence, had spent all the money foolishly and neglected everything. At this the father grew angry and beat his son. In the morning he went to the village elder to complain of the lad. On the way he passed Elisha's house. Elisha's old woman was standing on the doorstep. "How's your health, neighbor," says she. "Did you have a good pilgrimage?"

"Glory to God," says Efim. "Yes, I have been to Jerusalem. I lost your old man, but I hear he got home safely."

"Yes, he got back," the old woman began to prattle. "And glad enough we were that God brought him. It was lonesome for us without him. And how glad our lad was to see him. 'Without father,' says he, 'is like being without sunlight.' We love him and we missed him so."

"Well, is he at home now?"

"Yes, friend, he's with the bees, hiving the new swarms. Such splendid swarms, he says, God never gave us before."

Efim passed on to the apiary where Elisha was. There he stood in his gray kaftan, under a little birch tree, without a face-net or gloves to protect him, looking upwards, his arms stretched out, and his bald head shining, just as Efim had seen him in Jerusalem at the Lord's sepulchre. And just as the sacred fire had burned above him in Jerusalem, so now the sunlight came sifting down through the birch-tree, and shone all over his head, the golden bees flew about like a halo, and never stung him.

Elisha's old woman called to her husband. "Our neighbor's come!"

Elisha was delighted, and came to meet his comrade, calmly detaching the bees from his beard.

"How are you, comrade?" he cries. "Did you have a good journey? Did you get to Jerusalem safely?"

Efim was silent for a moment, then he answered:

"My feet walked there, and I have brought you back some water from the river Jordan. But whether the Lord accepted my pilgrimage,—whether it was my soul or another's that has been there more truly,—"

"That is God's affair, comrade, God's affair," interrupted Elisha.

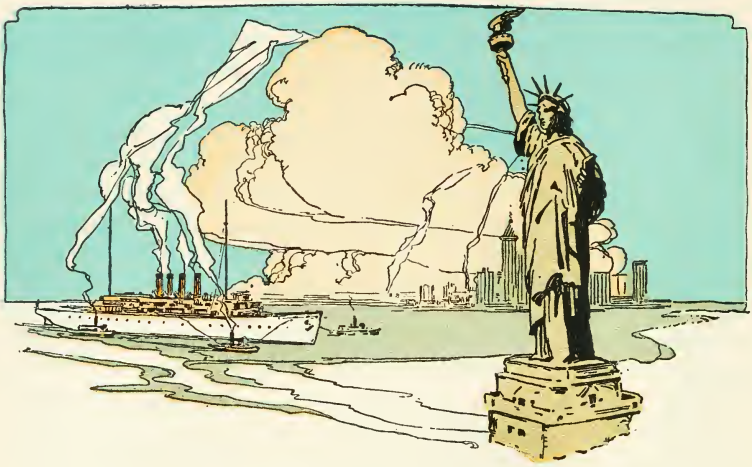
"On my way back I stopped also at the hut where you—"

Elisha became confused. He hastened to repeat:

"That is God's affair, comrade, God's affair. Come on into the house and I will give you some honey." So Elisha changed the conversation.

Efim sighed and did not again remind Elisha of the people in the hut nor speak of how he had seen him in Jerusalem. But he now understood that the best way to serve God is to have a heart full of love and to do good deeds.

—Abridged



THE NEW COLOSSUS*

Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.

"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

* From *Poems*. Used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

FROM THE TOWER WINDOW

THE MELTING POT*

Israel Zangwill

ON one of the giant ocean liners that ploughed its way through the broad Atlantic from Europe towards America, there crossed once a young Jewish lad from Russia. With hundreds of other Europeans, poor peasants mostly, in every sort of odd European costume and speaking every variety of odd European tongue, he was close packed in the rocking steerage of the boat. The berth in which he slept was scarcely wider than his fiddle case and it hung near the kitchen, where the hot rancid smell of food and the oil of the machinery made offensive odors all day long and all night long. But in spite of this, David Quixano was happy. He was going to America—America, the land of all his hopes! His whole life long he had dreamed of going to America. Everybody in Kishineff, the Russian city where he lived, had friends there, or got money orders from there, and the very earliest game he could ever remember playing was selling off his toy furniture and setting up in America.

If the journey sometimes seemed hard and long, he had only to pretend that he had been shipwrecked and that after clinging to a plank five days on the lonely Atlantic, his frozen form had been picked up by this great safe steamer, and then his poor little berth seemed delightful and the rancid food delicious. Some-

*Retold from the Play by permission of The Macmillan Company.

times too he got out his beloved little old fiddle and played and played till he drew crowds of friendly faces about him. Somehow faces that turned towards David were always friendly, for there was that in the sunny warmth of his smile that left no room for aught but friendliness to answer it.

"A sunbeam took human shape when he was born," his uncle once had said.

And yet back in Russia David had left blackest memories. In the crowded Russian pale at Kishineff, wherein alone the Russian government permitted the Jews to dwell, he had once been the wonder-child who learned to play on the violin none knew how, out of his own heart, out of his own soul, with no other master; and old and young, rich and poor among the Jews had loved him. There dwelt his mother, too, and his father, and his sisters and his brothers, all happy together in the simple life of their little home. Then one day came into Kishineff a mysterious colonel in the uniform of the Tsar, and from him there began to ooze out into the city a secret poison of hatred against the Jews. Hatred and prejudice, calling itself religion, stirring the ugliest passions of men—first rumbling faintly like thunder in the distance, then swelling and roaring and gathering momentum till at last it burst in a hideous storm. Men and women in mobs, the scum of the town population, bore down on the unoffending dwellers in the pale, shouting, "Bey Zhida!" that is to say, "Kill the Jews!" Hither and thither they ran like tigers, looting, trampling peaceful men and women under foot, pitching children out of windows, stealing money, gold, silver, jewels, while the police and military officials lifted not a finger to protect the helpless or to stay the dastardly crime. Before David's very eyes father, mother, sisters, brothers fell, down to the youngest babe, while that mysterious colonel in the uniform of the Tsar stood by with cold aloofness, giving orders and looking on. David himself but escaped with his life because he was shot in the shoulder and

fell to the ground unconscious, so the murderers left him for dead.

Ah! David was a sunny lad indeed, but when he thought back on what had happened to him in Russia, all the world for him was twisted out of shape; he saw it all through a fiery red mist; grief and anger filled his soul and he shrieked out against that butcher's face, shrieked out as though in all his life was but one wish—to find the owner of that face and make him pay the penalty for his crime. At such times he would get down his beloved fiddle and play and play and play. At first his violin would send forth crashing discords like the discord in his soul, but always at last his music fell into the sweet concord of perfect harmony with all the notes blending in unison. Then gradually the red mist would disappear and David be himself again.

At length the great steamer drew into New York Harbor. A little tug came out to meet it, leaving behind a smudgy trail of smoke, and as the small boat bobbed up and down on the choppy waves just beside the great one, a pilot made a perilous ascent by a swinging ladder up the side of the liner to the deck. All round about were hundreds of other tugs and launches, great boats and little boats from every quarter of the world, with funnels painted all different colors and flags of every nation fluttering in the breeze. But best of all to David, as he stood close to the rail looking out on it all with a fast-beating heart, were the American flags he saw everywhere—the stars and stripes, emblem of the America of his dreams, the America where were forever impossible the horrors of Kishineff.

Soon the shore-line of lower New York appeared, its giant sky-scrapers at tremendous heights cleaving the blue of the sky, but as the sea-weary passengers crowded to the rail, that which beckoned them first, that which bade them tenderly welcome as to a land of promise, was the colossal Statue of Liberty rising out of the harbor. In the midst of Jew and Gentile, Russian and Pole, Greek and Italian, Armenian and Turk, German and

Hungarian, Norwegian and Swede, there stood David, and before these wanderers from Europe who had turned their backs on the old world and their faces toward the new, loomed up out of the shining blue waters, that great gilded statue, lifting high her torch to lighten all the world.

Some among those immigrants tossed their caps in the air and cheered, some laughed and sang, some turned soon to other things, but some, like David, kept their eyes fixed in that one

direction, moved almost to tears. Back of them lay who knew what of suffering, injustice and crushing poverty, but before them lay the land of hope, of equal rights and opportunities. To David that gigantic torch lifted high above the world a great ideal of liberty and justice, equal rights for Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, black and white, an ideal which should some day draw all men up to it in one grand brotherhood. That was the dream that had led him there, led him forth out of blood-soaked Kishineff to the shores of the Land of Promise. And so, clasping tight in his arms his beloved fiddle in its shabby case, he watched with solemn joy.

His joyousness did not desert him even during the trying time when, like herded cattle, he and the other immigrants were put off at Ellis Island and marshalled and driven through all the series of rigid examinations with which our United States welcomes newcomers to her shores. No, David had no complaints to make. He loved it all. He could not even speak the language of America and yet he was not lonely; the language of its spirit spoke surely to his heart and made him feel at home.

At length the day came when there he was in New York itself, and there was his good uncle, Mendel Quixano, to meet him, and his dear old grandmother too, a venerable figure in the prescribed black wig of the orthodox Jewess, clasping him in her arms and half sobbing his name in Yiddish, "Dovidel! Dovidel! Dovidel!"

Ah! but the home where his uncle and grandmother lived in New York seemed fine to him after the garret from which he had come in Russia and his tiny cramped quarters on the boat. It was an old house having a veranda with pillars in the colonial style, and on the door was carefully nailed a Mezuzah, a tiny metal case containing a passage from the Bible which every good Jew was commanded to have fastened to his doorpost. In the comfortable living room cheap chairs stood next a grand piano piled with music; huge mouldering old Hebrew tomes assorted

with modern English books; and on the walls pictures of Wagner, Columbus, Washington, and Lincoln had to make themselves at home beside the Mizrach, or sacred Jewish picture hanging ever on the east wall toward Jerusalem. The whole effect was a curious blend of shabbiness, Americanism, Jewishness and music, all four of which seemed combined in the figure of Mendel Quixano, an elderly music master with a fine Jewish face pathetically furrowed by misfortune and graced by a short grizzled beard.

"A shabby place enough," Mendel would often say, looking discontentedly about. But David always made answer, "What's the matter with this room? It's princely. If it were only on board a boat not the richest man in America could afford such a magnificent cabin!"

In truth Mendel Quixano had been somewhat soured by misfortunes and disappointments, and he had by no means the sunny nature of David. With big hopes of becoming a great musician he had come to America, only to find that in order to pay the rent and support himself and his mother he must give music lessons every day in the week to little "brainless, earless, thumb-fingered Gentiles!" When his whole soul longed for the best in music, he must play cheap waltzes and rag-time for dances, at theatres, and in music halls.

"Ach Gott! What a life! What a life!" he would often sigh.

Mendel did not see in America what David did. He saw that there was still much prejudice here against his race, still much injustice, greed and inequality among men. His thoughts were only half turned forward toward the new world; half they were still turned back towards the past, toward the sad history of the Jews and the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of the Gentiles all down through the ages. And the old grandmother who loved David so dearly, she who had lost her whole family save David and Mendel in Europe, she was wrapped up in thinking of the past, in observing the rites and ceremonies of her religion

as her father had done and her father's father before her. Life was sad and lonely for her in America where she had no friends and understood nothing of the language, for never in all the ten years since Mendel had brought her there, had she dropped her Yiddish or learned to speak a single word of English.

Loving and considerate of the dear old grandmother was David, patient with all her little peculiarities and demands, affectionate and obedient to his uncle Mendel, yet his own face was always turned with joyous confidence toward the present and the future, away from the dead and vanished past. True, as time went on, he, too, perceived that in America men were greedy still, dishonest, selfish, unjust, that thither came many a one who thought that liberty meant the freedom to do as he chose, instead of the freedom to do as he ought. Yet in spite of it all, he kept his faith firm and strong in the America of his dreams—that America which he came to see existed yet as an idea only, but an idea that would surely compel men into line with it, one day govern them wholly, and so reveal itself as the only true America there ever was or ever could be.

With this unseen yet real America David kept his faith and he gradually came to express all that he thought and felt about it in a great piece of music, his American symphony. Yet he was only a poor musician playing as Mendel did, in theatres and cheap dance halls. How was he ever to get his symphony, into which he had put his whole heart and soul, played by a great orchestra before the public? It was the dream of his life to hear it actually coming out of violins and cellos, drums and trumpets, thundering its message to America and all the world. But how was he to get it done,—how? Mendel did not understand the symphony and only half believed it to be great. It must, he was sure, be full of faults, since David was so young, so inexperienced, and had never had a teacher for even the simplest rules of harmony. Yet Mendel was proud of his nephew and he believed that if

only David could be sent to Germany to study, he might perhaps really produce something great. But how was even this to be accomplished when they were so poor and scarcely now made both ends meet?

One day David played, as he often did, without pay, at a charitable entertainment in a great Settlement house that lent its aid to hundreds of immigrants just such as he had once been. Thither came Dutchmen and Frenchmen, Italians and Greeks, Norwegians and Swedes, still in outlandish garments, still jabbering in outlandish tongues, with little, round, brown-eyed children and little, round, blue-eyed children, all meeting together on the grounds of a few broken words of English. And how they listened and soaked in David's music! How they cheered and whistled and applauded! At the Settlement David met Miss Vera Revendal, who was one of the workers there. Vera loved music as dearly as David and was interested at once in his playing.

Though David never dreamed it, Vera was Russian and had been born in that same Kishineff so connected for him with hideous memories overtopped by the "butcher's face." Her father was a member of the nobility and a faithful follower of the Tsar, sharing all the contempt of the Russian aristocrats for the lower classes and their hatred and prejudice against the Jews. Yet Vera even as a little school girl, had seen with a heart overflowing with compassion, what misery and poverty was wrought among the Russian people by the tyranny of the Tsar. What rights to liberty and happiness had the lower classes in Russia? None! None! None! All Russia existed for the pleasure of the nobles and the Tsar. With a fearless, uncompromising childish demand for justice Vera refused all respect or reverence for the Tsar. Once when she was in attendance at the Imperial High School, the Tsar had come thither to pay an annual visit. As was his custom he tasted the food that was served the children, and the high and mighty honor of finishing what he left was

reserved for the show pupil from among all the classes. On Vera this honor fell, but when the plate of mutton, sanctified by the royal touch, was set before her, she horrified all the expectant circle about by passionately pushing it from her and passing it off to be consumed by the poorest among the servants! That was the sort of girl young Vera was, and though she had loved her father dearly, the Baron Revendal, honest but bigoted, clung obstinately to his class and the service of the Tsar. So when Vera was arrested as a revolutionist, attempting to overthrow the government of tyranny in Russia, he had turned his back on his motherless daughter. Vera was sentenced to exile in desolate Siberia and thither she would have been sent had she not escaped from her gaolers and made her way to America where she found her life work among the poor in the Settlements of New York.

Of all this David knew nothing, and no more did Vera know or dream that David was a Jew. The two found simple pleasure in their mutual love of music. A short time after David's first appearance at the Settlement an invitation was sent him to play for them once more, and Vera went herself one bright winter's afternoon to seek him out and get his consent in person.

On that particular day David was from home, and Mendel Quixano, in a seedy velvet jacket and red carpet-slippers, had just given some little careless Johnny his music lesson. Suddenly from the kitchen came the noise of an irate Irish voice and the shrill Yiddish of an angry Frau Quixano.

"Divil take the butther!" cried Kathleen, the Irish servant. "I wouldn't put up wid yez, not for a hundred dollars a week!"

"*Wos shreist du?*" shrilled Frau Quixano. "*Gott in Himmel! dieses Amerika.*" Mendel heaved a deep sigh. "Ach! Mother and Kathleen at it again!" he muttered. It seemed to him that one's very servants in America hated the Jews.

"Pots and pans and plates and knives!" went on Kathleen still in the kitchen. "Sure, 'tis enough to make a saint chrazy!" And she burst into the living room clutching a white table cloth. "Bad luck to me if iver I take sarvice again with haythen Jews!" Just then she perceived Mendel huddled up in the arm chair by the fire, and gave a little scream. "Och! I thought ye was out!"

Mendel rose. "And so you dared to be rude to my mother!"

"She said I put mate on a butther plate," Kathleen angrily protested.

"Well," answered Mendel, "you know that's against her religion."

"But I didn't do nothing of the sort! I only put butther on a mate plate."

"That's just as bad. The Bible forbids both butter and meat—"

"Sure! who can rimimber all that?" Kathleen began venting her spite on the litter of things she was vigorously clearing off the table. "Why don't ye have a sinsible religion?"

"You are impertinent!" Mendel seated himself at the piano and began to play softly. "Attend to your work."

"And isn't it layin' the Sabbath cloth I am?"

"Don't answer me back!"

"Faith! I must answer *somebody* back and sorra a word of English *she* understands. I might as well talk to a tree! What way can I be understandin' her jabberin' and jibberin'? I'm not a monkey. Why don't she talk English like a Christian?"

"You are not paid to talk but work!" said Mendel.

"And who *can* work wid an ould woman nagglin' and grizzlin'

and faultin' me? Mate plates, butther plates, *kosher, trepha!* Sure, I've smashed up folks' crockery and they makin' less fuss about it!"

Mendel stopped playing. "Breaking crockery is one thing and breaking a religion another," said he. "Didn't you tell me when I engaged you that you had lived in other Jewish families?"

"And is it a liar ye'd make me out now?" cried Kathleen angrily. "I've lived wid clothiers and pawnbrokers and vaudeville actors, but I niver shtruck a house where mate and butther couldn't be as paceable on the same plate as eggs and bacon! Faith, ye can keep yer dirthy wages. I give ye notice! I'll quit off this blissid minute!"

And she dumped down a silver candlestick and rushed hysterically off to her room. Just then there came a rat-a-tat-tat at the street door.

"Kathleen!" Mendel hurried to the door of the irate maiden's room. "There's a visitor!"

"I'm not here," called Kathleen angrily from within.

"So long as you are in this house, you must do your work," ordered Mendel.

"I tould ye I was lavin' at once. Let ye open the door yerself."

"But I'm not dressed to receive visitors. It may be a new pupil." And off went Mendel, leaving Kathleen naught to do but obey.

"The divil fly away wid me if iver from this hour I set foot again among haythen furriners," muttered Kathleen emerging from her stronghold and crossing unwillingly to the door. As she opened it Vera appeared in the vestibule, her beautiful face glowing forth from a setting of snowy furs.

"Is Mr. Quixano at home?" asked Vera.

"Which Mr. Quixano?" queried Kathleen sulkily.

"The one who plays," answered Vera.

"There isn't a 'one' who plays." Kathleen's voice

was fairly snappy. "Yer wrong entirely. They both plays."

"Oh dear," smiled Vera. "Then it's the one who plays the violin—Mr. David—I want to see."

"He's out!" Kathleen made a move to slam the door.

"Don't shut the door," cried Vera. "I want to leave a message."

"Then why don't ye come inside? It's freezin' me ye are!" And Kathleen sneezed a loud and accusing "Atchoo!"

"I'm sorry," Vera entered the room. "Will you please tell Mr. Quixano that Miss Revendal called from the Settlement and—"

"What way will I be tellin' him all that?" bridled Kathleen. "I'm not here!"

"What!" cried Vera. "Not here!"

"I'm lavin' as soon as I've me thrunk packed."

"Then may I write the message at this desk?"

"If the ould woman don't come in and sphy you!"

"What old woman?" asked Vera.

"Ould Mr. Quixano's mother. She wears a black wig, she's that houly."

Vera was bewildered. "But why should she mind my writing?"

"Look at the clock," Kathleen drew her face into an expression of comical solemnity. "If ye're not quick, it'll be *Shabbos* and Lord forbid any work should be done in this house on *Shabbos*."

"Be what?" cried Vera.

Kathleen held up her hands in horror. "Ye don't know what *Shabbos* is? A Jewess not know her own Sunday!"

Vera froze on the instant. After all, the prejudice of the most aristocratic blood in Russia was not wholly blotted out in her. She felt outraged that anyone should mistake her for a Jewess.

"I a Jewess! How dare you!" she cried. "I am a Russian!" Then she added slowly, as if half dazed, "Do I understand that Mr. Quixano is a Jew?"

"Two Jews, Miss," answered Kathleen, "both of 'em."

"Oh, but it is impossible," murmured Vera. "He had such charming manners. Are you sure Mr. Quixano is not Spanish?"

"Shpanish!" Kathleen picked up an old Hebrew book on the arm chair. "Look at the ould lady's book. Is that Shpanish?" And she pointed to the Mizrach on the wall. "And that houly picture, is that Shpanish?"

Convinced against her will that David was a Jew, Vera suddenly changed her mind about leaving him a message. "Don't say I called at all," said she. But just at that moment Mendel Quixano appeared in the room, completely transformed in his neat Prince Albert coat, and Vera could not escape. When he learned it was David whom she had come to see, he invited her in so gentlemanly a manner to wait that she struggled with her prejudice, overcame it, and sat down.

"That wonderful boy a Jew," she kept saying to herself. "But then so was David the shepherd youth with his harp and his psalms, the sweet singer in Israel."

While she waited conversing with Mendel, Frau Quixano came into the room with excited gesticulations, chattering in Yiddish angry complaints against Kathleen. Perceiving her precious Hebrew book on the floor where Kathleen had dropped it, she cried out in horror, picked it up and kissed it piously.

"*Ruhig, Mutter, ruhig!*" Mendel pressed her soothingly into her fireside chair, then he added to Vera. "She understands barely a word of English."

Frau Quixano eyed the newcomer suspiciously.

"Tell her I hope she is well," said Vera.

Mendel translated the young woman's words into Yiddish but Frau Quixano only shrugged her shoulders and said in despairing astonishment. "*Gut? Un' wie solles gut gehen—in Amerika?*"

"She asks how can anything possibly go well in America." Mendel explained.

"Ah!" said Vera, "then your mother does not like America!"

Mendel half smiled. "Her favorite exclamation is '*A Klog zu Columbussen*!' that is, 'Cursed be Columbus!' "

Vera laughed as the old woman settled herself to read. "But your nephew, he does not curse America?" she said.

"David—ah, no! He is crazy about America. My mother came here with her life behind her, David with his life before him!" Mendel paused for a moment, then he went on gloomily, "But what is there here for him, poor boy? Only a terrible struggle for existence—music halls and dance halls, beer halls and weddings. Every hope and ambition will be ground out of him and he will die obscure and unknown." The musician's head sank sadly on his breast and Frau Quixano began to sob faintly over her book.

"There," said Vera, "you have made your mother cry."

"Oh, no," said Mendel, "she understood nothing. She always cries on the eve of Sabbath. She knows that in this great grinding America David and I must go out to work and earn our bread on Sabbath as on week days. She never says a word to us but her heart is full of tears."

"Poor old woman," said Vera.

For a time nothing was heard in the room save the low sobbing of Frau Quixano and the roar of the wind. With the slowly gathering dusk there seemed to droop over all a lurking pall of sadness. Then suddenly a happy voice was heard outside singing:

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

Frau Quixano pricked up her ears. "Do ist Dovidel!" she cried.

The whole atmosphere seemed changed at once from grief to joy as David opened the door and appeared on the threshold, a buoyant, snow covered figure carrying a violin case and clad in a cloak and a broad-brimmed hat.

"Isn't it a beautiful world, uncle," he cried, "snow, the divine

white snow!" Then perceiving the visitor, he removed his hat and looked at her with boyish reverence and wonder.

"Miss Revendal here!" he cried. "If I had only known you were waiting."

"Don't look so surprised," said Vera, smiling. "I haven't fallen from heaven like the snow. I'm glad you didn't know I was waiting. Your uncle told me you were playing at the Crippled Children's Home. I wouldn't have cheated those little ones of a moment of your music."

"Ah! it was bully! You should have seen the cripples waltzing with their crutches! Even the paralyzed danced. If they hadn't the use of their legs, their arms danced on the counterpane! If their arms couldn't dance, their hands danced, if their hands couldn't dance their heads danced, if their heads couldn't dance—why, their eyes danced! Dear little cripples! I felt as though I could play them all straight again with the love and joy jumping out of this old fiddle! *Es war grossartig*, Granny!" And David moved toward the old grandmother by the fire, patting her cheek in greeting while she responded with a loving smile ere she settled herself to slumber contentedly over her book. When David learned that Vera had come to ask him to play once more at the Settlement he was overjoyed.

"But we can't offer you a fee," said Vera.

"A fee!" cried David. "I'd pay a fee to see all those happy immigrants you gather together. It's almost as good as going to Ellis Island."

"What a strange taste." Vera smiled. "Who on earth wants to go to Ellis Island?"

"Oh," David's face beamed, "I love going to Ellis Island to watch the ships coming in from Europe and to think that all those weary, sea tossed wanderers are feeling what I felt when America first stretched out her great mother-hand to *me*."

"You were very happy?" asked Vera softly.

"Happy? It was heaven. You must remember that all my life America was waiting for me, beckoning, shining—the place where God would wipe away tears from off all faces." His voice ended with a queer little catch in his breath that always proclaimed his thoughts had gone back to Kishineff. Mendel rose and went to him half frightened.

"Now, now, David, don't get excited," he said. But David paid no heed.

"To think that the same great torch of liberty which threw its light across all the broad seas and lands into my little garret in Russia, is shining also for all those other weeping millions of Europe, shining wherever men hunger and are oppressed."

"Yes, yes, David." Mendel laid his hand soothingly on his shoulder. "Now sit down and—"

"Shining over the starving villages of Italy and Ireland, over the swarming stony cities of Poland and Galicia, over the ruined farms of Roumania, over the shambles of Russia. Oh, Miss Revendal,—" David's voice was choking now with the depths of his feeling, "when I look at our statue of liberty I just seem to hear the voice of America crying: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest—rest—' "

"Don't talk any more now, David." Mendel's voice had taken a tone of command. "You can express all this that you feel in your American Symphony."

"Ah, you compose music," cried Vera eagerly, for it was the first time she had known that David did more than play. "And you find inspiration for your composing in America?"

"Yes," David grew calm again. "I find inspiration in the seething of the crucible."

"The crucible!" cried Vera. "I do not understand."

"Not understand,—you the spirit of the Settlement! Not understand that America is God's crucible, the great Melting Pot, where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming.

Here you stand, good folk, think I, when I see them at Ellis Island, in your fifty groups with your fifty blood hatreds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brothers, for these are the fires of God you've come to—these are the fires of God. A fig for your feuds and vendettas! Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, Jews and Russians, into the crucible with you all! God is making the American!"

"I should have thought the American was made already," said Mendel, "eighty millions of him."

"Eighty millions," cried David in good humored derision. "No, uncle, the real American has not yet arrived. He is only in the crucible, I tell you—he will be the fusion of all races, perhaps the coming superman! Ah! what a glorious ending for my symphony if I can only write it!"

Somehow Vera understood David better than his uncle or anyone else had ever done—David knew it; he felt it. Those others saw America as a certain wide stretch of land bounded by the Atlantic and Pacific; they saw the American as the man whom they daily met in the streets with his good points and his bad.

But Vera understood David's vision of America as a great ideal of liberty, humanity, and justice, and the real American as he who should some day express that ideal, representing in himself the melting together of all that was best and highest in the races of the world, purified from their old differences, their old false systems, their old hatreds and prejudices, their old suspicions and deceits.

"Won't you give a bit of your symphony at our concert?" asked Vera eagerly.

"Oh, it needs an orchestra!" David was once again boyishly shy.

"But you at the violin and I at the piano."

"Ah, you didn't tell me you played, Miss Revendal," interrupted Mendel.

"I told you less commonplace things," smiled Vera. "Yes, I studied at Petersburg. There wasn't much music at Kishineff—"

"Kishineff!" On the instant David was trembling.

"Yes," said Vera, "my birthplace!"

"So," David shuddered violently. "You are a Russian."

"Calm yourself, David." Mendel came protectingly toward him.

"Not much music at Kishineff!" David laughed strangely. "No! only the Death March. Mother! Father! Ah! cowards, murderers! And you!" He shook his fist in the air. "You looking on with your cold butcher's face! O God! O God!" And he ran shamefacedly out of the room.

"What have I done?" cried Vera.

Frau Quixano, who had fallen asleep over her book, awoke suddenly as if with a sense of horror and gazed dazedly about.

"*Dovidel! Wu ist Dovidel? Mir dacht sach—*"

Mendel pressed her back to her slumbers.

"*Du träumst, Mutter! Schlaf!*"

"His father and mother were massacred?" whispered Vera hoarsely.

"Yes! Before his very eyes," answered Mendel, sadly.

"Terrible!" cried Vera, "Terrible."

Mendel shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. "It is only Jewish history."

Gone now was Vera's prejudice against David. On the contrary, her interest in the young musician had increased to such an extent that she offered to do her best to interest someone in him, someone rich enough to send him to Germany to study, and Mendel who would have been too proud to accept from a Gentile aught for himself, was grateful, almost ready to beg such a favor for David. Scarcely had she left the house when David came back into the room, once more composed, though somewhat dazed.

"She is gone?" he asked. "Oh, but I have driven her away by my craziness. But she understood, uncle. She understood my crucible of God. You don't know what it means to me to have someone who understands. Even you have never understood—"

"Nonsense." Mendel was wounded. "How can Miss Revendal understand you better than your own uncle? What true understanding can there ever be between a Russian Jew and a Russian Christian?"

"What understanding?" cried David. "Why, aren't we both Americans?"

Mendel shrugged his shoulders drily as he went out through the street door.

Once left to himself David set eagerly to work writing down on his musical manuscript all that had come to him as he talked with Vera, but he had worked only a few moments when Frau Quixano yawned, awakened and stretched herself, then looked at the clock.

"*Shabbos!*" she said and, rising, she lit the candlesticks on the table with a muttered Hebrew benediction. Crossing over to David, as he sat absorbed in his work, she touched him on the shoulder to remind him that he must stop his writing on *Shabbos*.

"Dovidel," he looked up dazedly while she pointed to the candles. "*Shabbos!*"

A sweet smile came over David's face. To him religion meant less a matter of rites and ceremonies than of a pure and contrite heart, nevertheless he threw the quill resignedly away and submitted his head to her hands and her ancient Hebrew blessing. As she left the room, she shook her finger at him warningly lest he should go back to work again. "*Gut Shabbos,*" she said. David smiled after her. "*Gut Shabbos!*" he answered.

A moment later he was ready in his coat and hat to go out and give a music lesson. He was almost at the door when Kathleen came bustling into the room, fully dressed in outdoor garments and laden with an umbrella and a large brown paper parcel.

"Why Kathleen, you're not going out this bitter weather," said David.

"And who's to shtay me?" bridled Kathleen, sharply fending him off with her umbrella as he offered to relieve her of her parcel.

"Oh, but you mustn't! I'll do your errand for you. What is it?"

"Errand is it indeed!" cried Kathleen indignantly. "I'm not here!"

"Not here?" questioned David in surprise.

"I'm lavin'. They'll come for me thrunk."

"But who's sending you away?"

"It's sending meself I am. Yer houly grandmother has me disthroyed intirely."

"Why, what has the poor old lady—"

"I don't be saltin' the mate and I do be mixin' the crockery—"

"I know, I know," David spoke gently, "but Kathleen, remember, she was brought up to these things from her childhood. And her father was a Rabbi."

"What's that?" demanded Kathleen, "a priest?"

"A sort of a priest. In Russia he was a great man. Her husband too was a mighty scholar and to give him time to study holy books, she had to do chores all day for him and the children. But he died and the children left her—went to America and other far-off places or to heaven, and she was left penniless and alone."

"Poor ould lady!"

"Not so old yet! She was married at fifteen!"

"Poor young craythur!"

"But she was still the good angel of the congregation, sat up with the sick and watched over the dead."

"Saints alive!"

"And then one day my uncle sent the old lady a ticket to come to America. But it is not so happy for her here, because you see my uncle has to be near his theatre and can't live in the Jewish quarter, and so nobody understands her, and she sits all day alone, alone with her books and her religion and her memories."

"Oh, Mr. David!" Kathleen was breaking down.

"And now all this long, cold, snowy evening she'll sit by the fire alone thinking of her dead, and the fire will sink lower and lower, and she won't be able to touch it because it's the holy Sabbath, and there'll be no kind Kathleen to brighten up the grey ashes. And then at last, sad and shivering, she'll creep up to her room, and there in the dark and the cold—"

Kathleen burst into tears, dropped her parcel on the floor and tore her bonnet strings open.

"Oh, Mr. David, I won't mix the crockery. I won't!"

"Of course you won't," David spoke heartily. "Good night!" And off he went while Kathleen fell down before the fire and began to poke it strenuously, all the best in her heart called forth by David's appeal to her sympathies. Jew or Gentile, what mattered it? Here in America all old-time enemies met, looked into each other's hearts and understood one another on the grounds of a common humanity.

Vera was as good as her word in seeking out someone who might be persuaded to send David to Europe, but among all her acquaintances the only one of great wealth in whom she could arouse the smallest interest was a certain young Quincy Davenport, and he was interested in David solely because he loved Vera and wished most particularly to please her. Quincy was one of those young Americans who had never done any useful work in all his life, but spent his days finding new and exciting ways in which to spend the enormous income that came to him from his father. The greater part of his time he passed in Europe and the rest in trying to ape European manners and customs and introduce them into America. Lazy, idle, pretentious, he saw in America only a crude sort of place, good for nothing much except as a spot where his father could make heaps of American dollars for his son to spend on thrilling amusements and pleasures.

Scarcely a month after Vera had first promised Mendel to find someone to help David, she sent him word that she was bringing Mr. Davenport and Herr Pappelmeister, the conductor of Mr. Davenport's private orchestra, to see the young man, and that if Herr Pappelmeister found in the music he had written any evidence of genius, the symphony would be produced in Mr. Davenport's wonderful marble music hall before five hundred of the most fashionable folk in America, and David would be sent to Europe. Mendel was aglow with hope. How much it meant—this coming of Quincy Davenport, yet he could hardly interest David at all in the matter. The young man scarcely even listened to his uncle's information. His head was full of the great ending he was writing to his symphony. He had just seen a thousand little foreign born children saluting the Stars and Stripes, and the sight had filled his soul with all he wanted to finish his work.

"Just fancy it, uncle!" he cried. "The Stars and Stripes unfurled, and a thousand childish voices, piping and foreign, fresh from the lands of oppression, hailing its fluttering folds.

Ah! but if you had heard them—'Flag of our Great Republic'—the words have gone singing at my heart ever since—'Flag of our Great Republic, Guardian of our homes, whose stars and stripes stand for Bravery, Purity, Truth and Union, we salute thee. We, the natives of distant lands who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our hearts, our lives, our sacred honor, to love and protect thee, our Country, and the liberty of the American people forever.'"

"Quite right," said Mendel, who had been vainly trying to turn David's thoughts toward his own life and the great chance now before him. "But you needn't get so excited over it."

"Not get excited when one hears the roaring of the fires of God? When one sees souls melting in the Crucible? Uncle, all those little immigrants will grow up Americans!"

"But, David," cried Mendel. "Surely some day you'd like your music produced—you'd like it to go all over the world?"

"Wouldn't it be glorious—all over the world and all down the ages!"

"But don't you see that unless you go and study seriously in Germany?—" Just at that moment in came Kathleen from the kitchen, carrying a tea tray with ear-shaped cakes and bread and butter for the expected guests, and wearing a grotesque false nose.

"Kathleen!" cried Mendel in amaze, but David burst out into boyish laughter.

"Sure, what's the matter?" cried Kathleen standing still with her tray.

"Look in the glass!" laughed David.

Kathleen crossed to the mantel. "Houly Moses." She dropped the tray so quickly as she snatched off the false nose that it would all have gone to smash had not Mendel, fortunately, caught it. "Och, I forgot to take it off—'twas the misthress gave it me—I put it on to cheer her up."

"Is she so miserable then, the grandmother?" asked David.

"Terrible low, Mr. David, today bein' Purim."

Kathleen's voice was as sympathetic as though she had never been otherwise than most kindly disposed toward her mistress.

"But Purim is a merry time for us, Kathleen, like your carnival," said David.

"That's what the misthress is so miserable about. Ye don't *keep* carnival. There's noses for both of ye in the kitchen—didn't I go with her to Hester Street to buy 'em?—but ye don't be axin for 'em. And to see your noses layin' around so solemn and neglected, faith, it nearly makes me chry meself."

"Who can remember about Purim in America?" said Mendel bitterly, but David only smiled. "Poor granny, tell her to come in and I'll play her a Purim jig."

"No, no, David," interrupted Mendel hastily. "Not here—the visitors!"

"Visitors!" cried David. "What visitors?"

Mendel grew impatient. "That's just what I've been trying to explain."

"Well, I can play in the kitchen, then!" And off went David with his violin while Mendel shrugged his shoulders hopelessly at the boy's perversity. Soon from the kitchen was heard the sound of a merry Slavic jig with Frau Quixano laughing and calling Kathleen to join in the fun. Even Mendel's feet began to keep time to the music, when the hoot of an automobile and the rattling of a car warned him that the guests were come. In another moment Vera and Quincy appeared in the room. Quincy was adorned with an orchid and an eye-glass and was quite evidently a dude. It was equally evident, too, that he deeply admired Miss Revendal. There followed soon after them Herr Pappelmeister, a burly German with a leonine head, enormous spectacles, and a mane of white hair. He appeared very grave and silent and clutched a bunchy umbrella of which he never let go. Herr

Pappelmeister was a famous musical conductor, who enjoyed a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year conducting Quincy's private orchestra for the amusement of Quincy's friends. Quincy himself had no knowledge of music, but he had brought Herr Pappelmeister to discover if David had any real genius.

"I'm so sorry," said Mendel to Vera. "I can't get David to come into the room. He's terrible shy."

"Won't face the music, eh?" sniggered Quincy.

"Did you tell him *I* was here?" questioned Vera, disappointed.

"Of course!" answered Mendel. "He will not come. But I've persuaded him to let me show you his manuscript." Then he turned anxiously to Pappelmeister. "You must remember his youth and his lack of musical education—" he said with an air of apology.

"Blease, the manusgribt," said Pappelmeister.

Mendel moved David's music stand into the center of the room and Pappelmeister put the manuscript on it. "So!" All eyes centered eagerly on him. With irritating elaborateness he polished his glasses and then read in silence.

"But!" cried Quincy, bored by the silence. "Won't you play it for us?"

"Blay it?" cried Pappelmeister. "Am I an orgestra? I blay it in my brain." And he went on reading, ruffling his hair unconsciously,—"So!"

"You don't seem to like it," said Vera anxiously.

"I do not comprehend it."

"I knew it was crazy," said Mendel. "It is supposed to be about America or a crucible or something. And of course there are heaps of mistakes."

Pappelmeister became absorbed again in the music, sublimely unconscious of all about him. "Ach, so—so,—So! Dot is somedings different!" He began to beat time with his ridiculous

bunchy umbrella, moving more and more vigorously till at last he was conducting elaborately as if a whole orchestra sat before him, stretching out his left palm for pianissimo passages and raising it vigorously for forte with every now and then an exclamation. "*Wunderschön!* Now the flutes! Clarinets! Ach *ergötzlich*—bassoons and drums. *Kolossal! Kolossal!*"

"Bravo! Bravo!" Vera clapped her hands. "I'm so excited."

"Then it isn't bad, Poppy?" yawned Quincy.

But Pappelmeister went on not even listening. "Sh! Sh! Piano!"

"Don't say Sh! to me!" cried Quincy outraged. "Look here, Poppy," and he seized the wildly waving umbrella. "We can't be here all day."

With a blank stare Pappelmeister returned to himself.

"Ach! What it is?" he cried.

"What it is!—we've had enough!" said Quincy.

"Enough? Of such a beaudiful symphony?"

"It may be beautiful to you," said Quincy. "But it's blamed stupid for us! See here, Poppy, if you're satisfied that the young fellow has sufficient talent to be sent to study in Germany—"

"Germany!" interrupted Herr Pappelmeister. "Germany has nodings to teach him. He has to teach Germany."

"Bravo!" cried Vera again.

"I always said he was a genius!" said Mendel.

"Then you can put his stuff on one of my programs?" inquired Quincy.

"I should be broud to indroduce it to de vorld."

At that joyous news Mendel hastened to the kitchen and fairly dragged David into the room.

"Oh, Mr. Quixano, I'm so glad," cried Vera. "Mr. Davenport is going to produce your symphony in his wonderful marble music room."

"Yes, young man," said Quincy, "I'm going to give you the

most fashionable audience in America, and if Poppy is right, you are just going to rake in the dollars."

For one long moment David spoke not a word in answer to this magnificent offer. Was he trying to realize the good fortune that lay at his feet? All at once he drew himself up in a peculiar manner, then he turned to Vera and said: "I can never be grateful enough to you, and I can never be grateful enough to Herr Pappelmeister. It is an honor even to meet him."

"Mein brave young man!" cried Pappelmeister, choked with emotion and patting him on the back.

"But before I accept Mr. Davenport's kindness, I must know to whom I am indebted." His voice grew suddenly stern and he looked Quincy full in the eyes. "Is it true that you live in America only two months of the year and then only to entertain Europeans who wander to these wild parts?"

"Lucky for you, young man," said Quincy, toying with his eye-glass. "You'll have an Italian prince and a British duke to hear your scribblings."

"And the palace where they will hear my scribblings. Is it true that—?"

"Mr. Quixano," interrupted Vera on pins and needles lest he spoil his chance—"what possible—?" but David entreatingly held up his hand for silence and went on with an increase of firm self-command:

"Is this palace the same whose grounds were turned into Venetian canals where the guests ate in gondolas, gondolas that were draped with the most wonderful trailing silks in imitation of the Venetian nobility in their great winter fêtes?"

"Ah, Miss Revendal," Quincy turned to Vera. "What a pity you refused that invitation. It was a fairy scene of twinkling lights and delicious darkness. Each couple supped in their own gondola—"

"And the same night men and women died of hunger in New York!" David delivered his words with stinging

directness, like a blow that came straight from the shoulder.

"What!" Quincy was so startled he dropped his eye-glass.

"And this is the sort of people you would invite to hear my symphony—these gondola-guzzlers!"

"Mr. Quixano!" cried Vera.

"David!" cried Mendel.

"You low down ungrateful—!" yelled Quincy.

"Not for you and such as you have I sat here writing and dreaming,—not for you shall my music sing of the true America, you who are killing my America."

"*Your* America! You Jew immigrant." Quincy had grown furious.

"Jew immigrant, yes." David's eyes flashed and he held his head high. "But a Jew who knows that your Pilgrim fathers came straight out of his Old Testament, pure and consecrated of spirit, like Abraham led out of a land of oppression to seek a land of promise. It is you, freak fashionables seeking only your own selfish pleasures, blind and deaf to the meaning of America, using her only as a money bag to be squeezed for her dollars,—you who are undoing the work of Washington and Lincoln, vulgarizing your high heritage, and turning the last and noblest hope of humanity into a caricature."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed Quincy. "You never told me your Jew scribbler was a socialist."

"I am nothing but a simple artist." David's manner grew once more unassuming and boyish, but his tone thrilled through and through with the tensity of his earnestness. "But I came from Europe one of her victims, and I know that she is a failure, that her palaces and peerages are outworn toys of the human spirit, and that the only hope of humanity lies in a new world. And here in the land of tomorrow, you are trying to bring back Europe."

"I wish we could," interjected Quincy.

"Europe with her comic opera coronets and her worm-eaten stage decorations and her pomp and chivalry built on a morass of crime and misery. But you shall not kill my dream. There shall come a fire round the crucible that will melt you—you and your breed—like wax in a blow pipe. America *shall* make good!" The restrained certainty of his quiet words cut like a knife.

Quincy was so angry that he could only clench his fist and stand speechless.

At that Herr Pappelmeister, who had sat imperturbable throughout this remarkable scene, sprang up and began to wave his umbrella frantically.

"*Hoch* Quixano! Long live Quixano! *Hoch! Hoch!*" he cried.

"Poppy, you're dismissed," shouted Quincy and left the house at white heat. Mendel followed him hot on his heels in the vain hope of smoothing his ruffled feathers.

What on earth could his crazy David mean throwing such a chance away? thought Mendel.

"Oh, Herr Pappelmeister," said David, "you have lost your place!"

"And saved my soul!" cried Pappelmeister. "Dollars are de devil. I blay me now good music and no more cheap stuff by command of Quincy Davenport!" And off he went, his very umbrella bristling with newly found self respect.

Vera and David were left alone. David feared lest Vera would leave him now in anger at what he had done, and never see him again, but Vera glowed with admiration at the courage of his stand. Vanished from her heart was all her old prejudice against the Jew, vanished from David's all instinct against the Gentile. And in that moment of uplifted feeling they both discovered they loved one another.

Some time later when Vera was gone and Mendel once more came dejectedly home, David threw his arms boyishly around his uncle's neck.

"I am so happy, uncle," he said. "Vera will be my wife."

"Miss Revendal!" Mendel threw his nephew off as though he had struck him. "Have you lost your wits? Remember you are a Jew."

"Yes, and just think," said David, "she was bred up to despise Jews. Her father was a Russian baron."

"If she was the daughter of fifty barons, you could not marry her."

"Uncle," cried David in pained amaze. "You cling to old prejudice still? You who have come to the heart of the Crucible where the roaring fires of God are fusing our race with all the others."

"Not *our* race!" cried Mendel passionately. "Not your race and mine. The Jew has been tried in a thousand fires and only grown harder for them all."

"Fires of hate," answered David, "not fires of love. That is what melts. Here in this new republic we must look forward—"

"We must look backward too," interrupted Mendel.

"Backward—to what?" cried David. "To Kishineff and that butcher's face?"

"Hush!" Mendel was alarmed. "Calm yourself."

David struggled. "Yes, I will calm myself, but how else shall I do so, save by holding out my hands with prayer and music towards America, the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God? The past I cannot mend. Take away the hope that I can mend the future and you make me mad."

"You are mad already—your dreams are mad. The Jew is hated here as elsewhere. You are false to your race."

"I keep faith with America. I have faith that America will keep faith with me."

"Go then," cried Mendel. "Marry your Gentile and be happy!"

"You turn me out?" asked David.

"You would not stay and break my mother's heart. You

know she would mourn at your marrying a Gentile with the rending of garments and the seven days' sitting on the floor. Go! You have cast off the God of our Fathers."

"And the God of our *children*!" thundered David, "Does *He* demand no service?" But he had scarcely spoken so stormily when he grew suddenly quiet. Touching his uncle affectionately on the shoulder, he said slowly, "You are right, I must go."

"I will hide the truth," said Mendel. "Mother must never suspect."

Just at that moment Frau Quixano was heard laughing uproariously with Kathleen in the kitchen.

"Ah!" said Mendel bitterly, "you have made this a merry Purim."

In rushed Frau Quixano with David's violin, begging him to play.

Mendel put out a protesting hand. "No, no, David, don't play now. I couldn't bear it."

"But I must," answered David. "You said she must never suspect, and it may be the last time I shall ever play for her." And he looked at the old woman lovingly as he took the fiddle and started the same old Slavic dance. Frau Quixano took a grotesque false nose from her pocket and clapped it on, laughing in childish glee. Torn between laughter and tears David laughed also.

"*Mutter!*" cried Mendel, shocked, but Frau Quixano's only answer to his dignified expostulation was to force a false nose on him also, unwilling though he was, and she and Kathleen danced to David's music till they both fell breathless into a chair. Then with a sad and affectionate farewell glance at his grandmother David took his hat, his coat and his violin and slipped quietly out of the house that had sheltered him so long.

It was only a two dollar a month garret, six feet square, that he could afford henceforth, but then that was as large as a first class cabin on board a boat, so David had only to pretend he had

a state room on the top deck of one of the great ocean liners, and it seemed quite luxurious and himself a millionaire at least! He and Vera were very happy though he was not earning nearly enough so they could even dream of marrying and setting up housekeeping yet.

When Quincy Davenport discovered that Vera had chosen to marry David, he made haste to send off at once to Europe for the Baron Revendal as the only means he could think of to prevent her wedding another. Now the Baron had never ceased to love and long for his daughter, and when he learned that she was on the point of marrying a Jew, he set out at once for America with his second wife, the Baroness, to try to prevent such an insult to the blood of the Revendals.

A tall, stern, grizzled man of military bearing was the Baron, with a narrow, fanatical forehead, yet of honest, even distinguished appearance. He had the nervous suspicious manner of a Russian official, who pays the penalty for his tyranny by constant terror of a revolutionist's bomb, and in self defence he always carried a pistol. The Baroness was a pretty but showy creature ablaze with barbaric jewels, and she was determined to have Vera marry Quincy for the sake of his heaps of good American dollars.

Ere the Baron had seen his daughter he regarded the Jews as the dirt beneath his feet and could talk of slaughtering Jews as impassively as of slaughtering swine.

"Shooting is too good for the enemies of Christ," he said to Quincy, devoutly crossing himself. "At Kishineff we stick the swine."

"Ah! I read about that. Did you see the massacre?" Quincy's attempt to appear unconcerned at this careless mention of such an atrocity was not altogether successful.

"Ah yes," answered the Baron. "I had charge of the whole district and I hurried a regiment up to teach the blaspheming brutes manners."

"My husband was decorated for it," said the Baroness, "he has the order of St. Vladimir."

And yet in Vera's hands when he found her once again after all their years of estrangement, the Baron was as wax.

"Christ save us!" he said at first when he heard her speak of her love for David. "You have become a Jewess."

"No more than David has become a Christian," answered Vera. "We were already at one. All honest people are. Surely, father, all religions must serve the same God since there is only one God to serve."

Never could the Baron forget that Vera was the same little motherless girl who had nestled against his breast in all her childish troubles and whom he had tenderly comforted. Almost before he knew it and in spite of the vehement expostulations of his wife, the Baron had promised Vera that he would see her young Jew whom she called such a talented musician, and Vera had great hopes that her father's love of music would melt all his prejudice when once he heard David play. The Baroness was incensed that her husband should even dream of agreeing to such a proposal and insisted on his taking her at once to her hotel since under no circumstances would she consent to be introduced to a Jew.

While the Baron was gone with the Baroness, Herr Pappelmeister turned up at the Settlement in search of David. Since he had left Quincy, Herr Pappelmeister had created an orchestra of his own and he came now to offer David a fine position as one of the first violins. It was joyous news to Vera, joyous news to David, for it meant that now at last they could really afford to marry.

"Oh, Herr Pappelmeister," cried Vera in delight, "you are an angel!"

"No, no, my dear child," laughed Pappelmeister, roguishly twirling himself round about to display his ample waist-line.

"I fear dat I haf not de correct shape for an angel."

Nevertheless his goodness did not end even with his offer of the position to David. He had come furthermore to arrange with the young musician for the production of his symphony on the roof garden of the Settlement before all the immigrants there on the Fourth of July,—such a setting for his music as of all that were possible, David would most have desired.

"Played to the people! Under God's sky! On Independence Day! That will be perfect! It was always my dream to play it first to new immigrants, those who have known the pain of the old world and the hope of the new."

And when Herr Pappelmeister had left, David took up his fiddle and dashed into jubilant music.

"I will make my old fiddle strings burst with joy!" he cried.

"And nothing now shall part us!" cried Vera.

"Not all the Seven Seas could part you and me!" said David.

Just then came a knock at the door. They paid no heed, their happy faces showing no signs of hearing; then the door slightly opened and Baron Revendal looked hesitatingly in. As David perceived that face, his features worked convulsively, and the string of his violin broke with a tragic snap.

"The face! the face!" he muttered hoarsely and tottered backward into Vera's arms.

"David, what is it?" Vera steadied him in alarm.

"What is the matter with him?" harshly demanded the Baron.

David's violin and bow dropped from his grasp to the table.

"The voice!" he cried and struggling out of Vera's clasp he moved like one walking in his sleep toward the Baron. Putting out his hand, he testingly touched his face.

"Hands off!" commanded the Baron, shuddering back at the touch of a Jew.

"A-ah!" David raised his voice in a mighty cry. "It is no

vision! It is flesh and blood. No! it is stone, the man of stone. Monster!" And he raised one hand in a frenzy.

"Back, dog!" the Baron whipped out his pistol, but Vera with a shriek, darted in between the two.

Frozen again, David surveyed the pistol stonily. "Ho! You want my life too. Is the cry not yet loud enough?"

"The cry! What cry?" asked the Baron.

"The voice of the blood of my brothers crying out against you from the ground. Oh, how can you bear not to turn that pistol against yourself and execute upon yourself the justice which Russia denies you?"

"Tush!" said the Baron, a little shamefaced as he pocketed his pistol.

"Justice on himself!" cried Vera, "justice for what?"

"For crimes beyond human penalty!"

"David, you are raving. This is my father!"

"Your father!"—David staggered back as if struck in the face. "O God!"

The Baron tried to draw Vera toward him. "Come to me, Vera," he said.

"Don't touch me!" Vera shrunk frantically away from his hand. "Say it is not true. It was the mob that massacred—*you* had no hand in it."

"I was there with my soldiers," the Baron answered sullenly.

"And you looked on with that cold face of hate!" hissed David, "while my mother—my sister—. Now and again you ordered your soldiers to fire!"

"Ah!" cried Vera in joyous relief. "Then he did check the mob. He did tell his soldiers to fire!"

"At any Jew who tried to defend himself!"

"Great God!" Vera fell on the sofa and buried her face in the cushions.

"It was the people avenging itself, Vera," the Baron explained.

"But you could have stopped them," she moaned.

"Who can stop a flood? I did my duty by Christ," he crossed himself, "and the Tsar."

"But you could have stopped them!"

"Silence!" The Baron's patience was gone. "You talk like an ignorant girl blinded by passion. Look up, little Vera." His voice grew suddenly tender. "You saw how papasha loves you, how he was ready to hold out his hand and how this cur tried to bite it! Be calm! Tell him a daughter of Russia cannot mate with dirt!"

"Father, I will be calm," Vera rose to her full height. "I will tell David the truth. I was never absolutely sure of my love for him before—"

"Hah!" cried the Baron exultant, "she is a true Revendal!"

"But now—" she walked firmly toward the young Jew, "now David, I come to you and I say in the words of Ruth, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

"You shameless!" cried the Baron, but he stopped as he saw that David made no move to take Vera's outstretched hand.

"You cannot come to me," David's voice was low and icy. "There is a river of blood between us."

"Were it seven seas, love must cross them all," said Vera.

"Easy words to you. You never saw that red flood. Oh!" David covered his eyes with his hands while the Baron turned away in gloomy impotence. Then the young man sank into a chair and began to speak, quietly, almost dreamily.

"It was your Easter, and the air was full of holy bells and the streets of holy processions—priests in black and girls in white, waving palms and crucifixes, and everybody exchanging Easter eggs and kissing one another three times on the mouth in token of peace and good will, and even the Jew boy felt the spirit of love brooding over the earth. And what added to the peace and holy joy was that our own Passover was shining before us. My mother had

already made the raisin wine, and my greedy little brother Solomon had sipped it on the sly that very morning. We were all at home—all except my father—he was away in the little synagogue where he was cantor. Ah! such a voice he had, and how we were looking forward to his hymns at the Passover table." David's voice broke for a moment and the Baron turned slowly toward him as if compelled against his will to listen to his story. "I was playing my cracked little fiddle. Little Miriam was making her doll dance to it. Ah, that decrepit old China doll, the only one the poor child had ever had—I can see it now—one eye, no nose, half an arm. We were all laughing to see it caper to my music. Suddenly my father flies in at the door, desperately clasping to his breast the Holy Scroll. We cry out to him to explain, and then we see that in that beloved mouth of song there is no longer a tongue! He tries to bar the door, a mob breaks in—we dash out through the back into the street. There are the soldiers—and the face—" Vera's eyes involuntarily sought the face of her father and he shrunk away from her glance. "When I came to myself, with a curious aching in my left shoulder, I saw lying beside me—Ah! by the crimson doll in the hand, I knew it must be little Miriam. The doll was a dream of perfection and beauty beside all that remained of my sister, my mother, of greedy little Solomon—" He broke down in ironic laughter.

"Hush, David," cried Vera. "Your laughter hurts more than tears. Let me comfort you."

But he pushed her forcibly from him. "For you I gave up my people. I darkened the home that sheltered me. There was always a still small voice calling me back, but I heeded nothing only the voice of the butcher's daughter. Let me go home—go home." And he turned unsteadily away. Perceiving how useless now was aught that could be said or done, Vera slipped like a shadow out of the room before him. To David the Baron cried suddenly, "Halt!" Whipping out his pistol once more,

he advanced slowly toward the young man who stood still, expecting to be shot. But the Baron did not fire. He handed the pistol instead to David.

"You were right," he said, then he stepped back swiftly with a touch of stern heroism, in the attitude of a culprit at a military execution. "Shoot me."

David fingered the pistol and looked at it long and pensively as if with the sense of how little such a thing could accomplish in setting matters right. Then gradually his arm dropped and he let the pistol fall to the table. As he did so, his hand touched the string of his violin which yielded a little note. Thus reminded of his beloved fiddle, he picked it up and drew his fingers across the broken string.

"I must get a new string," he murmured and slowly dragged out of the room. "I must get a new string."

And so the Baron and Baroness were forced to go back to Russia without Vera, and Quincy was forced to give her up altogether. Vera kept on with her work at the Settlement though all the joy was gone out of it, and David went back to his people. But ah! for him, too, life was joyless after what he had done.

"You are stone all over, ever since you came back home," said Mendel. "Turned into a pillar of salt, Mother says, like Lot's wife!"

"That was the punishment for looking backward. Ah, uncle, there's more sense in that old Bible than the Rabbis suspect. Perhaps that is the secret of our people's suffering. We are always looking backward."

"I thought it was your Jewish heart that drove you back home to us, but if you are still hankering after Miss Revendal, I'd rather see you marry her than go about like this and so, I believe, would mother. You couldn't make the house any gloomier."

But in truth what troubled David most was the sense of his own defeat. He had preached of America as the great crucible

wherein must be thrown all the old world hatreds to be melted by the fires of love, mutual forbearance, forgiveness and understanding, into a higher unity, and when the test had come home to him, when he had been asked to cast therein his long cherished and violent enmity that it too might be purged away, he had refused. His own hatred, the hatred of Russian Jew for Russian Christian, deep grained though it had been and with good reason all down through the tragic years, was but a type of all the old world feuds that must here be yielded up to make the true American. And he had clung to his animosity, hugged it tight. He who had talked always of looking away from the past and the God of our fathers toward the future and the God of our children, when the test had come to him, had clung to the past and let it ruin the future. He had pushed away from him one whom he loved and who loved him because he still clung to his hatreds, his hatreds and the past. Ah, he knew he was false, false to his vision, false to America, false to his music.

So came the evening of the eventful Fourth of July. At the Settlement House it seemed that David's life-long ambition had been fulfilled at last. His symphony was played by Herr Pappelmeister's orchestra before all that crowd of wanderers from the old world, and they had understood his music with their hearts and souls, and applauded and applauded, and cried out again and again for the composer to show himself before them. It seemed a remarkable triumph. Yet up on the roof garden of the Settlement House, refusing to come down and take to himself the plaudits, sat David all alone. From the depths of his soul he knew it had not been a triumph.

The sun was setting and below him stretched out a beautiful far-reaching panorama of New York. Irregular rose the sky line of that mighty city and off to the right lay the harbor with its gilded Statue of Liberty. Everything was wet and gleaming, for the sun had come out after rain. In the sky hung heavy clouds

through which thin golden lines of sunset were just beginning to labor. David, hugging tight his violin case, sat on a bench and gazed moodily at the sky, while the enormous sounds of applause, muffled by the distance, rose up to him from below. Thither came Mendel and Herr Pappelmeister to congratulate him on his success. They roused no joy in his soul. He knew he had been a failure. Thither came Kathleen and Frau Quixano, also, on the same errand bent. It was Shabbos and Frau Quixano had climbed wearily puffing and panting up flight after flight of stairs rather than use the elevator and fail to keep her Shabbos. And lo! Kathleen, late bitter foe of all things Jewish, was escorting the old lady in her slow tottering course toward David with the air of a guardian angel, and lo! the old lady herself, lately cursing all things American, was wearing a tiny American flag in honor of the day. Ah! that was what David's America did to all races who came to her shore, each one giving to and accepting from the others, each melting into the whole, transforming and being transformed, till at last shall come the real American to embody all the best in the world.

"When you take your mistress down again, Kathleen, please don't let her walk," said David sweetly, after the old lady had satisfied herself by laughing and crying over him.

"But Shabbos isn't out yet!"

David smiled, "There's no harm, Kathleen, in going *down* in the elevator."

"Troth, I'll egshplain to her that droppin' down isn't ridin', " chuckled Kathleen.

"Tell her dropping down is natural not *work* like flying up."

But when Kathleen turned to look for Frau Quixano, she had wandered off over the rooftop in the wrong direction entirely.

"*Wu geht Ihr, bedad?*" Kathleen called after her in a ridiculous mixture of Irish and Yiddish. "*Houly Moses, komm' zurick!*" And as she took Frau Quixano by the arm and led her carefully

off toward the elevator, she added over her shoulder, "*Begorra!* we Jews never know our way!"

Scarcely had David been left alone, when Vera came to the rooftop to convey to him from Miss Andrews the heartfelt thanks and congratulations of the Settlement. It was two months since they had seen each other.

"Please don't *you* congratulate me too," said David. "That would be too ironical. How can I endure all these congratulations when I know what a terrible failure I have made?"

"Failure!" cried Vera. "You have produced something real and new, a most wonderful success."

"Failure! Failure!" cried David. "Every bar of my music cried, 'Failure'. It shrieked from the violins, blared from the trombones, thundered from the drums. It was written on all the faces—"

"O no! no!" Vera spoke vehemently. "I watched the faces, those faces of toil and sorrow, those faces from many lands. They were fired by your vision of their coming brotherhood, lulled by your dream of their land of rest. And I could see you were right in speaking to the people. In some strange beautiful way the inner meaning of your music stole into all those simple souls—"

"And my soul, my soul!" cried David springing up. "What of my soul? False to its own music, its own mission, its own dream. That is what I mean by failure, Vera. I preached of God's crucible, this great new continent that could melt up all race differences and vendettas, that could purge and re-create and make anew. And God tried me with his supremest test. He gave me a heritage from the old world, hate and vengeance and blood, and said, 'Cast it all into my crucible.' And I said, 'Even thy crucible cannot melt this hate!' And so I sat crooning over the dead past, gloating over the old blood-stains, I, the apostle of America, the prophet of the God of our children. Oh, how my music mocked me! And you, so fearless, so high above all

that has come to pass, how you must despise me, despise me!"

"I?" cried Vera. "Ah no!"

"You must! You do. Your words still sting. 'Were it seven seas between us,' you said, 'love must cross them.' And I—I who had prated of seven seas—"

"Not seas of blood," cried Vera. "I spoke selfishly, thoughtlessly. I had not realized what that sea had meant for you. Now I see it day and night."

"There lies my failure," said David. "To have brought it to your eyes instead of blotting it from my own."

"No man could have blotted it out." Vera shuddered.

"Yes," cried David, "by faith in the crucible. But in the supreme moment, my faith was found wanting. You came to me and I thrust you away. Ah! you can never forgive me."

"Forgive!" cried Vera. "It is I that should go down on my knees to you for my father's sin."

"No," David's voice rang strong with conviction. "The sins of the fathers shall *not* be visited upon the children. You owe me nothing." He suddenly stretched out both hands. "Come to me, Vera! Cling to me!"

"Shall I come to you and let the shadows of Kishineff hang over all your years to come?"

"Yes." He took both her hands in a firm, strong clasp as though he would never again let her go. "Cling to me despite it all, cling to me till all those ugly memories vanish, cling to me till love shall triumph over death."

"I dare not," Vera still drew back. "It will make you remember."

"It will make me forget."

There was a pause of hesitation, then Vera said very slowly:

"I yield. I will kiss you as we Russians kiss at Easter, the three kisses of peace." And she kissed him solemnly three times on the mouth as in a ritual ceremony.

"See," said David calmly. "Easter was the date of the massacre, yet now when you speak of it I am disturbed no more. I am altogether at peace."

Vera spoke fervently. "God grant that peace may endure."

For a moment they stood hand in hand by the parapet overlooking the mighty city below, then Vera said softly, "Look how beautiful is the sunset after the storm." The sunset had indeed reached its most magnificent moment. Low on the horizon lay narrow lines of saffron and gold, but above, the whole sky was a glory of burning flame.

"It is the fires of God round his crucible," said David pointing downward. "There she lies, the great melting pot. Listen—can't you hear the roaring and the bubbling? There gapes her mouth,—" he pointed toward the east— "the harbor where a thousand mammoth feeders come from the ends of the world to pour in their human freight. Ah, what a stirring and a seething! Celt and Latin, Slav and Teuton, Greek and Syrian—black and yellow—"

"Jew and Gentile," added Vera drawing closer to him.

"Yes, east and west, and north and south, the palm and the pine, the pole and the equator, the crescent and the cross—how the great Alchemist melts and fuses them with his purging flame! Here shall they all unite to build the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God. Ah, Vera, what is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem where all nations and races come to worship and look back compared to the glory of America where all races and nations come to *labor* and *look forward?*"

There was an instant's solemn pause. The sunset faded swiftly and the whole vast panorama below was suffused with a restful twilight, while the lights of the town, gleaming out through the dusk, added to all the tender scene, the poetry of the night. Far back over the darkening water, like a lonely guiding star, twinkled the torch of the Statue of Liberty. From below some-

where came up the softened sound of instruments and voices joining in the national anthem.

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty
Of thee I sing."

David stood with Vera close by his side, his heart purified at last of the hideous stains of the past, his shining face turned transfigured toward the future alone, the future with all its glorious possibilities of working for the fulfillment of his dream, for the revelation in the hearts of men of that true America of liberty, humanity, brotherhood and justice. Slowly he raised his hands as in benediction over the shining city below.

"Peace, peace," he said, "to all ye unborn millions, fated to fill this giant continent. The God of our *children* give you peace."

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

James Russell Lowell

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!
They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

An Address to New-Made Citizens

WOODROW WILSON

You have just taken an oath of allegiance to the United States. Of allegiance to whom? Of allegiance to no one, unless it be to God.

You have taken an oath of allegiance to a great ideal, to a great body of principles, to a great hope of the human race.

You have said, "We are going to America not only to earn a living, not only to seek the things which it was more difficult to obtain where we were born, but to help forward the great enterprises of the human spirit — to let men know that everywhere in the world there are men who will cross strange oceans and go where a speech is spoken which is alien to them, knowing that whatever the speech, there is but one longing and utterance of the human heart, and that is for liberty and justice."

And while you bring all countries with you, you come with a purpose of leaving all other countries behind you—bringing what is best of their spirit, but not looking over your shoulders and seeking to perpetuate what you intended to leave in them.

You cannot dedicate yourself to America unless you become in every respect and with every purpose of your will thorough Americans. You cannot become thorough Americans if you think of yourselves in groups. America does not consist of groups. A man who thinks of himself as belonging to a particular national group in America has not yet become an American.

My urgent advice to you would be not only always to think first of America, but always also to think first of humanity. You do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice, not by jealousy and hatred.

We came to America, either ourselves or in the persons of our ancestors, to better the ideals of men, to make them see finer things than they had seen before, to get rid of things that divide, and to make sure of the things that unite.

It was but an historical accident, no doubt, that this great country was called 'The United States,' and yet I am thankful that it has the word 'United' in its title; and the man who seeks to divide, man from man, group from group, interest from interest in the United States, is striking at its heart.

It is an interesting circumstance to me in thinking of those of you who have just sworn allegiance to this great government that you were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life.

No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us. Some of us are disappointing. No doubt you have found that justice in the United States goes only with a pure heart and a right purpose as it does everywhere else in the world. No doubt what you found here did not seem touched for you, after all, with the complete beauty of the ideal which you had conceived beforehand.

But remember this, if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you, at any rate, imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief.

I was born in America. You dreamed dreams of what America was to be, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. No man that does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise. Just because you brought dreams with you, America is more likely to realize the dreams such as you brought. You are enriching us if you came expecting us to be better than we are.

We cannot exempt you from work. No man is exempt from work anywhere in the world. We cannot exempt you from the loads that you must carry—we can only make them light by the spirit in which they are carried.

That is the spirit of hope, it is the spirit of liberty, it is the spirit of justice.

I like to come and stand in the presence of a great body of my fellow citizens, and drink, as it were, out of the common fountain with them and go back feeling that you have so generously given me the sense of your support and of the living vitality in your hearts, of its great ideals which made America the hope of the world.

MARIEL
WILHOITE